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THE

LADIES' COMPANION;

A MONTHLY

MAGAZINE

EMBRACING

EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE.

—EMBELLISHED WITH—

ORIGINAL ENGRAVINGS, AND MUSIC

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE, HARP AND GUITAR.

VOLUME XVIII.

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WILLIAM W. SNOWDEN.

1843.

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THE MANTILLA.

Engraved for the Ladies' Companion

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THE MANTILLA.

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THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, NOVEMBER, 1842.

THE MANTILLA.

The last gleam of day was silvering the waters of the Guadalaviar, at the mouth of which stands the ancient city of Valencia. Above the other buildings rose the tower of Miquilet, with its bell sending its solemn tones far and near, calling the inhabitants to prayers. Far as the eye could reach, extended the fertile valley of Huerta de Valencia, studded with thriving villages, vineyards and cottages, bounded by the sea in the distance, and surrounded by the lofty mountains of Catalonia. The stars were slowly gemming the fields of azure, and the crescent moon ascending the vault of heaven; it was indeed a night of beauty—a scene to attune the mind to happiness and peace.

The service had ceased, and the congregation was slowly departing from the cathedral of Saint Cecilius. Among the last of the worshippers was a young female, closely shrouded in a mantilla, yet of so thin a texture was it, that her face and figure were almost perceptible. In her hand she carried a fan of the most exquisite workmanship, but seemingly more for ornament than use; behind her hobbled an old Duenna, who, with difficulty, kept pace with the tripping feet of Donna Isabella, for such was the name of the maiden. Close by her side walked a young and noble-looking cavalier, whose deep dark eye was rivetted upon her, while ever and anon glances of recognition were exchanged between them, 'till, at length, the suspicion of the old lady was aroused, who, shouldered aside the youth, and seizing the arm of her young charge, quitted her not 'till they reached a noble mansion in the neighborhood of the ever verdant Glorietta.

But the young cavalier was not to be thwarted in his design, which was, to convey to his lady love a billet of appointment, nor was Donna Isabella deficient of invention in favoring the wishes of her lover, for just as she was on the eve of ascending the stairs leading to her mansion, she dropped her fan as if by accident. The opportunity was immediately seized by the cavalier, who, lifting it, unseen to the Duenna, slipped within its folds a billet, and kneeling, presented it to the blushing girl.

"You are too forward," muttered the ancient lady. "It is well her brother is not at hand, else he would chastise thy insolence."

"He durst not," replied the cavalier; "my blood is as noble as that which flows within the veins of any of the race of Velasquez."

"Hoity—toity, we shall see that," said the old crone, and raising her voice, she called for assistance.

"Leave me, leave me, for the sake of the Virgin mother," imploringly spoke Donna Isabella.

"You will meet me, then, as specified within the billet," said the youth.

"I will, I will, God willing, and opportunity occurs. Now leave me!"

The youth hastily snatched her hand, and pressed it to his lips. The next moment he was lost among the mazes of the Glorietta.

The noise of the Duenna had alarmed the inmates of the mansion, who hastened to her assistance, but the calm demeanor of Isabella converted their alarm into laughter, especially when she informed them that the old dame's cries arose solely from the polite attention of a passing cavalier in tendering her her fan which she had accidentally dropped.

That night, when the bell of Miquilet told the midnight hour, Isabella stood in her balcony which overhung the garden. A slight movement was soon heard among the orange foliage, and a tall figure shrouded in a flowing mantle, advanced and stood beneath the balcony.

"Are you ready?" asked the mask.

"I am!" answered the maiden, in a breath scarce audible from terror.

"Secure then this ladder to the rails and descend. And throwing a ladder of silken cords, it was caught by Isabella, who, having fastened it as desired, the next moment she was in the arms of her lover.

"Now, then, for the chapel of the Lady Mother,—ere morning you will be for ever mine."

"That morning you will never see," cried Don Henriquez, brother of Isabella, advancing from an umbrageous shrubbery close by,—"Traitor! villain! would you seek to dishonor the noble blood of Velasquez? Draw, coward, and defend thyself!"

With the speed of lightning, were the rapiers of the opponents crossed, and with the speed of lightning was that of Henriquez buried in the heart of the mask—who, falling, exclaimed: "Henriquez, you have killed your Prince!"

The alarm speedily brought the domestics to the scene of slaughter—the mask was removed from the face of the departed, and too surely were the gallant features of the noble Pedro, Prince of Castile and Arragon, revealed to the horror stricken gaze of Henriquez.

With difficulty did the domestics untwine the arms of Isabella from the body of her lover—sense had forsaken her, and when she awoke to consciousness, it was only to murmur the name of Pedro, with her dying breath.

Mournful, yet grand was the funeral of the ill-fated Prince, and in pity to his love, was the sweet corpse of Isabella consigned to the royal tomb, to rest in death with her lover, while weary of his life—

> "Henriquez fled to Venice, and, embarking
> Flung it away in battle with the Turk."

In the Cathedral of Saint Cecilius, may yet be seen the tomb of the unfortunate lovers. It stands in the east nave, containing the brief and simple inscription:

"The Tomb of Affection."

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Original.

LADY ALICE LISLE;

A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

When we look upon the great picture of human events, as portrayed by the pencil of Fame, we see little else than the colossal outlines of those who occupied prominent places in the pageantry of courts, or acted distinguished parts on the theatre of public life. The Muse of History disdains to tread the lowly path of daily life: her buskined foot presses only the tapestried floor of kingly dwellings,—her sweeping garments rustle only in the halls of regal splendor. She calls up images of the past, but

——— ——— ——— ——— Kings
Alone flit by us,—dim and shadowy things;

while the people—they who have borne the "heat and burden of the day,"—the humble "hewers of wood and drawers of water," are forgotten, or only remembered as

"The broken tools that tyrants cast away;"

Yet how much of tragic interest may be found in the simple annals of those, "of whom fame speaks not with her clarion voice;" and, as we pore over the chronicle of the gentle and right-minded student of olden time, how often do we pause upon some name which has been embalmed by virtuous deeds, and hallowed by unmerited sorrows!

The Lady Alice Lisle was wedded, at an early age, to one whom she regarded with respect and reverence, rather than earnest and passionate love; yet her life had been one of great happiness, unbroken by a single real sorrow, until the hour when civil discord in the nation extended its baleful influence within the sacred circle of domestic life. Lady Alice had been educated in the strictest principles of duty and allegiance, at a time when *loyalty* was but another word for blind and bigoted submission to an anointed monarch. "Fear God—honor the king,"—were the two great precepts which had been impressed on her youthful mind, and so deeply had they been inculcated, that she believed both duties to be equally sacred. Her husband, on the contrary, became one of the earliest advocates for freedom, in the struggle which was then commencing between Charles I., and his people. His strong mind and firm principles were enlisted on the side of the oppressed, and in resisting the tyranny of a king he was only obeying that instinct of nature, which has led him even in boyhood to defend the weak and defy the strong. In vain Lady Alice sought to change his opinions, and entreated his forbearance in the expression of his sentiments. Every fresh act of injustice on the part of the misguided monarch, only served to exasperate the stern temper of the severe republican, and the people numbered no sturdier champion of their rights than the rigid and inflexible John Lisle.

Lady Alice wept in secret over what she considered her husband's defection from duty, and, when the discontent of the nation had broken forth with open rebellion, she retired with her children to her paternal inheritance at Moyles Court, where her daily prayers were offered up, alike for the success of the royal cause, and the safety of her rebel husband, who then had a command in the parliamentary army. In modern days, —when "the peoples are warring with the kings," until loyalty has become little more than an empty name for a forgotten principle,—it would be quite impossible to estimate the full amount of Lady Alice's sorrow, when she thus beheld her husband in arms against his sovereign. But her heaviest affliction was yet to come. King Charles was dethroned, betrayed, imprisoned; and the ambition of Cromwell led him to be satisfied with nothing less than the death of the unfortunate monarch. Blinded by excess of zeal, and duped by the semblance of stern republican virtue in their leader, men of strong minds and pure hearts, unwittingly lent themselves to the usurper's designs. It was decided that the king should be brought to trial, and while some of his self-created judges only sought to render justice, and others hoped to secure mercy, the many were predetermined that their verdict should be sealed in blood. Foremost among the honest and well-intentioned of that strange assemblage, appeared John Lisle; but his rigid sense of duty, and his almost vindictive hatred of tyranny, left no room in his heart for the impulses of pity. With the details and result of that unprecedented trial, every one is familiar. Charles Stuart was condemned to an ignominious death, and the errors of the monarch were expiated by the sufferings of the man.

From that hour Lady Alice regarded her husband as a murderer. In vain she tried to think him only a misguided but honest zealot; the stain of blood—the time-honored blood of royalty,—was upon his hands, and to his loyal wife John Lisle henceforth appeared but as a sacrilegious homicide. On the day of the king's death, she shut herself up in the solitude of her own apartment, where, by fasting and supplication, she sought to atone for the sin of him who was the father of her innocent children, and, when she again emerged from her self-imposed seclusion, she had donned the sable robe of mourning, which she never laid aside during the whole of her long life.

The sorrow which preyed on the heart of the unhappy wife during the years which succeeded this horrible tragedy, may be better imagined than described. She saw her husband sharing the counsels of the usurper, and winning high honors from the Commonwealth. Riches were bestowed on him, but they seemed to her only the wages of sin, and the rank which he held among the satellites of Cromwell she regarded as a badge of shame and guilt. In vain was she tempted by the pageantries of the Protector's court; in vain were all the blandishments of favor exerted to overcome her prejudices. She refused to leave Moyles Court to mingle with the myrmidons of the artful and ambitious man who now possessed all of royalty but the *title* and the *right*. Her sense of duty led her to avoid the recurrence of domestic differences; there was no semblance of discord within the circle of her household duties, but she well knew that heartfelt, homebred happiness was gone from her

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for ever. Occupied in the education of her children, and sedulously attentive to the welfare of her dependants, she sought for solace in the strict performance of her manifold duties; but not all the censure of her neighbors, the expostulations of her husband nor the threatened displeasure of the court, could induce her to lay aside her mourning garb or omit keeping a solemn fast on every returning anniversary of the king's martyrdom.

Time passed on, and the revolutions of the seasons were then, as now, but types of the revolutions in men's opinions. The yoke of republican tyranny began to press as heavily as that of royal power, and the people began to question whether the golden sceptre of a legitimate monarch would not be lighter than the iron rod of an usurper. But the matter was decided by an arbiter from whom is no appeal. Death came to conquer the untameable spirit of Cromwell, and the tempest which raged so fiercely throughout England on the night when he expired, was but a symbol of the conflict which was soon to be raised in the minds of the nation. Had the Protector's son possessed a spark of his father's energy or ambition, such conflict might have been quelled by the strong hand of power; but the quiet gentleness of his good mother was the prevailing characteristic of Richard Cromwell, and the Usurper, like most other great men, left no heir to his genius and his ambition.

Charles II., peaceably ascended the throne from which his father had been hurled with ignominy, and the nation who had murdered one monarch for errors of judgment rather than acts of evil, now bowed themselves at the footstool of a selfish and heartless sovereign, whose name has come down to us "linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes." The restoration, which brought back to their homes so many expatriated cavaliers, banished the most prominent of the republicans. Careless and good humored as was the "merry monarch," he yet could not, in common decency refuse to punish his father's murderers, and the regicides were compelled to seek safety in flight. A branded, and disappointed man, John Lisle went out from his quiet home, and sought a refuge from retributive justice amid the mountains of Switzerland. Willingly would the Lady Alice have borne him company, for though she had scorned to share the rewards of his treason, she would faithfully have aided him in the endurance of its punishment. But the welfare of her children, and a well-grounded fear lest the sequestration of their estates would be the consequence of such fidelity to a proscribed husband, compelled her to abide in England. She continued to dwell at Moyles Court, watching over the developing characters of her children, instilling loyal and noble principles in the mind of her only son, and so far happy in her seclusion that it preserved her from contact with a court which was fast becoming the most licentious and depraved in Europe.

But the sorrows of the Lady Alice were not yet at an end. There were those in the nation who could not forget past injuries with the same facility as the indolent and voluptuous king. Men were found who remembered private wrongs long after the fate of the martyred Charles had ceased to excite the fierce anger of the re-established royalists, and to such persons loyalty became only a cloak for revenge. John Lisle had been a stern and inflexible republican. He had never stayed his hand when it was in his power to scotch the viper brood which the atmosphere of court favor ever engenders, and many a despoiled cavalier had treasured up a heavy account against the day of reckoning with him. The fugitive knew that his steps were dogged, and every movement watched by men who thirsted for his blood. For awhile he succeeded in eluding their vigilance; the love of life was strong within him, and by many a subterfuge he escaped their search. But the stealth-hounds of revenge were not always to be baffled. He was assassinated in open day, near the place of his retreat in Switzerland, and the unhappy wife who had so long wept over his dereliction from duty, now felt her early tenderness revive, when thus compelled to lament his untimely and cruel death.

When time had applied the balm of healing to the heart of the bereaved widow, it might have been hoped that the sorrows of the Lady Alice were now at end, and that her future life would be one of peace if not of happiness. She beheld her children growing up in beauty and virtue around her, and in their welfare she anticipated her sources of enjoyment in old age. But all her loyalty could not blind her to the fact that the torrent of vice which was fast overspreading the land, had its fountain head in the regal palace, and she therefore kept her family within the limits of her own fair domain, carefully avoiding all intercourse with courtly life. She watched the progress of events with eyes rendered keen by maternal affection, and a spirit endowed with almost prophetic powers, by past affliction. She dreaded the encroachments of that wickedness which was already undermining the bulwarks of virtue and religion throughout the land, and she resolved to guard her precious treasures from the wide desolation which she foresaw would soon sweep away all the landmarks of principle.

The death of the second Charles occasioned a new phase in political affairs. The reckless and dissolute king died as he had lived. "I can never forget," says the excellent Evelyn, in his diary, "the inexpressible luxury and prophanenesse, gaming and all dissolutenesse, and, as it were, total forgetfulnesse of God, (it being Sunday evening,) which this day se'vnight I was witness of, the king setting and toying with the ladies of Portsmouth, Cleaveland and Mazarin, a French boy singing love songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the greate courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least 2000 in gold before them, upon which two gentlemen who were with me, made reflexions in astonishment. Six days after, all was in the dust." What a picture is here presented of the rulers of a Christian nation!

From the feeble hand of the weak Charles, the sceptre passed into the grasp of his brother James, whose licentiousness, though little less notorious than that of his predecessor, was less offensive to the people than his bigotry. They had borne patiently with the vices of the good-natured Charles, but the Jesuitical

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policy of James struck at the root of their religious and national liberty. Murmurs arose in various quarters, and the young and gifted Duke of Monmouth, son of the deceased king, and nephew of the reigning monarch, was induced by ambition, to become the leader of a rebel party. But the beauty of person and brilliancy of character which made him the idol of a courtly throng, were not sufficient to ensure him success in the new part he was called to fill. The foresight, energy and decision which are so requisite in one who would command the multitude, the firmness of purpose which can alone lead him in the path of safety, formed no part of the character of Monmouth. The result of his ill-arranged scheme is well known. He was defeated and fell into the hands of his ruthless uncle, who, notwithstanding the solicitations of friends, the abject supplications of the unhappy criminal and the claims of consanguinity, condemned him to the scaffold. He perished in the prime of life, and in the sympathy which his fate awakened may be found the first germ of that national hatred, which, when cherished into full growth by years of cruelty and wrong, forced the king to resign his sceptre to a daughter's hand.

Ever distinguished for devoted loyalty, Lady Alice had sent forth her only son to do battle for the king in the recent rebellion, and the unhappy Duke of Monmouth had numbered among his most successful opponents the heir of the Lisle family. Yet to this very rebellion, which her child had aided to subdue, may be attributed the last and most tragic scene in the life of the long suffering lady. Recent events had furnished the bigoted and cruel king with sufficient pretext for gratifying his natural propensity to bloodshed and intolerance. He found a worthy instrument in the vile and degraded Judge Jeffreys, who was justly said to have "possessed the spirit of a Caligula, with the morals of an alehouse." This man, whose furious temper and constant inebriety added to his ruthless cruelty, made him little else than the coadjutor of the hangman, was sent down to try the prisoners, and a record of the executions which took place under his orders, was daily sent to the king. His majesty jestingly styled this "Jeffreys' campaigns," and took great pleasure in reading its frightful details to the foreign ambassadors. Two hundred and fifty persons suffered death, and nearly a thousand were sentenced to transportation during that season of blood and horror; while the wretch who committed these judicial crimes, was afterwards rewarded by the chancellorship and elevated to the peerage!

It was while these dreadful scenes were enacting at Winchester, that a non-conformist minister named Hickes, together with his friend Nelthorpe, sought refuge at Moyles Court. Of their participation in Monmouth's rebellion, Lady Alice Lisle was utterly ignorant. The persecutions, which all the too scrupulous clergy had undergone from the myrmidons of the bigoted monarch, were well known to her, and it was in their ecclesiastic character that she had received the jaded and wayworn men, without entertaining the slightest suspicion that they had been numbered in the list of traitors. With the frank hospitality of her generous nature, she supplied their wants, and gave them an asylum in her house, using no attempt at concealment, except such as the safety of her guests required. But the unfortunate fugitives had been watched, and a military party was soon upon their track. They were traced to Moyles Court, and the Lady Alice not only saw her guests borne off to certain death, but also found herself a prisoner in the hands of the soldiers. The infamous Jeffreys was still holding what has been aptly termed, "The bloody Assize," and before him she was brought on a charge of having aided and abetted traitors.

On the 27th of August, 1685, the loyal and virtuous Lady Alice was confronted with her accusers, and never was there a more outrageous mockery of justice. Cloaking his violence and scurrility under a pretended zeal for truth, and mingling his vituperations with the most solemn appeals to Heaven, Jeffreys heaped every species of indignity on the grey head of the noble and excellent woman. Lady Lisle employed no counsel; she trusted to her own truthfulness and innocence, and her only defence was a simple, artless statement of facts. She calmly repelled the charge of treason, by pointing to the example of her son, whose loyalty, instilled in him from infancy, had led him to take up arms for the king in the recent revolt; while the dignified manner in which she proved the improbability of her risking the life of all most dear to her by harboring known traitors, won the admiration of all who listened to her defence. "I am not pleading for my life," said the noble woman; "I am not seeking to ward off the blow, which, even if now withheld, must soon fall upon my head, and lay me in the dust. Think you, that she who has counted threescore and ten years—years, marked by loneliness and sorrow—years, whose record has been traced upon my heart in characters far deeper than those upon my brow, —think you, she can find sufficient joy in life to make its continuance worth the words which have now been wasted upon it? No, my lord; the day when I shall be called to lay aside the burden of existence will be one of joyful hope, not of fearful anticipation. But let me not die the traitor's death. Let not her, whose whole life has been a sacrifice to loyalty, go down to the grave with a branded and a blighted name."

But Jeffreys was drunk with blood and fury. He charged the jury in so partial a manner, that no one could doubt his wishes, yet so convinced were all of the lady's innocence, that a unanimous verdict of acquittal was rendered. Enraged at this opposition to his will, Jeffreys compelled them to reconsider the matter, and, at length, intimidated by his ferocity, they returned a verdict of guilty. Then did the wretch riot in his legalized cruelty. On the following morning, he condemned the Lady Alice to be *burned alive;* allowing only six hours between the sentence and its execution.

The aged lady listened with calmness to her frightful doom, and however nature must have shrunk from the fiery trial, she gave no evidence of weakness in her placid deportment. But the clergy of Winchester inter-

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ceded and remonstrated until the tiger-hearted judge was compelled to grant a few days' reprieve; while the royalists, who had so long found in her a firm friend, seized the opportunity to solicit from the king her pardon. The Earl of Feversham knelt to the obdurate monarch, and implored him, with tears, to spare the life of the venerable and excellent woman. He recounted the events of her blameless life, the sufferings which her husband's principles had cost her, her devotion to the cause of the Stuarts, her solemn commemoration of the anniversary of the martyr's death, and the loyal education she had bestowed upon her children. He pictured in moving terms the disgrace which would fall upon the court, if the grey hairs of so aged and noble a person were brought to unmerited dishonor; but the bigoted and cruel monarch coldly replied that "he had pledged his word to Jeffreys *not to pardon her*." The only mercy extended in return for the earnest solicitations of her many friends, was the commutation of her sentence from burning to beheading.

On the 2d of September, the Lady Lisle, who had then just attained her *seventieth* year, was brought to the scaffold. Before she laid her head upon the fatal block, she handed to the sheriff a paper which contained the expression of her sentiments. She therein avowed herself a Protestant—deprecated the restoration of Popery as a judgment for national sins, vindicated herself from the charge for which she was about to die, and offered her hearty forgiveness to all her enemies: resigning her life, as she said, "in the expectation of pardon and acceptance with God, through the imputed righteousness of Jesus Christ."

Thus perished, in her old age, one of the most virtuous and blameless of women. Surely the excess of loyalty which estranged her from the husband of her youth, and condemned her to a life of melancholy seclusion, was ill rewarded by the doom which sentenced her to a traitor's death.

Reader, I might have drawn upon my imagination for many an adornment of this plain, unvarnished tale. I might have sketched many accessories to the picture which has now been presented to you; but I could do nothing of all this, without detracting from its perfect truthfulness. The Lady Alice Lisle is no creature of fancy. In the church yard of Ellingham, in Hampshire, is still to be seen a head-stone inscribed with her name and the date of her death; while, until within the last twenty years, Moyles Court, the spot so long hallowed by her noble presence, was still standing in all its early quaintness. The Lisle family is now extinct,—the estate has passed into other hands, and of the stately pile of buildings which once echoed to the sounds of busy life in England's troublous times, nothing now remains save an humble farm house. The hand of man has anticipated the ravages of time, and most of the edifice has been pulled down, but a drawing of the fine old mansion as it existed in the days of the last lineal descendant, now lies before me, and, as I look upon it, the image of the Lady Alice rises before my fancy with a reality of outline, which no mere "*word-painting*," can convey to the mind of another.

Original.

LOVE.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

"Were there nothing else
For which to praise the heavens but only *Love*,
Then only Love were cause enough for praise."
ALFRED TENNYSON.

I.

TRUE it is, oh, weary toiler,
In a path where pitfalls be,
And where lies in wait the spoiler—
True it is for thee and me,
In that path which leads above,
Walketh with us, watchful Love.

II.

True it is, that bid to tarry—
Christian—on thy couch of pain,
Though we may not to thee carry,
Hope of health and ease again—
This, thy trial-way above,
Smoothed and guarded is by Love.

III.

True it is, oh, weeping mother,
At the coffin of thy boy,
Thou hast anguish that another
Knoweth not, and thou hast joy
Which the unstricken may not prove—
For the blow is dealt by Love.

IV.

True it is, oh, sinner, broken
As thy heart is, on the wheel
Of remorse, that Mercy's token
Lifted is to those who feel.
See it, where the healing Dove
Flutters o'er the Cross in Love.

V.

True it is, perplexed and troubled,
Thou, on life's uncertain tide—
All thy sorrows more than doubled,
By those dear ones at thy side—
That these stormy waters move,
Only at the word of Love.

VI.

True it is, each billow's bidden,
Only thus in wrath to go—
And the raging deep is chidden
In its threat'ning overflow.
Were there nothing else to move
Praise but Love, there's cause in Love.

NOTHING can be more unphilosophical than to be positive or dogmatical on any subject; and even if excessive skepticism could be maintained, it would not be more destructive to all just reasoning and inquiry. When men are the most sure and arrogant, they are commonly the most mistaken, and have there given reins to passion, without that proper deliberation and suspense which can alone secure them from the grossest absurdities.—*Hume*.

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Original.

THE BIBLE:

ITS DESCRIPTION OF THE CHARACTER AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

BY WILLIAM G. HOWARD.

"How precious is the 'Book Divine'
By inspiration given."—*Watts.*

THE Bible is full of truth, of truth eminently adapted to the nature and capacities of man. Whatever contributes to his peace and happiness here, and expands his soul for the largest fruition of endless felicity in the society of Cherubim and Seraphim, the Angel and Arch-Angel hereafter, can be found within the compass of this sacred Book. How important then that the exalted claims of this glorious volume be conclusively established! How desirable that the proof of its authenticity and inspiration be written, as with a sunbeam, upon the human mind!

One of the most satisfactory arguments in defence of the truth and inspiration of the Bible, arises from the description which it invariably gives of the *character and attributes of God.* That these delineations are of the purest and sublimest character; that they are entirely at variance with every cherished principle of the human heart; and are such as no finite intellect could ever, in its mightiest stretch of effort, have conceived or portrayed; is a fact too apparent to require demonstration. Who, indeed, would stake his reputation for wisdom, nay! rather, for common sense, on the assertion that persons of such varied mental capacities and attainments, persons, too, who penned their productions in ages and countries so widely asunder, could, unaided and alone, have presented such just and coincident views of the infinite Jehovah? How full, how glowing, how accurate is the portraiture they draw of Him, "who rideth upon the wings of the wind!" It baffles all human effort, and carries captive the human intellect. "It is high as Heaven; what can we do? deeper than hell; what can we know? the measure thereof is longer than the earth, and broader than the sea."

Now contrast the descriptions of inspired penmen with those given by heathen writers in relation to their Deities. Compare the holiness and purity, which abound in the delineations of the former, with the gross licentiousness which characterizes the descriptions of the latter, and assign the reason for this vast disparity. It cannot exist in a difference of intellectual power and culture, for that difference is always greatly in favor of those whose productions are the most debased; for the conceptions, of the proudest intellects the world has known, respecting the spotless Eternal, as exhibited in their writings, has ever been sensual and grovelling. The wayward imagination of depraved humanity, naturally fashions to its worship a being, similar in wishes and feelings with itself; it seeks, loves, and adores such and such only. This is and must always be the case. For how can that, which is itself a living mass of moral putridity, form, in its own unassisted imaginings, for its love and its worship, an image, that combines every glorious attribute of consummate purity and excellence? It cannot be! Nothing but the steady and overpowering brightness of the sun of inspiration will dissipate the clouds of error that envelope the mind, and exhibit the Deity in all the transcendant dignity and excellence of his character.

But the argument so briefly enlarged upon, is so apparent to the dullest apprehension, in its bearings upon the question at issue, that a more prolix elucidation would be unnecessary. It will be well, therefore, to advert, as another striking evidence of the divine inspiration of the Scriptures, to their *unrivalled sublimity.* Sir William Jones, a man of brilliant and profound attainments, whose acquaintance with ancient and modern literature was almost boundless, and who was withal a superior Biblical scholar, has justly remarked, that "there are more examples of sublimity in the Bible, than in all the other books together, which have met his observation." Nor was this distinguished and devoted man, the only individual whose praises have been "long and loud" on this point. Many a splendid genius, and noble-man, whose opinion was more valuable than gold, has concurred in the same sentiment.

The characteristic, which we have mentioned, consists in *thought.* In this respect it is infinitely superior to any human production. It opens with a pertinent example of sublimity. "And God said, let there be light, and there was light!" How brief, yet how comprehensive! No aim at beautiful diction, at a rounded period, at an exterior garb to charm by its pompous display. It is thought, deep thought, all thought. And how grand! A word, a command, and this majestic world arose at once into being; in all respects admirably suited for the residence of man. In the first chapter of the second book of Samuel is contained the remarkable elegy pronounced by the "Monarch Minstrel" of Israel on the death of Saul and Jonathan. "And David lamented with this lamentation over Saul and over Jonathan, his son: The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen! Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph," etc. There is certainly an inimitable pathos in this affecting elegy, written, as it was, in a country where literature never comparatively flourished. Judea never enjoyed so much as her sister states the lights of science and the arts, and yet we may challenge the world for an equal to this charming production of her gifted son.

The book of Job is one uninterrupted strain of fine writing throughout. No one can read it without being thrilled with delight, or awed with wonder. We can merely allude to a few of the more prominent passages. In the eleventh chapter, Zophor, the Naamathite, most eloquently inquires: "Canst thou by searching find out God, canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection? It is high as Heaven; what canst thou do? deeper than hell; what canst thou know? The measure thereof is longer than the earth, and broader than the sea." What majestic thought in the compass of a single

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sentence! How forcibly are the power and awful mystery which attach to Jehovah, depicted in the twenty-sixth chapter of the same book. The thirty-eighth and ninth, also embrace conceptions as great and imposing,—conceptions deserving the deepest study and the most profound meditation. No one can enter into the spirit of fine writing, who is unacquainted with the sublimity of the Bible. And will any one suppose that such noble and brilliant ideas pouring upon us incessantly like a mighty flood, are the offspring of the weak and grovelling intellect of man? We wot not.

The Psalms of David are replete with passages supremely powerful. Turn over the leaves of these delightful poems, and see what surprizing displays of genius,—of inspired genius, are impressed on every page! Especially regard Psalm 18th and 19th. Here are specimens of graphic painting unequalled in the history of intellectual achievement. But we cannot refer even to other equally magnificent specimens of the true sublime, which are scattered over almost every page of the writings of the "Sweet Singer." And we can only remark, in bidding adieu to the Old Testament, that Isaiah, and Jeremiah, and Ezekiel, as well as some of the minor Prophets, from all of which, illustrations would be introduced, did space admit, have left on record specimens of composition, which are unequalled in beauty and grandeur.

It may be interesting now to pass, for a moment, to the New Testament, and ascertain whether *it* possesses in any degree the characteristics under consideration. A careful examination of the fifteenth chapter of the 1st of Corinthians, will satisfy any one that it exhibits examples of the true sublime not exceeded by the most striking and impressive passages to which we have alluded. Did there appear nothing else, that was marked and peculiar in the sacred volume, any rational mind would be at once convinced that no mere mortal pen ever wrote that brilliant description of the resurrection. What a glowing representation! how infinitely superior to any mortal conception! The revelations of St. John are of a piece with the foregoing, and evince most clearly their heavenly origin. An elegant French writer, in his comments upon the French Revolution, has forcibly and happily introduced one of the sublimest of these metaphors. "I beheld France, like the burning mountain in the Apocalyptic vision, cast into the midst of the sea, and the waters thereof became blood." It would be pleasurable, indeed, to descant more at length upon this interesting topic, inasmuch as instances of real sublimity are thronging upon the mind from every page of the inspired volume, but our limits compel us to desist.

ERROR.

Oh, hateful error, melancholy's child?
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men,
The things that are not! Oh, error soon conceived,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Shakspeare.

Original.

THE GHOST BALL AT CONGRESS HALL.

BY NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

Hermoine. "Come, Sir, now
I am for you again: Pray you sit by us,
And tell's a tale."
Mamillius. "Merry or sad, shal't be?"
Hermoine. "As merry as you will."
Mamillius. "A sad tale's best for winter:
I've one of sprites and goblins."
Hermione. "Let's have that, Sir."—*Winter's Tale.*

Adriana. "Dromio, play the porter well!"
Antipholus. "Am I in earth, in Heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping, or waking? mad or well-advis'd?
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd
I'll say as they say, and persever so,
And in this mist at all adventures go."

Comedy of Errors.

It was the last week of September, and the keeper of "Congress Hall" stood on his deserted colonade. The dusty street of Saratoga was asleep in the stillness of village afternoon. The whittlings of the stage-runners at the corners, and around the leaning posts, were fading into dingy undistinguishableness. Stiff and dry hung the slop-cloths at the door of the livery stable, and drearily clean was doorway and stall. "The season" was over.

"Well, Mr. B——!" said the Boniface of the great caravanserai, to a gentlemanly-looking invalid, crossing over from the village tavern on his way to Congress Spring, "this looks like the end of it! A slim-mish season, though, Mr. B——! 'Gad, things isn't as they used to be in *your* time! Three months we used to have of it, in them days, and the same people coming and going all summer, and folks' own horses, and all the ladies drinking champagne! And every 'hop' was as good as a ball, and a ball—when do you ever see such balls now-a-days? Why, here's all my best wines in the cellar, and as to beauty—pooh!—they're done coming *here*, any how, are the belles, such as belles *was!*"

"You may say that, mine host, you *may* say that!" replied the damaged Corydon, leaning heavily on his cane,—"what—they're all gone, now, eh—nobody at the 'United States?'"

"Not a soul—and here's weather like August!—capital weather for young ladies to walk out evenings, and, for a drive to Barhydt's—nothing like it! It's a sin, *I* say, to pass such weather in the city! Why shouldn't they come to the Springs in the Indian summer, Mr. B——."

Coming events seemed to have cast their shadows before. As Boniface turned his eyes instinctively toward the sand hill, whose cloud of dust was the precursor of new pilgrims to the waters, and the sign for the black boy to ring the bell of arrival, behold, on its summit, gleaming through the nebulous pyramid, like a lobster through the steam of the fisherman's pot, one of the red coaches of "the People's Line."

And another!

And another!

And another!

Down the sandy descent came the first, while the

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driver's horn, intermittent with the crack of his whip, set to bobbing every pine cone of the adjacent wilderness.

"Prrrrr—ru—te—too—toot—pash!—crack!—snap! prrrr—r—rut—rut—rrrr*ut!!* G'lang!—Hip!"

Boniface laid his hand on the pull of the porter's bell, but the thought flashed through his mind that he might have been dreaming—was he awake?

And, marvel upon wonder!—a horn of arrival from the *other* end of the village! And as he turned his eyes in that direction, he saw the dingier turn-outs from Lake Sacrament—extras, wagons—every variety of rattle-trap conveyance—pouring in like an Irish funeral on the return, and making, (oh, climax, more satisfactory!) straight, all, for Congress Hall!

Events now grew precipitate:—

Ladies were helped out with green veils—parasols and baskets were handed after them—baggage was chalked and distributed—(and parasols, baskets and baggage, be it noted, were all of the complexion that innkeepers love, the indefinable look which betrays the owner's addictedness to extras)—and now there was ringing of bells; and there were orders for the woodcocks to be dressed with pork chemises, and for the champagne to be iced, the sherry not—and through the arid corridors of Congress Hall, floated a delicious toilet air of cold cream and lavender—and ladies' maids came down to press out white dresses, while the cook heated the curling-irons—and up and down the stairs flitted, with the blest confusion of other days, boots and iced sangarees, hot water, towels, and mint juleps—all delightful, but all incomprehensible! Was the summer encored, or had the Jews gone back to Jerusalem? To the keeper of Congress Hall, the restoration of the Millenium would have been a rush-light to this second advent of Fun-and-fashion-dom!

Thus far we have looked through the eyes of the person, (pocket-ually speaking,) most interested in the singular event we wish to describe. Let us now, (tea being over, and your astonishment having had time to breathe,) take the devil's place at the elbow of the invalided dandy before-mentioned, and follow him over to Congress Hall. It was a mild night, and, as I said before, (or meant to, if I did not,) August, having been prematurely cut off by his *raining* successor, seemed up again, like Hamlet's governor, and bent on walking out his time.

Rice—(you remember Rice—famous for his lemonades with a corrective)—Rice, having nearly ignited his fore-finger with charging wines at dinner, was out to cool on the collonade, and B——, not strong enough to stand about, drew a chair near the drawing-room window, and begged the rosy bar-keeper to throw what light he could upon this multitudinous apparition. Rice could only feed the fire of his wonder with the fuel of additional circumstances. Coaches had been arriving from every direction, 'till the house was full. The departed black-band had been stopped at Albany, and sent back. There seemed no married people in the party—at least, judging by dress and flirtation. Here and there a belle, a little on the wane, but all most juvenescent in gayety, and (Rice thought) handsomer girls than had been at Congress Hall since the days of the Albany Regency, (the Regency of beauty,) ten years ago! Indeed, it struck Rice that he had seen the faces of these lovely girls before, though they whom he thought they resembled, had long since gone off the stage—grandmothers, some of them, now!

Rice had been told, also, that there was an extraordinary and overwhelming arrival of children and nurses at the Pavilion Hotel, but he thought the report smelt rather like a jealous figment of the Pavilioners. Odd, if true—that's all!

Mr. B—— had taken his seat on the colonade, as Shakspeare expresses it, "about cock-shut time"—twilight—and, in the darkness made visible of the rooms within, he could only distinguish the outline of some very exquisite and exquisitely plump figures gliding to and fro, winged, each one, with a pair of rather stout-ish, but most attentive admirers. As the curfew hour stole away, however, the ladies stole away with it, to dress; and at ten o'clock the sudden outbreak of the full band in a mazurka, drew Mr. B——'s attention to the dining-room frontage of the colonade, and, moving his chair to one of the windows, the cockles of his heart warmed to see the orchestra in its glory of old—thirteen black Orpheuses perched on a throne of dining-tables, and the black veins on their shining temples strained to the crack of mortality with their zealous execution. The waiters, meantime, were lighting the tin Briareus, (that spermaceti monster so destructive to broadcloth,) and the side-sconces and stand-lamps, and presently a blaze of light flooded the dusty evergreens of the façcade, and nothing was wanting but some fashionable Curtius to plunge first into the void—some adventurous Benton, "to set the *ball* in motion."

Wrapped carefully from the night-air in his cloak and belcher, B—— sat, looking earnestly into the room, and to his excited senses, there seemed, about all this supplement to the summer's gayety, a weird mysteriousness, an atmosphere of magic, which was observable, he thought, even in the burning of the candles! And, as to Johnson, the sable leader of the band—"God's my life," as Bottom says, how like a tormented fiend writhed the cremona betwixt his chin and white waistcoat! Such music, from instruments so vexed, had never split the ears of the Saratoga groundlings, since the rule of Saint Dominick, (in whose hands even wine sparkled to song)—no, not since the golden age of the Springs, when that lord of harmony and the nabobs of lower Broadway made, of Congress Hall, a paradise for the unmarried! Was Johnson bewitched? Was Congress Hall re-possessed by the spirits of the past? If ever Mr. B——, sitting in other years on that resounding colonnade, had *felt* the magnetic atmosphere of people he knew to be up stairs, he felt it now! If ever he had been contented, knowing that certain bright creatures would presently glide into the visual radius of black Johnson, he felt contented, inexplicably, from the same cause *now*—expecting, as if such music could only be *their* herald, the entrance of the same bright creatures, no older, and as bright after years of

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matrimony. And now and then B—— pressed his hand to his head—for he was not quite sure that he might not be a little wandering in his mind.

But suddenly the band struck up a march! The first bar was played through, and B—— looked at the door, sighing that this sweet hallucination—this waking-dream of other days—was now to be scattered by reality! He could have fillip'd that mercenary Ethiopean on the nose for playing such music to such fallings-off from the past, as he now looked to see enter—

A lady crossed the threshold on a gentleman's arm.

"Ha! ha!" said B——, trying with a wild effort to laugh, and pinching his arm into a blood-blister, "come—this is *too* good! Helen K——! oh, no! Not quite crazy yet, I hope—not so far gone yet! Yet it is! I swear it is! And not changed either! Beautiful as ever by all that is wonderful! Psha! I'll not be mad! Rice!—are you there? Why, who are these coming after her? Julia L——! Anna K——, and my friend Fanny! The D——s! The M——s! Nay, I'm dreaming, silly fool that I am! I'll call for a light! Waiter!! Where the devil's the bell?"

And as poor B——, insisting on finding himself in bed, reached out his hand to find the bell-pull, one of the waiters of Congress Hall came to his summons. The gentleman wanted nothing, and the waiter thought he had cried out in his nap; and rather embarrassed to explain his wants, but still unconvinced of his freedom from dream-land, B—— drew his hat over his eyes, and his cloak around him, and screwed up his courage to look again into the enchanted ball-room.

The quadrilles were formed, and the lady at the head of the first set was spreading her skirts for the *avant-deux*. She was a tall woman, superbly handsome, and moved with the grace of a frigate at sea with a nine knot breeze. Eyes capable of taking in lodgers, (hearts, that is to say,) of any and every calibre and quality, a bust for a Cornelia, a shape all love and lightness, and a smile like a temptation of Eblis—there she was—and there were fifty like her—not like her, exactly, either, but of *her* constellation—belles, every one of them, who will be remembered by old men, and used for the disparagement of degenerated younglings—splendid women of Mr. B——'s time, and of the palmy time of Congress Hall—

"The past—the past—the past!"

Out on your staring and unsheltered lantern of brick—your "United States Hotel," stiff, modern, and promiscuous! Who ever passed a comfortable hour in its glaring cross-lights, or breathed a gentle sentiment in its unsubdued air and town-ish open-to-dustiness! What is it to the leafy dimness, the cool shadows, the perpetual and pensive *demi-jour*—what to the ten thousand associations—of Congress Hall! Who has not lost a heart (or two) on the boards of that primitive wilderness of a colonade! Whose first adorations, whose sighs, hopes, strategies and flirtations, are not ground into that warped and slipper-polished floor, like heart-ache and avarice into the bricks of Wall-street! Lord bless you, madam! don't desert old Congress Hall! We have done going to the Springs—(*we*)—and wouldn't go there again for any thing but a good price for a pang—(that is, except to see such a sight as we are describing)—but we cannot bear, in our midsummer flit through the Astor, to see charming girls bound for Saratoga, and hear no talk of Congress Hall! What! no lounge on those proposal-sofas—no pluck at the bright green leaves of those luxuriant creepers while listening to "the voice of the charmer"—no dawdle on the steps to the Spring, (mamma gone on before)—no hunting for *that* glow-worm in the shrubbery by the music-room—no swing—no billiards—no morning gossips with the few privileged beaux admitted to the up-stairs entry, ladies' wing?

"I'd sooner be set quick i'the earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips,"

than assist or mingle in such ungrateful forgetfulness of pleasure-land! But what do we with digression in a ghost-story?

The ball went on. Champagne of the "exploded" color, (pink) was freely circulated between the dances—(rosy wine suited to the bright days when all things were tinted rose)—and wit, exploded, too, in these leaden times, went round with the wine; and as a glass of the bright vintage was handed up to old Johnson, B—— stretched his neck over the window-sill in an agony of expectation, confident that the black ghost, if ghost he were, would fail to recognize the leaders of fashion, as he was wont of old, and to bow respectfully to them before drinking in their presence. Oh, murder! not he! Down went his black poll to the music-stand, and up, and down again, and at every dip, the white roller of that unctuous eye was brought to bear upon some well-remembered star of the ascendant! *He* saw them as B—— did! *He* was not playing to an unrecognized company of late comers to Saratoga—anybodies from any-place! He, the unimaginative African, believed evidently that they were there in the flesh—Helen, the glorious, and all her fair troop of contemporaries!—and that with them had come back their old lovers, the gay and gallant Lotharios of the time of Johnson's first blushing honors of renown! The big drops of agonized horror and incredulity, rolled off the forehead of Mr. B——!

But suddenly the waiters radiated to the side-doors, and with the celestial felicity of star-rising and morning breaking, a waltz was found playing in the ears of the revellers! Perfect, yet when did it begin? Waltzed every brain and vein, waltzed every swimming eye within the reach of its magic vibrations. Gently away floated couple after couple, and as they circled round to his point of observation, B—— could have called every waltzer by name—but his heart was in his throat, and his eyeballs were hot with the stony immoveableness of his long gazing.

Another change in the music!—Spirits of bedevilment! could not *that* waltz have been spared! Boniface stood waltzing his head from shoulder to shoulder—Rice twirled the head-chambermaid in the entry—the black and white boys spun round on the colonade—the wall-flowers in the ball-room crowded their chairs to the wall—the candles flared embracingly—ghosts or

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no ghosts, dream or hallucination, B—— could endure no more! He flung off his cloak and hat, and jumped in at the window. The divine Emily C—— had that moment arisen from tying her shoe. With a nod to her partner, and a smile to herself, B—— encircled her round waist, and away he flew like Ariel, light on the toe, but his face pallid and wild, and his emaciated legs playing like sticks in his unfilled trowsers. Twice he made the circuit of the room, exciting apparently less surprize than pleasure by his sudden appearance, then, with a wavering halt, and his hand laid tremulously to his forehead, he flew out at the hall-door at a tangent, and rushing through servants and spectators, dashed across the portico, and disappeared in the darkness! A fortnight's brain-fever deprived him of the opportunity of repeating this remarkable flourish, and his subsequent sanity was established through some critical hazard.

There was some inquiry at supper about "old B——," but the lady who waltzed with him, knew as little of his coming and going as the managers, and, by one belle, who had been at some trouble, in other days, to quench his ardor, it was solemnly believed to be his persevering apparition!

The next day there was a drive and dinner at Barhydt's, and back in time for ball and supper; and the day after there was a most hilarious and memorable fishing-party to Saratoga Lake, and all back again in high force for the ball and supper; and so, like a long gala-day, like a short summer carnival, all frolic, sped the week away. Boniface, by the third day, had rallied his recollections, and with many a scrape and compliment, he renewed his acquaintance with the belles and beaux of a brighter period of beauty and gallantry. And if there was any mystery remaining in the old functionary's mind as to the identity and miracle of their presence and re-union, it was on the one point of the ladies' unfaded loveliness—for, saving a half inch aggregation in the waist, which was rather an improvement than otherwise, and a little more fullness in the bust, which was a most embellishing difference, the ten years that had gone over them had made no mark on the lady portion of his guests, and as to the gentlemen—but that is neither here nor there. They were "men of mark," young or old, and their wear and tear, is, as Flute says, "a thing of nought."

It was revealed by the keeper of the Pavilion, after the departure of the late-come revellers of Congress Hall, that there had been constant and secret visitations by the belles of the latter sojourn, to the numerous infantine lodgers of the former. Such a troop of babies and boys, and all so lovely, had seldom gladdened even the eyes of angels, out of the cherubic choir, (let alone the Saratoga Pavilion,) and though, in their white dresses and rose-buds, the belles, afore spoken of, looked like beautiful elder sisters to these motherless younglings, yet when they came in, mothers confessed, on the morning of departure, openly to superintend the preparations for travel, they had so put off the untroubled maiden look from their countenances, and so put on the indescribable growing-old-iness of married life in their dress, that, to the eye of an observer, they might well have passed for the mothers of the girls they had themselves seemed to be, the day before, only.

Who devised, planned and brought about, this practical comment on the *needlessness of the American haste to be old*, we are not at liberty to mention. The reader will have surmised, however, that it was some one who had observed the more enduring quality of beauty in other lands, and on returning to his own, looked in vain for those who, by every law of nature, should be still embellishing the society of which he had left them the budding flower and ornament. To get them together again, only with their contemporaries, in one of their familiar haunts of pleasure—to suggest the exclusion of everything but youthfulness in dress, amusement and occupation—to bring to meet them, their old admirers, married like themselves, but entering the field once more for their smiles against their rejuvenescent husbands—to array them as belles again, and see whether it was any falling off in beauty, or the power of pleasing which had driven them from their prominent places in social life—this was the obvious best way of doing his immediate circle of friends the service his feelings exacted of him, the only way, indeed, of convincing these bright creatures that they had far anticipated the fading hour of bloom and youthfulness. *Pensez-y!*

Original.

PARTING LINES TO ROSA

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

I.

Adieu—I ne'er may see thee more,
But treasured in this faithful breast,
Although I roam a distant shore,
Thy lovely image still will rest;
And like yon star's celestial beam,
That gilds the cloud-wreathed brow of night
Shed o'er life's dark and troubled stream,
A ray of pure and holy light.

II.

'Mid Beauty's daughters should I sit
At eve, beneath Italia's skies—
From ruby lips should sparkling wit
Flash forth, or beam dark loving eyes
Each whispered word—each look of thine,
That sanctifies this parting hour,
A holy spell will then entwine,
And shield me with its magic power.

III.

When rosy twilight's lingering ray,
From off the ocean's heaving breast,
Softly and sweetly melts away,
And all puts on a look of rest,
Then, Rosa, I'll live o'er again,
Those bright-winged moments spent with thee,
For though divided by the main,
Our souls may still commingled be.

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Original.

THE MYSTERY OF MARIE ROGET.

A Sequel to "The Murders in the Rue Morgue."

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Es giebt eine Reihe idealischer Begebenheiten, die der Wirklichkeit parallel lauft, Selten fallen sie Zusammen. Menschen und zufalle modificiren gewokulich die idealische Begebenheit, so dass sie unvollkommen erscheint, und ihre Folgen gleichfalls unvollkommen sind. So bei der Reformation; statt des Protestantismus kam das Lutherthum hervor.

There are ideal series of events which run parallel with the real ones. They rarely coincide. Men and circumstances generally modify the ideal train of events, so that it seems imperfect, and its consequences are equally imperfect. Thus with the Reformation; instead of Protestantism came Lutheranism.—Novalis. Moral Ansichten.

THERE are few persons, even among the calmest thinkers, who have not occasionally been startled into a vague yet thrilling half-credence in the supernatural, by *coincidences* of so seemingly marvellous a character that, as *mere* coincidences, the intellect has been unable to receive them. Such sentiments—for the half-credences of which I speak have never the full force of *thought*—such sentiments are seldom thoroughly stifled unless by reference to the doctrine of chance, or, as it is technically termed, the Calculus of Probabilities. Now this Calculus is, in its essence, purely mathematical; and thus we have the anomaly of the most rigidly exact in science applied to the shadow and spirituality of the most intangible in speculation.

The extraordinary details which I am now called upon to make public, will be found to form, as regards sequence of time, the primary branch of a series of scarcely intelligible *coincidences*, whose secondary or concluding branch will be recognized by all readers in the late murder of MARY CECILIA ROGERS, at New York.

When, in an article entitled "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," I endeavored, about a year ago, to depict some very remarkable features in the mental character of my friend, the Chevalier C. Auguste Dupin, it did not occur to me that I should ever resume the subject. This depicting of character constituted my design; and this design was thoroughly fulfilled in the wild train of circumstances brought to instance Dupin's idiosyncrasy. I might have adduced other examples, but it should have proven no more. Late events, however, in their surprizing development, have startled me into some farther details, which will carry with them the air of extorted confession. Hearing what I have lately heard, it would be indeed strange should I remain longer silent in regard to what I both heard and saw so long ago.

Upon the winding up of the tragedy involved in the deaths of Madame L'Espanaye and her daughter, the Chevalier dismissed the affair at once from his attention, and relapsed into his old habits of moody and fantastic reverie. Prone, at all times, to abstraction, I readily fell in with his humor; and, continuing to occupy our chambers in the Faubourg Saint Germain, we gave the Future to the winds, and slumbered tranquilly in the Present; weaving the dull world around us into dreams.

But these dreams were not altogether uninterrupted. It may readily be supposed that the part played by my friend, in the drama, at the Rue Morgue, had not failed of its impression upon the fancies of the Parisian police. With its emissaries, the name of Dupin had grown into a household word. The simple character of those inductions by which he had disentangled the mystery never having been explained even to the Prefect, or to any other individual than myself, of course it is not surprizing that the affair was regarded little less than miraculous, or that the Chevalier's analytical abilities acquired for him the credit of intuition. His frankness would have led him to disabuse every inquirer of such prejudice; but his indolent humor forbade all farther agitation on a topic whose interest to himself had long ceased. It thus happened that he found himself the cynosure of the policial eyes; and the cases were not few in which attempt was made to engage his services at the Prefecture. The only instance, nevertheless, in which such attempt proved successful, was the instance to which I have already alluded—that of the murder of a young girl named Marie Rogêt.

This event occurred about two years after the atrocity in the Rue Morgue. Marie, whose Christian and family name will at once arrest attention from their resemblance to those of the unfortunate "segar-girl," was the only daughter of the widow Estelle Rogêt. The father had died during the child's infancy, and from the period of his death, until within eighteen months before the assassination which forms the subject of our narrative, the mother and daughter had dwelt together in the Rue Pavée Saint Andrée; Madame there keeping a *pension*, assisted by Marie. Affairs went on thus until the latter had attained her twenty-second year, when her great beauty attracted the notice of a perfumer, who occupied one of the shops in the basement of the Palais Royal, and whose custom lay chiefly among the desperate adventurers infesting that neighborhood. Monsieur Le Blanc was not unaware of the advantages to be derived from the attendance of the fair Marie in his *parfumerie;* and his liberal proposals were accepted eagerly by the girl, but with somewhat more hesitation by Madame.

The anticipations of the shopkeeper were realized, and his rooms soon became notorious through the charms of the sprightly *grisette*. She had been in his employ about a year, when her admirers were thrown into confusion by her sudden disappearance from the shop. Monsieur Le Blanc was unable to account for her absence, and Madame Rogêt was distracted with anxiety and terror. The public papers immediately

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took up the theme, and the police were upon the point of making serious investigations, when, one fine morning, after the lapse of a week, Marie, in good health, but with a somewhat saddened air, made her re-appearance at her usual counter in the *parfumerie*. All inquiry, except that of a private character, was of course immediately hushed. Monsieur Le Blanc professed total ignorance, as before. Marie, with Madame, replied to all questions, that the last week had been spent at the house of a relation in the country. Thus the affair died away, and was generally forgotten; for the girl, ostensibly to relieve herself from the impertinence of curiosity, soon bade a final adieu to the perfumer, and sought the shelter of her mother's residence in the Rue Pavée Saint Andrée.

It was about five months after this return home, that her friends were alarmed by her sudden disappearance for the second time. Three days elapsed, and nothing was heard of her. On the fourth her corpse was found floating in the Seine, near the shore which is opposite the Quartier of the Rue Saint Andrèe, and at a point not very far distant from the secluded neighborhood of the Barrière du Roule.

The atrocity of this murder, (for it was at once evident that murder had been committed,) the youth and beauty of the victim, and, above all, her previous notoriety, conspired to produce intense excitement in the minds of the sensitive Parisians. I can call to mind no similar occurrence producing so general and so intense an effect. For several weeks, in the discussing of this one absorbing theme, even the momentous political topics of the day were forgotten. The Prefect made unusual exertions; and the powers of the whole Parisian police were, of course, tasked to the utmost extent.

Upon the first discovery of the corpse, it was not supposed that the murderer would be able to elude, for more than a very brief period, the inquisition which was immediately set on foot. It was not until the expiration of a week that it was deemed necessary to offer a reward; and even then this reward was limited to a thousand francs. In the mean time the investigation proceeded with vigor, if not always with judgment, and numerous individuals were examined to no purpose; while, owing to the continual absence of all clue to the mystery, the popular excitement became greatly increased. At the end of the tenth day it was thought advisable to double the sum originally proposed; and, at length, the second week having elapsed without leading to any discoveries, and the prejudice which always exists in Paris against the police having given vent to itself in several serious *émeutes*, the Prefect took it upon himself to offer the sum of twenty thousand francs "for the conviction of the assassin," or, if more than one should prove to have been implicated, for the conviction of any one of the assassins." In the proclamation setting forth this reward, a full pardon was promised to any accomplice who should come forward in evidence against his fellow; and to the whole was appended, wherever it appeared, the private placard of a committee of citizens, offering ten thousand francs, in addition to the amount proposed by the Prefecture. The entire reward thus stood at no less than thirty thousand francs, which will be regarded as an extraordinary sum when we consider the humble condition of the girl, and the great frequency in large cities, of such atrocities as the one described.

No one doubted now that the mystery of this murder would be immediately brought to light. But although, in one or two instances, arrests were made which promised elucidation, yet nothing was elicited which could implicate the parties suspected, and they were discharged forthwith. Strange as it may appear, the third week from the discovery of the body had passed, and passed without any light being thrown upon the subject, before even a rumor of the events which had so agitated the public mind, reached the ears of Dupin and myself. Engaged in researches which had absorbed our whole attention, it had been nearly a month since either of us had gone abroad, or received a visitor, or more than glanced at the leading political articles in one of the daily papers. The first intelligence of the murder was brought us by G——, in person. He called upon us early in the afternoon of the thirteenth of July, 18—, and remained with us until late in the night. He had been piqued by the failure of all his endeavors to ferret out the assassins. His reputation —so he said with a peculiarly Parisian air—was at stake. Even his honor was concerned. The eyes of the public were upon him; and there was really no sacrifice which he would not be willing to make for the development of the mystery. He concluded a somewhat droll speech with a compliment upon which he was pleased to term the *tact* of Dupin, and made him a direct, and certainly a liberal proposition, the precise nature of which I do not feel myself at liberty to disclose, but which has no bearing upon the proper subject of my narrative.

The compliment my friend rebutted as best he could, but the proposition he accepted at once, although its advantages were altogether provisional. This point being settled, the Prefect broke forth at once into explanations of his own views, interspersing them with long comments upon the evidence; of which latter we were not yet in possession. He discoursed much, and beyond doubt, learnedly; while I hazarded an occasional suggestion as the night wore drowsily away. Dupin, sitting steadily in his accustomed arm-chair, was the embodiment of respectful attention. He wore spectacles, during the whole interview; and an occasional glance beneath their green glasses, sufficed to convince me that he slept not the less soundly, because silently throughout the seven or eight leaden-footed hours which immediately preceded the departure of the Prefect.

In the morning, I procured, at the Prefecture, a full report of all the evidence elicited, and, at the various newspaper offices, a copy of every paper in which, from first to last, had been published any decisive information in regard to this sad affair. Freed from all that was positively disproved, this mass of information stood thus:

Marie Rogêt left the residence of her mother, in the

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Rue Pavée St. Andrée, about nine o'clock in the morning of Sunday, June the twenty-second, 18—. In going out, she gave notice to a Monsieur Jacques Eustache, and to him only, of her intention to spend the day with an aunt who resided in the Rue des Drômes. The Rue des Drômes is a short and narrow but populous thoroughfare, not far from the banks of the river, and at a distance of some two miles, in the most direct course possible, from the *pension* of Madame Rogêt. St. Eustache was the accepted suitor of Marie, and lodged, as well as took his meals, at the *pension*. He was to have gone for his betrothed at dusk, and to have escorted her home. In the afternoon, however, it came on to rain heavily; and, supposing that she would remain all night at her aunt's, (as she had done under similar circumstances before,) he did not think it necessary to keep his promise. As night drew on, Madame Rogêt (who was an infirm old lady, seventy years of age,) was heard to express a fear "that she should never see Marie again;" but this observation attracted little attention at the time.

On Monday, it was ascertained that the girl had not been to the Rue des Drômes; and when the day elapsed without tidings of her, a tardy search was instituted at several points in the city, and its environs. It was not, however, until the fourth day from the period of her disappearance that any thing satisfactory was ascertained respecting her. On this day, (Wednesday, the twenty-fifth of June,) a Monsieur Beauvais, who, with a friend, had been making inquiries for Marie near the Barrière du Roule, on the shore of the Seine, which is opposite the Rue Pavée St. Andrée, was informed that a corpse had just been towed ashore by some fishermen, who had found it floating in the river. Upon seeing the body, Beauvais, after some hesitation, identified it as that of the perfumery girl. His friend recognized it more promptly.

The face was suffused with dark blood, some of which issued from the mouth. No foam was seen, as in the case of the merely drowned. There was no discoloration in the cellular tissue. About the throat were bruises and impressions of fingers. The arms were bent over on the chest and were rigid. The right hand was clenched; the left partially open. On the left wrist were two circular excoriations, apparently the effect of ropes, or of a rope in more than one volution. A part of the right wrist, also, was much chafed, as well as the back throughout its extent, but more especially at the shoulder-blades. In bringing the body to the shore the fishermen had attached to it a rope; but none of the excoriations had been effected by this. The flesh of the neck was much swollen. There were no cuts apparent, or bruises which appeared the effect of blows. A piece of lace was found tied so tightly around the neck as to be hidden from sight; it was completely buried in the flesh, and was fastened by a knot which lay just under the left ear. This alone would have sufficed to produce death. The medical testimony spoke confidently of the virtuous character of the deceased. She had been subjected to brutal violence. The corpse was in such condition when found, that there could have been no difficulty in its recognition by friends.

The dress was much torn and otherwise disordered. In the outer garment, a slip, about a foot wide, had been torn upward from the bottom hem to the waist, but not torn off. It was wound three times around the waist, and secured by a sort of hitch in the back. The dress immediately beneath the frock was of fine muslin; and from this a slip eighteen inches wide had been torn entirely out—torn very evenly and with great care. It was found around her neck, fitting loosely, and secured with a hard knot. Over this muslin slip and the slip of lace, the strings of a bonnet were attached; the bonnet being appended. The knot by which the strings of the bonnet were fastened, was not a lady's, but a slip or sailor's knot.

After the recognition of the corpse, it was not, as usual, taken to the Morgue, (this formality being superfluous,) but hastily interred not far from the spot at which it was brought ashore. Through the exertions of Beauvais, the matter was industriously hushed up, as far as possible; and several days had elapsed before any public emotion resulted. A weekly paper, however, at length took up the theme; the corpse was disinterred, and a rê-examination instituted; and nothing was elicited beyond what has been already noted. The clothes, however, were now submitted to the mother and friends of the deceased, and fully identified as those worn by the girl upon leaving home.

Meantime, the excitement increased hourly. Several individuals were arrested and discharged. St. Eustache fell especially under suspicion; and he failed at first, to give an intelligible account of his whereabouts during the Sunday on which Marie left home. Subsequently, however, he submitted to Monsieur G——, affidavits, accounting satisfactorily for every hour of the day in question. As time passed and no discovery ensued, a thousand contradictory rumors were circulated, and journalists busied themselves in *suggestions*. Among these, the one which attracted the most notice, was the idea that Marie Rogêt still lived—that the corpse found in the Seine was that of some other unfortunate. It will be proper that I submit to the reader some passages which embody the suggestion alluded to. These passages are *literal* translations from "L'Etoile," a small daily print conducted, in general, with much ability.

"Mademoiselle Rogêt left her mother's house on Sunday morning, June the twenty-second, 18—, with the ostensible purpose of going to see her aunt, or some other connexion, in the Rue des Drômes. From that hour, nobody is proved to have seen her. There is no trace or tidings of her at all. * * * * There has no person, whatever, come forward, so far, who saw her at all, on that day, after she left her mother's door. * * * * Now, though we have no evidence that Marie Rogêt was in the land of the living after nine o'clock on Sunday, June the twenty-second, we have proof that, up to that hour, she was alive. On Wednesday noon, at twelve, a female body was discovered afloat on the shore of the Barrière du Roule. This was, even if we presume that Marie Rogêt was thrown into the river within three hours after she left her mother's house, only three days from the time she left her home—three days to an hour. But it is folly to suppose that the murder, if murder was committed on her body, could have been consummated soon enough to have enabled her murderers to throw the body into the river before midnight. Those who are guilty of such horrid crimes, choose darkness rather than light. * * * * Thus we see that if the body found in the river *was* that of Marie Rogêt, it could only have been in the water two and a half days, or three at the outside. All experience has shown that drowned bodies, or bodies thrown into the water immediately after death by violence, require from

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six to ten days for sufficient decomposition to take place to bring them to the top of the water. Even where a cannon is fired over a corpse, and it rises before at least five or six days' immersion, it sinks again, if let alone. Now, we ask, what was there in this case to cause a departure from the ordinary course of nature? * * * * If the body had been kept in its mangled state on shore until Tuesday night, some trace would be found on shore of the murderers. It is a doubtful point, also, whether the body would be so soon afloat, even were it thrown in after having been dead two days. And, furthermore, it is exceedingly improbable that any villains who had committed such a murder as is here supposed, would have thrown the body in without weight to sink it, when such a precaution could have so easily been taken."

[The editor here proceeds to argue that the body must have been in the water "not three days merely, but, at least, five times three days," because it was so far decomposed that Beauvais had great difficulty in recognizing it. This latter point, however, was fully disproved. We continue our translation:]

"What, then, are the facts on which M. Beauvais says that he has no doubt the body was that of Marie Rogêt? He ripped up the gown sleeve, and says he found marks which satisfied him of the identity. The public generally supposed those marks to have consisted of some description of scars. He rubbed the arm and found *hair* upon it—something as indefinite, we think, as can readily be imagined—as little conclusive as finding an arm in the sleeve. M. Beauvais did not return that night, but sent word to Madame Rogêt, at seven o'clock, on Wednesday evening, that an investigation was still in progress respecting her daughter. If we allow that Madame Rogêt, from her age and grief, could not go over, (which is allowing a great deal,) there certainly must have been some one who would have thought it worth while to go over and attend the investigation, if they thought the body was that of Marie. Nobody went over. There was nothing said or heard about the matter in the Rue Pavée St. Andrée, that reached even the occupants of the same building. M. St. Eustache, the lover and intended husband, of Marie, who boarded in her mother's house, deposes that he did not hear of the discovery of the body of his intended until the next morning, when M. Beauvais came into his chamber and told him of it. For an item of news like this, it strikes us it was very coolly received."

[In this way the journal endeavored to create the impression of an apathy on the part of the relatives of Marie, inconsistent with the supposition that these relatives believed the corpse to be her's. Its insinuations amount to this:—that Marie, with the connivance of her friends, had absented herself from the city for reasons involving a charge against her chastity; and that these friends, upon the discovery of a corpse in the Seine, somewhat resembling that of the girl, had availed themselves of the opportunity to impress the public with the belief of her death. But the "L'Etoile," was again over-hasty. It was distinctly proved that no apathy, such as was imagined, existed; that the old lady was exceedingly feeble, and so agitated as to be unable to attend to any duty; that St. Eustache, so far from receiving the news coolly, was distracted with grief, and bore himself so frantically, that M. Beauvais prevailed upon a friend and relative to take charge of him, and prevent his attending the examination at the disinterment. Moreover, although it was stated by "L'Etoile," that the corpse was re-interred at the public expense,—that an advantageous offer of private sepulture was absolutely declined by the family—and that no member of the family attended the ceremonial:—although, I say, all this was asserted by "L'Etoile," in furtherance of the impression it designed to convey—yet *all* this was satisfactorily disproved. In a subsequent number of the paper, an attempt was made to throw suspicion upon Beauvais himself. The editor says:]

"Now, then, a change comes over the matter. We are told that, on one occasion, while a Madame B——, was at Madame Rogêt's house, M. Beauvais, who was going out, told her that a *gendarme* was expected there, and that she, Madame B., must not say any thing to the *gendarme* until he returned, but let the matter be for him. * * * * In the present posture of affairs, M. Beauvais appears to have the whole matter locked up in his head. A single step cannot be taken without M. Beauvais; for, go which way you will, you run against him. * * * * * For some reason, he determined that nobody shall have any thing to do with the proceedings but himself, and he has elbowed the male relatives out of the way, according to their representations, in a very singular manner. He seems to have been very much averse to permitting the relatives to see the body."

[Some color was given to the suspicion thus thrown upon Beauvais, by the following fact. A visitor at his office, a few days prior to the girl's disappearance, and during the absence of its occupant, had observed *a rose* in the key-hole of the door, and the name "*Marie*," inscribed upon a slate which hung near at hand.

The general impression, so far as we were enabled to glean it from the newspapers, seemed to be, that Marie had been the victim of *a gang* of desperadoes—that by these she had been borne across the river, maltreated and murdered. "Le Commerciel," however, a print of extensive influence, was earnest in combatting this popular idea. I quote a passage or two from its columns:]

"We are persuaded that pursuit has hitherto been on a false scent, so far as it has been directed to the Barrière du Roule. It is impossible that a person so well known to thousands as this young woman was, should have passed three blocks without some one having seen her; and any one who saw her would have remembered it; for she interested all who knew her. It was when the streets were full of people, when she went out. * * * It is impossible that she could have gone to the Barrière du Roule, or to the Rue des Drômes, without being recognized by a dozen persons; yet no one has come forward who saw her outside of her mother's door, and there is no evidence, except the testimony concerning her *expressed intentions*, that she did go out at all. Her gown was torn, bound round her, and tied; and by that the body was carried as a bundle. If the murder had been committed at the Barrière du Roule, there would have been no necessity for any such arrangement. The fact that the body was found floating near the Barrière, is no proof as to where it was thrown into the water. * * * * * A piece of one of the unfortunate girl's petticoats, two feet long and one foot wide, was torn out and tied under her chin around the back of her head, probably to prevent screams. This was done by fellows who had no pocket-handkerchief."

A day or two before the Prefect called upon us, however, some important information reached the police, which seemed to overthrow, at least, the chief portion of Le Commerciel's argument. Two small boys, sons of a Madame Deluc, while roaming among the woods near the Barrière du Roule, chanced to penetrate a close thicket, within which were three or four large stones, forming a kind of seat, with a back and footstool. On the upper stone lay a white petticoat; on the second a silk scarf. A parasol, gloves, and a pocket-handkerchief were also here found. The handkerchief bore the name "Marie Rogêt." Fragments of dress were discovered on the brambles around. The earth was trampled, the bushes were broken, and there was every evidence of a struggle. Between the thicket and the river, the fences were found taken down and the ground bore evidence of some heavy burthen having been dragged along it.

A weekly paper, "Le Soleil," had the following comments upon this discovery—comments which merely echoed the sentiment of the whole Parisian press:

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"The things had all evidently been there at least three or four weeks; they were all mildewed down hard with the action of the rain, and stuck together from mildew. The grass had grown around and over some of them. The silk on the parasol was strong, but the threads of it were run together within. The upper part, where it had been doubled and folded, was all mildewed and rotten, and tore on its being opened. * * * * The pieces of her frock torn out by the bushes were about three inches wide and six inches long. One part was the hem of the frock, and it had been mended; the other piece was part of the skirt, not the hem. They looked like strips torn off, and were on the thorn bush, about a foot from the ground. * * * * * * There can be no doubt, therefore, that the spot of this appalling outrage has been discovered."

Consequent upon this discovery, new evidence appeared. Madame Deluc testified that she keeps a roadside inn not far from the bank of the river, opposite the Barrière du Roule. The neighborhood is secluded—particularly so. It is the usual Sunday resort of blackguards from the city, who cross the river in boats. About three o'clock, in the afternoon of the Sunday in question, a young girl arrived at the inn, accompanied by a young man of dark complexion. The two remained here for some time. On their departure, they took the road to some thick woods in the vicinity. Madame Deluc's attention was called to the dress worn by the girl, on account of its resemblance to one worn by a deceased relative. A scarf was particularly noticed. Soon after the departure of the couple, a gang of miscreants made their appearance, behaved boisterously, ate and drank without making payment, followed in the route of the young man and girl, returned to the inn about dusk, and re-crossed the river as if in great haste.

It was soon after dark, upon this same evening, that Madame Deluc, as well as her eldest son, heard the screams of a female in the vicinity of the inn. The screams were violent but brief. Madame D. recognized not only the scarf which was found in the thicket, but the dress which was discovered upon the corpse. An omnibus driver, Valence, now also testified that he saw Marie Rogêt cross a ferry on the Seine, on the Sunday in question, in company with a young man of dark complexion. He, Valence, knew Marie, and could not be mistaken in her identity. The articles found in the thicket were fully identified by the relatives of Marie.

The items of evidence and information thus collected by myself, from the newspapers, at the suggestion of Dupin, embraced only one more point—but this was a point of seemingly vast consequence. It appears that, immediately after the discovery of the clothes as above described, the lifeless, or nearly lifeless body of St. Eustache, Marie's betrothed, was found in the vicinity of what all now supposed the scene of the outrage. A phial labelled "laudanum," and emptied, was found near him. His breath gave evidence of the poison. He died without speaking. Upon his person was found a letter, briefly stating his love for Marie, with his design of self-destruction.

"I need scarcely tell you," said Dupin, as he finished the perusal of my notes, "that this is a far more intricate case than that of the Rue Morgue; from which it differs in one important respect. This is an *ordinary*, although an atrocious instance of crime. There is nothing peculiarly *outré* about it. You will observe that, for this reason, the mystery has been considered easy, when, for this reason, it should have been considered difficult of solution. Thus, at first, it was thought unnecessary to offer a reward. The myrmidons of G—— were able at once to comprehend how and why such an atrocity *might have been* committed. They would picture to their imaginations a mode—many modes—and a motive—many motives; and because it was not impossible that either of these numerous modes and motives *could* have been the actual one, they have taken it for granted that one of them *must*. But the ease with which these variable fancies were entertained, and the very plausibility which each assumed, should have been understood as indicative rather of the difficulties than of the facilities which must attend elucidation. I have before observed that it is by prominences above the plane of the ordinary, that reason feels her way, if at all, in her search for the true, and that the proper question in cases such as this, is not so much 'what has occurred?' as 'what has occurred that has never occurred before?' In the investigations at the house of Madame L'Espanage,* the agents of G—— were discouraged and confounded by that very *unusualness* which, to a properly regulated intellect, would have afforded the sweet omen of success; while this same intellect might have been plunged in despair at the *especially* ordinary character of all that met the eye in the case of the perfumery girl, and told of nothing but easy triumph to the functionaries of the Prefecture.

"In the case of Madame L'Espanage and her daughter, there was, even at the beginning of our investigation, no doubt that murder had been committed. The idea of suicide was excluded at once. Here, too, we are freed, at the commencement, from all supposition of self-murder. The body found at the Barrière du Roule, was found under such circumstances as to leave us no room for embarrassment upon this important point. But it has been suggested that the corpse discovered, is not that of the Marie Rogêt, for the conviction of whose assassin, or assassins, the reward is offered, and respecting whom, solely, our agreement has been arranged with the Prefect. We both know this gentleman well. It will not do to trust him too far. If, dating our inquiries from the body found, and thence tracing a murderer, we yet discover this body to be that of some other individual than Marie; or, if starting from the living Marie, we find her, yet find her unassassinated—in either case we lose our labor; since it is Monsieur G—— with whom we have to deal. For our own purpose, therefore, if not for the purpose of justice, it is indispensable that our first step should be the determination of the identity of the corpse with the Marie Rogêt who is missing.

"I know not what effect the arguments of 'L'Etoile' may have wrought upon your own understanding. With the public they have had weight; and that the Journal itself is convinced of their importance would appear from the manner in which it commences one of

* See murders in the Rue Morgue.

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its essays upon the subject—'Several of the morning papers of the day,' it says, 'speak of the *conclusive* article in Monday's 'Etoile.' To me, this article appears conclusive of little beyond the zeal of its inditer. We should bear in mind that, in general, it is the object of our newspapers rather to create a sensation—to make a point—than to further the cause of truth. The latter end is only pursued when it seems coincident with the former. The print which merely falls in with ordinary opinion (however well founded this opinion may be) earns for itself no credit with the mob. The mass of the people regard as profound only him who suggests *pungent contradictions* of the general idea. In ratiocination, not less than literature, it is the *epigram* which is the most immediately and the most universally appreciated. In both, it is of the lowest order of merit.

"What I mean to say is, that it is the mingled epigram and melodrame of the idea, that Marie Rogêt still lives, rather than any true plausibility in this idea, which has suggested it to 'L'Etoile,' and secured it a favorable reception with the public. Let us examine the heads of the argument; endeavoring to avoid the incoherence with which it is originally set forth.

"The first aim of the writer is to show, from the brevity of the interval between Marie's disappearance and the finding of the floating corpse, that this corpse cannot be that of Marie. The reduction of this interval to its smallest possible dimension, becomes thus, at once, an object with the reasoner. In the rash pursuit of this object, he rushes into mere assumption at the outset. 'It is folly to suppose,' he says, 'that the murder, if murder was committed on her body, would have been consummated soon enough to have enabled her murderers to throw the body into the river before midnight.' We demand at once, and very naturally *why?* Why is it folly to suppose that the murder was committed *within five minutes* after the girl's quitting her mother's house? Why is it folly to suppose that the murder was committed at any given period of the day? There have been assassinations at all hours. But, had the murder taken place at any moment between nine o'clock in the morning of Sunday, and a quarter before midnight, there would still have been time enough 'to throw the body into the river before midnight.' This assumption, then, amounts precisely to this—that the murder was not committed on Sunday at all—and, if we allow it to assume this, we may permit it any liberties whatever. The paragraph beginning 'It is folly to suppose that the murder, etc,' however it appears as printed in L'Etoile, may be imagined to have existed actually *thus* in the brain of its inditer—'It is folly to suppose that the murder, if murder was committed on the body, could have been committed soon enough to have enabled her murderers to throw the body into the river before midnight; it is folly, we say, to suppose all this, and to suppose at the same time, (as we are resolved to suppose,) that the body was *not* thrown in until *after* midnight'—a sentence sufficiently inconsequential in itself, but not so utterly preposterous as the one printed.

"'Were it my purpose,' continued Dupin 'merely to *make out a case* against this passage of L'Etoile's argument, I might safely leave it where it is. It is not, however, with L'Etoile that we have to do, but with the truth. The sentence in question has but one meaning, as it stands; and this meaning I have fairly stated: but it is material that we go behind the mere words, for an idea which these words have obviously intended, and failed to convey. It was the design of the journalist to say that, at whatever period of the day or night of Sunday this murder was committed, it was improbable that the assassins would have ventured to bear the corpse to the river before midnight. And herein lies, really, the assumption of which we complain. It is assumed that the murder was committed at such a position, and under such circumstances, that *the bearing it* to the river became necessary. Now, the assassination might have taken place upon the river's brink, or on the river itself; and, thus, the throwing the corpse in the water might have been resorted to, at any period of the day or night, as the most obvious and most immediate mode of disposal. You will understand that I suggest nothing here as probable, or as coincident with my own opinion. My design, so far, has no reference to the *facts* of the case. I wish merely to caution you against the whole tone of L'Etoile's *suggestion*, by calling your attention to its *ex parte* character at the outset.

"Having prescribed thus a limit to suit its own preconceived notions; having assumed that, if this were the body of Marie, it could have been in the water but a very brief time; the journal goes on to say:

'All experience has shown that drowned bodies, or bodies thrown into the water immediately after death by violence, require from six to ten days for decomposition to take place to bring them to the top of the water. Even when a cannon is fired over a corpse, and it rises before at least five or six days' immersion, it sinks again if let alone.'

"These assertions have been tacitly received by every paper in Paris, with the exception of Le Moniteur. This latter print endeavors to combat that portion of the paragraph which has reference to 'drowned bodies' only, by citing some five or six instances in which the bodies of individuals known to be drowned were found floating after the lapse of less time than is insisted upon by 'L'Etoile.' But there is something excessively unphilosophical in the attempt on the part of 'Le Moniteur,' to rebut the general assertion of 'L'Etoile,' by a citation of particular instances militating against that assertion. Had it been possible to adduce fifty instead of five examples of bodies found floating at the end of two or three days, these fifty examples could still have been properly regarded as exceptions alone to 'L'Etoile's' rule, until such time as the rule itself should be confuted. Admitting the rule, (and this 'Le Moniteur' does not deny, insisting merely upon its exceptions,) the argument of L' Etoile is suffered to remain in full force; for this argument does not pretend to involve more than a question of the *probability* of the body having risen to the surface in less than three days; and this probability will be in favor of 'L'Etoile's' position until the instances so childishly adduced shall be sufficient in number to establish an antagonistical rule.

(*To be continued.*)

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Original.

THE OLD OAK CHEST.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"I will tell it softly;
Yon crickets shall not hear it."—*Winter Tales.*

THE sun had just set, and the shadows of twilight were stealing over the landscape, deepening the serene blue of an Italian summer sky. The new moon hovered like a beautiful spirit over the gorgeous drapery of clouds that veiled the west and shed a silvery track of light on the glassy surface of the lake Maggiore. The delightful Borromean islands, which gemmed its waters, were vocal with the delicious and melancholy notes of the nightingale, as it poured its evening song from the groves of orange and myrtle. A gentle breeze wafted the music to the eastern shore of the lake, whence it rose to the ear soft and liquid as the element through which it floated. At the foot of a terrace which reached nearly to the water's edge, stood a pavilion, fitted up in a style of oriental splendor. Within, a beautiful girl, sat listlessly, watching through the open door, the shifting forms of the clouds, as wafted by the western breeze, they gradually spread themselves over the sky in snow-white images, that appeared soft and yielding as the plumage on the breast of the dove. The sound of footsteps roused her from her revery. She started from her seat in alarm, but the appearance of Lira, the housekeeper, quieted her fears.

"If you are at leisure, my dear young lady," said Lira, "I will now tell you the story which you know I promised to do the first opportunity, although, had you not have been so unfortunate as to overhear the conversation between the porter and Ugo, it would be better for you to remain in your present state of ignorance."

Veronica assured Lira that nothing could afford her greater gratification than to listen to her story, and causing her to be seated close by her side, she requested her to commence without delay.

"Seventeen years have now elapsed," said the housekeeper, "since on a dark, tempestuous night at the close of autumn, a knight in black armor, mounted on a charger of the same hue, knocked at the gate, and demanded to be admitted to the presence of your uncle, the Count Foscoli.

"'The Count has retired to rest,' replied the porter, 'having but a few hours since returned from a long and fatiguing journey. Be pleased, therefore, to enter the castle and refresh yourself with food and wine, and a few hours' sleep. By that time the day will dawn, and the Count will leave his chamber.'

"Without making any reply, the knight alighted from his horse and proceeded to the castle before the porter had time to close the gate in order to conduct him. He quickly followed, however, and they arrived at the door nearly together, just as I made my appearance with a light in consequence of having heard voices. The knight's vizor was closed, and feigning no attention to the porter or myself, he began to ascend the stai-rcase that led to your uncle's chamber. The porter rushed after him, while we both raised our voices to prevail on him to stop. He went on without heeding us, 'till he had arrived at the head of the stair-case. He then turned round, and slowly waving his hand for us to be silent, raised his vizor. Oh, Signora, never shall I forget that moment. It appeared to me that every drop of blood froze in my veins, and well it might, for I gazed on the features of Sir Julio Rovina, who had been the Count's most intimate friend, and whom he had himself seen fall in battle five years before, while they fought side by side. He was perfectly pale, and I saw a deep scar over his right eye, the very place, as I had often heard the Count say, where was inflicted the wound of which he died. He fixed his dark, melancholy eyes full upon my face, while mine were riveted upon his. Although nearly dead with fright, I stood without any support at the foot of the stairs, seemingly upheld by some mysterious power. After having gazed at me a number of seconds, his lips moved, and I thought he was going to speak, but I could hear no sound, and soon turning, he proceeded to the Count's door. I then, for for the first time, perceived that he carried something on one arm, wrapped in a crimson shawl. The chamber door was so situated that I could not see it, but I am very sure that I heard him enter without either knocking or speaking, although the Count never slept without fastening his door. All was perfectly still for a short time, when I heard the Count cry out in a voice of terror. The cry was not repeated, and I soon heard their voices in earnest conversation. Notwithstanding the resemblance which the knight bore to Sir Julio, as I was but little inclined to superstition, I could not persuade myself that I had seen a spectre, but the porter, who had sunk on the stairs, trembling in every joint, firmly believed that he had seen the ghost of Sir Julio. Neither of us felt any disposition to sleep, and being too frightened to go away by myself, I went with the porter into the hall, where I sat half wishing, half dreading the re-appearance of the knight. In about an hour, I heard your uncle call me. I stepped to the stairs, and he desired me to wake Ugo, and send him to his chamber. I lit him to the door, and the Count, who heard him approach, immediately admitted him. I felt a strong curiosity to know what was going forward, and thinking it would be no harm, I set down the lamp and placed my eye against the keyhole. The Count sat directly opposite the door, and I could plainly see marks of anxiety and distress in his countenance. The knight was traversing the floor in an agitated manner. He had lain his helmet aside, and I could no longer doubt that it was either Sir Julio himself, or his spirit, and I have never been able to determine the point to my own satisfaction to this day, for the Count always preserved a mournful and mysterious silence concerning the events of that night, and I never could prevail on Ugo to utter a syllable about it. The truth is, the knight looked too pale for a being made of flesh and blood, and though not a soul saw him leave the castle, not one of us has ever set eyes on him since. The

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beautiful black horse that he came on, is living this very day—fat and sleek, as you know, though too old for service."

"Is old Hunter the horse he rode?" inquired Veronica.

"Yes, bless his old skin," replied Lira, "and a clever horse has he been, and a happy one, though he did have a ghost for a rider."

"Old Hunter will interest me more than ever," said Veronica, "but pray go on with your story."

"The black knight was traversing the room, as I observed, and his looks and motions showed that his heart was wrung with the most poignant sorrow. The Count signed to Ugo to sit near him, and he conversed with him some minutes in a low voice. My hearing was nearly as acute as my curiosity, and I was certain that they were speaking of some murder that had been recently committed, although I was unable to make out who were the parties concerned. I had my thoughts then, however; and have them now. At any rate, the Count was greatly agitated, and the very next day set out on a long journey. You have heard, as well as I, that the spirits of the murdered cannot rest 'till their bodies are decently buried."

"Do you think," said Veronica, "that my uncle went to perform that mournful duty for the black knight?"

"There can be no doubt of it. The porter has always thought so. Once, while I was listening at the door, I thought that I heard the low cry of an infant, and I saw the knight go to the bed and bend over it. When he turned away he covered his face with his handkerchief, and a deep sigh or rather groan, burst from his bosom.

"It appears to me that he evinced singular agitation for a ghost," said Veronica.

"Ay, singular enough. The Count and Ugo now rose, and, concluding that the latter was about to leave the room, I hastily retreated to the hall, and when Ugo entered, appeared to be dozing over the embers of the fire.

"'I am glad you are up,' said he, 'I want you to go with me to the Count's chamber.'

"Is it really Sir Julio that's come, said I, or his spirit?

"'Follow me quickly,' said Ugo, without noticing my question. I did as he desired, much delighted at the idea of being admitted to a private interview with the Count, though at the same time I shook all over as if I were in an ague fit, when I thought of the knight. How was I disappointed, when, on entering the room, I found it deserted. As I was loudly expressing my chagrin and astonishment, Ugo approached me and placed the lovliest infant I ever beheld, within my arms. I began to question him relative to a circumstance so singular, when he directed my attention to a letter lying upon the table, telling me that it would inform me of every thing necessary for me to know. It was written by the Count, and contained only the following words:

"'Lira, I wish you to take charge of the infant in my chamber, during my absence, for which I shall not forget to liberally reward you when I return. Her name is Veronica.'

"The letter contains a mighty deal of information, to be sure, said I, "but you were so pretty and so quiet, that I soon forgot my disappointment, in the pleasure I felt in taking care of you."

Veronica, at these words, uttered an exclamation of surprize.

"Is it possible that it was I, whom the black Knight brought to the castle that stormy night?" said she.

"Yes, you are the identical baby he had wrapped in the crimson shawl."

"And am I not Count Foscoli's niece, and was not my mother his sister, as I have always been taught to believe?"

"No, dear Signora, I don't believe you are any more related to the Count than you are to the Pope, though it is very likely to me, as you have always been told, that your mother died in your infancy—not by any natural death, however."

Lira could not perceive the paleness that overspread the countenance of Veronica, occasioned by the horror she felt at such an intimation, for it was now quite dark, but having once taken the bridle from her tongue by which it had been restrained for such a number of years, she could not resist the inclination to tell all she knew and all she suspected.

"Not by a natural death?" repeated Veronica.

"No, my dear, for as you lay sleeping in my arms, I perceived that your little innocent bosom was sprinkled with blood, and it took both dew and sunshine to bleach the stains on your night-gown."

"Who could have murdered her?" said Veronica, shuddering.

"That, no one knows—though if the black Knight had not made his appearance like a spectre, and vanished like one, I should have thought that he did it."

"Have you no other reason to think my mother was murdered, than the one you have mentioned?"

"I have—though, at first, I did not intend to mention them. To confess the truth, I overheard the Count and Ugo talking about it one day, and they spoke in plain terms of her murder. They said she was stabbed to the heart with a dagger. You have never seen Sir Julio's portrait, I believe."

"No, I never have."

"If you would like to see it, I will show it to you when we return to the house."

An intense and thrilling interest was awakened in Veronica's bosom relative to the black Knight, and she eagerly assented to Lira's proposal. They waited 'till the clock struck the hour of midnight, when the household would probably be buried in sleep.

"It is a number of years since I visited the chamber containing Sir Julio's picture," said Lira, as she led the way, followed by the trembling Veronica. "I did not like to enter it alone, and whenever it wants airing, Ugo comes to me for the key, and opens it himself. Indeed, Signora," hesitating to turn the key, "if you knew all that I do, I believe you would think it best not to go in now."

"No," said Veronica, "let us enter."

Without further remonstrance she opened the door.

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"Did you see that?" said she, in a whisper, laying her trembling hand on Veronica's shoulder.

"I saw nothing," replied Veronica.

"I am certain that a light flashed from yonder closet." said Lira, "when I opened the door, but it went out in an instant."

"I think your imagination deceived you," replied Veronica. "Let us proceed."

When they had reached the opposite side of the apartment, where hung the picture, Lira held the lamp in such a manner as to enable Veronica to obtain a distinct view of it. It represented a man about twenty-five years of age, of an exceedingly dignified and commanding air. The complexion was rather dark, the features strongly defined and very handsome, especially the eyes and mouth—the whole forming a countenance spirited, yet expressive of much benignity.

"Dear Signora," exclaimed Lira, "I never thought so much about it before, but certainly Sir Julio's mouth looks very much like yours when you look almost pleased enough to smile, and as for the eyes, there is no telling them from your own"

Veronica, who appeared lost in thought, made no reply to Lira's remark.

"I have certainly seen that face before," said she, after having long gazed at the picture in silence. "I think it was three years ago, when my uncle took me to Venice. It was a brilliant night, and we were gliding silently along in our gondola, when one of the sweetest voices I ever heard came floating over the waves. I almost feared to breathe, lest I should lose one note of music so enchanting, and the gondoliers, at my uncle's command, ceased to dip their oars. The music gradually swelled fuller on the ear, so that we knew that the gondola was approaching the spot where we were, although from the number flitting round in every direction, we could not yet distinguish from which the strains proceeded. We were not long left in doubt, for it soon came so near that the sides of our gondolas touched. Just as the boat reached us, the music ceased. 'You may rest here,' said a figure, addressing the gondoliers, who was muffled in a black cloak, and with his hat slouched, so as to entirely conceal the upper part of his face. The boats that hovered near, and which had been attracted by the music, dropped off one by one, and we were left alone. Excepting the gondoliers, the gondola near us contained only a lady, and the person already alluded to. Ours, only my uncle and myself. As soon as we were left alone, the man in the opposite boat raised his hat from his brow, and warmly shook hands with my uncle. They conversed together a few minutes, but in so low a voice, that I could distinguish nothing they said. My uncle then turning round—'Veronica,' said he, 'will you do me the favor to unveil? I have a particular wish to show your face to my friend. You see that he is as old as myself; you need, therefore, entertain no scruples.' I complied with my uncle's request. The moment I drew aside my veil, the stranger's features exhibited marks of deep agitation. He soon became calm, and while he continued to converse with my uncle, his eyes were riveted on my face with a look of the most profound melancholy. After the lapse of about fifteen minutes, he bent forward and took my hand. 'It is not probable,' said he, 'that we shall ever meet again. Accept this,' placing a ring on my finger, 'as a token of the gratification, though a painful one, which I have received from beholding a form resembling one now no more, who was dear to me as life.' He bent his lips to my hand, and I felt a tear fall upon it. He then suddenly resumed his former seat, re-enveloped himself in his cloak—again drew his hat over his face, and commanding the gondoliers to ply their oars, the boat darted swiftly away."

"Dear Signora," said Lira, "why did you never tell me this before? But, holy Mary, if we have not been sitting all this time on the very chest which contains the crimson shawl you were wrapped in the night you were brought to the castle, and which is stiff with the heart's blood of your murdered mother."

"Cannot I see the shawl?" said Veronica, rising, and regarding the old chest with feelings of mingled fear and awe.

"Why, I would not open the chest for the world," replied Lira. "I don't suppose that it has been opened since the night I threw the shawl into it, which is no other than the very night you were brought here."

"I will open it," said Veronica, exerting herself to raise the massive lid, rendered heavier by transverse pieces of iron. She succeeded with some difficulty, and perceived the object of her curiosity.

Lira, in whose breast the last-mentioned passion usually got the better of her fears, ventured to approach so as to peep into the chest, and perceiving a folded paper lying in one of the corners, she took it up, and without ceremony, began to read it aloud. It was addressed to Count Foscoli, and ran thus:

"My dear Count: In consequence of the zeal of Count N——'s son, who has lately returned from abroad, the search for me is revived and prosecuted with so much diligence, that I cannot leave my present retreat without the utmost hazard. I must therefore relinquish the idea which I have so long cherished, of paying you the secret visit at your castle, for the sake of obtaining a sight of my daughter. Yet so painful do I find it to resign an expectation so long and so fondly indulged, that I am sometimes half tempted to gratify myself, even if life must be the forfeit. Life, did I say? Alas. can an existence, loaded with such a weight of misery, be called life? Foscoli, imagine my anguish, haunted as I am in my sleeping as well as my waking hours, with the image of my murdered wife. The poniard now lies before me, covered with rust, which, in that horrible moment I grasped with such fearful energy. Why did I not plunge it into my own heart, while it was yet stained with her's? The low plaining of thee, my child—my Veronica, arrested thy wretched father's hand, and the hope of seeing thee once more, still makes him brave the horrors of existence. If you will bring her to Venice, Foscoli, I think I can, without incurring any great risk, venture on an interview of a few minutes. Do not disappoint me, or I will visit you at your castle, and abide by the consequences.

Farewell. JULIO ROVINA.

"Well, Sir Julio is alive, thank Heaven," said Lira, when she had finished the letter, "and it was no ghost that brought you thither, but your own father. But I would never own him, Signora, for we can perceive plain enough that it was he who murdered your mother."

Veronica, pale and trembling, had sunk into a chair, with the blood-stained shawl grasped in her hand.

"Dear Signora," said Lira, "do cheer up, for if Sir Julio be your father, he can be nothing to you, be

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cause you are mere strangers to each other, you know. But what is this? Another letter pinned into the folds of the shawl, and addressed to whom it may concern. It can concern no person so much as yourself, so I will do you the favor to read it to you."

As Lira was attempting to extract the rusted pin, a slight noise in the closet where she imagined she saw the light when they entered the chamber, caused her to relinquish her puspose. The noise was repeated.

"Let us go," said she, snatching up the shawl and huddling it into the chest.

Veronica rose, and half supported by Lira, they left the chamber.

In a few days the unpleasant impression produced on the mind of Veronica, by what she had learned of Sir Julio, was, in a measure, obliterated, by receiving a letter from Francesco Amelfi, to whom she was betrothed. It informed her that the army in which he served had repelled the French who had invaded their Province, and that he should be at the castle the following day. She repaired to the pavilion at an early hour. The vivid green of the orange-groves glittered with dew, and the birds which fluttered among their branches, were singing their sweetest strains. Veronica had never looked more lovely, expectation having heightened the glow on her cheeks, and imparted animation to every feature. She long watched for the appearance of Francesco, and hope began to give place to anxiety, when she heard the cheerful notes of a trumpet echoing among the neighboring hills. She soon descried a small company of horsemen entering the green valley which lay smiling at their feet, their banner floating on the wind, their plumes waving, and helm and cuirass flashing in the beams of the rising sun, Veronica's bosom beat high, when she saw one of their number leave the ranks, and turn into a winding path that led to the pavilion. An undulation in the ground for a short time concealed him, but she could hear the quick tramp of his steed, and soon the bright plumes of his casque rose to her view. Her bounding heart had not deceived her. It was Francesco whom she beheld, and in a few moments he alighted at her feet. When the first few moments of joy and eager inquiry were past, she thought she saw a shadow of care darken his countenance. She inquired what had disturbed him. Nothing has disturbed me," he replied. "The appearance which you perceive, arises from satisfaction too deep for joy—satisfaction at being about to see an object accomplished, which, from my boyhood, has infused energy and activity into my soul, and which I have pursued with an unremitting and untiring zeal devoted to no other object. Not even the acquisition of your love, dearly as I coveted it, was sought with more ardor."

"Ah, Francesco, it must be a fearful object, which thus makes your lips quiver, your eyes flash, and so dark a shade gather on your brow."

"It is, indeed, a fearful object—the destruction of a fiend who wears the human form, and it has been the object of every male member of my family, as well as myself, for these sixteen years. His hated picture has been preserved within our walls for no other reason, than that the youngest branch of the family, were it denied to the others, might, by that means, recognize the original and drag him to justice, should he be so fortunate as to secure him. During the last battle, of which I sent you a brief account by the carrier that announced my approach, a knight in black armor fought by my side like one who courted death. His vizor was closed, so that I could not see his face, but there was something in the tone of his voice as he muttered a few words to himself, that revived some horrid recollections. The heat of the battle was past, and the enemy were retiring in every direction. A few, however, had gathered round an officer who had fallen into our hands, bravely attempting his rescue. They had nearly accomplished their object, when the knight, throwing away his shield, and exclaiming, "one more chance for death," rushed to the spot. Exasperated at the prospect of being foiled in their object, one of them threw his lance with such good effect, that it pierced his armor, entered his side, and prostrated him on the earth. Having effected the rescue of the officer, they left the spot, and I hastened to remove the helmet of the fallen knight. Imagine, Veronica, the horror, the exultation of that moment. The murderer of my mother's sister, the object of my implacable hatred.—Sir Julio Rovina was at my feet. His eyes were closed, his face was livid, and I feared that death had robbed justice of its due, but I soon found that——"

His words were arrested by observing the paleness and agitation of Veronica.

"Ah, Francesco," said she, as soon as she was able to speak, "do you know what you have done? Sir Julio is my father."

"Impossible!" he exclaimed passionately. "You cannot be allied to such a wretch. Besides, have you not often told me that both of your parents died in infancy?"

"So I was taught to believe by my uncle, but a few days ago, I became acquainted with circumstances that convince me beyond a doubt that he is my father."

"If so, I would save him, deep as is the misery which he has inflicted upon our family. Yes, Veronica, although the wound which pierced the innocent heart of his wife, reached that of my adored mother, and in four weeks' time laid her low by the side of her murdered sister—although this double bereavement withered the heart of my father, and has made our house a house of mourning until this hour. I would forget all this and save him for your sake; but that cannot be done. He is now in the hands of justice, and can only be acquitted by proof of his innocence."

The absorbing interest of their conversation, had prevented them from observing a boat, that had started from the opposite shore of the lake, and was making rapidly towards a little cove near the pavilion, 'till the sound of voices arrested their attention. The keel soon grated upon the shining sand, and a person who sat on one side of the boat with folded arms and drooping head, suddenly started up as if awakened from a dream, and sprang upon the bank, which rose with gentle ac-

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clivity to the pavilion. Two other persons followed, and they now perceived that he who led the way was the Count Foscoli. He ascended the bank with a quick and disordered step, and rushed by the pavilion without noticing Francesco and Veronica. His black hair, matted and neglected, hung about his face, which was pale and haggard, imparting to his appearance an air of peculiar wildness. Alarmed at his singular conduct, they immediately proceeded to the castle. Lira took Veronica aside, and in a whisper told her that the Count had just arrived with two strangers, and with the air of a distracted man had demanded the key of the chamber, where hung Sir Julio's picture, and that all three of them were now there, talking very earnestly. "I have a great mind to go and listen at the door," she added.

"No, Lira," said Veronica, "it is improper for you to seek to gratify your curiosity in such a manner."

Lira had commenced an earnest vindication of the measure, which she was prevented from pursuing, by the re-appearance of the Count and his two companions. The Count had a small bundle in his hand, and Lira assured Veronica, after they had withdrawn, that she saw a corner of the crimson shawl peeping from one end of it. Without losing a moment they regained the boat, and rowed swiftly towards the opposite shore, where horses were perceived to be in waiting. Veronica passed the remainder of the day in a state of unutterable anguish and suspense, which nothing could mitigate. The following day was appointed for the trial of Sir Julio, and Franscesco was obliged to be present. That night the distress of Veronica prevented her from retiring to rest, and Lira, who deeply sympathized in the grief of her young mistress, sat up to keep her company. Just as the clock struck the hour of midnight, a confused hum of voices was heard at the portal. The door soon was opened, and Count Foscoli, accompanied with several persons entered, among whom was Francesco, who happened to arrive at the same time. Among them Veronica recognized Sir Julio, her father. Impelled by feelings which she could not resist, she threw herself upon his bosom.

"My daughter," said he, "I can at length, with a fearless, as well as an innocent heart, embrace you."

All present were deeply affected, and Francesco waited impatiently for an opportunity to throw himself at the feet of Sir Julio, and beg pardon for the implacable hatred which he had so long cherished towards him, and the suffering and humiliation he had occasioned him by causing him to be arrested as a murderer. This Sir Julio would not suffer.

"Let us all," said he, sit quietly down, while my friend, the Count relates the circumstances that proved my innocence."

"Fortunately," said the Count, "I happened to be in the town, where Sir Julio was imprisoned. The day following my arrival being Sunday, I attended public worship in the Cathedral. At the close of the evening service, while involved in the crowd issuing from the portal, a paper was thrust into my hand by a person unknown to me, who immediately disappeared. It contained these words:

'If you would save your friend, inquire of him if he recollects a piece of paper that was pinned to one corner of a crimson shawl, that was spread over his murdered lady's face?'

"This afforded me a gleam of hope, and I flew to the prison and showed the note to Sir Julio.

"'I have no recollection of the paper,' said he, 'but I well remember the shawl. I perceived it in the situation described, when on my return home, I first entered my wife's chamber, but imagining that she had ordered it to be spread there to screen her eyes from the light of the lamp that was burning near, I seated myself by the table and read over an hour. At the expiration of that time, the child awoke and began to cry, while to my surprize, the mother remained perfectly still without attempting to hush it. I then raised the shawl, and beheld, what for a while transfixed me with horror. The continued moaning of the child aroused me, and I then thought of the peril of my situation, for every circumstance conspired to make it appear that I was the murderer. I recollected only one person, whom I imagined would believe that I was innocent. Without waiting a moment, I took the dagger which lay by her side, with a kind of vague intention of terminating my existence if pursued, and wrapping my child in the shawl, took a horse from the stable, and rode with all possible speed to your castle."

"Begging your honor's pardon," said Lira, "for interrupting you, I should like to know why Sir Julio never took the trouble to tell you that he did not die at the time you thought he did?"

"Sir Julio was not to blame," replied the Count. "The enemy were victorious, and, of course, masters of the field of battle. They discovered signs of life in him, and he was conveyed to France with the rest of the prisoners. In that country, he met the lady whom he married, who was travelling with her father. He wrote me several times, but by some mischance his letters failed to reach me. He had returned to his native country only one week when he was deprived of his wife. But let us return to the incidents that more particularly interest us. I had some remembrance of having seen a red shawl lying in an old oak chest that stood in the chamber I used to occupy. I thought that this might be the one referred to, and taking with me two persons to witness that no fraud was practised, we proceeded to examine it. We soon discovered the piece of paper alluded to, pinned to one of the corners. It was written by the assassin, who affirmed that he was employed by the Marquis of S——, who had formerly been an unsuccessful suitor to the Lady Rovina. He added that he had been compelled to do the deed for the sake of the reward, having for a long time suffered all the miseries arising from the most abject poverty, but having formerly received an affront from the Marquis, he took this method of exposing his employer, in order to revenge himself. Application being made to Lady Rovina's friends, they well recollected that the Marquis of S——, had once solicited her hand. He had since that period become a noted gambler, but for some time

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had not appeared at his usual haunts. We discovered him after a long and laborious search. He had been confined several months by illness, and was thought to be near his end. When we mentioned the motive of our visit, he did not hesitate to confess the whole truth, which he confirmed by an oath, legally administered. Shortly after he expired. In consequence of the confession and oath of the Marquis, my friend was immediately acquitted."

The dawn was now fast approaching, and the party separated, to obtain, if possible, a few hours' rest. Sir Julio could scarcely persuade himself of the reality of what had taken place, so far did his happiness surpass what he ever again expected to enjoy. He joyfully assented to the union of Francesco with his daughter, and in the course of a few weeks their nuptials were celebrated in a manner suited to the rank of the parties concerned.

The young couple usually spent the summer months at the castle, while the remaining part of the year was passed at a beautiful residence which Veronica had received as a present from her father. At both places, Sir Julio and the Count were almost constantly their guests, the life of the former brightening more and more as it drew to a close.

As for Lira, she frequently amused herself by telling the story of "The Old Oak Chest," to a circle of eager listeners, trembling with fear; 'till by a slip of the tongue happening to mention that the black knight was no other than Sir Julio Rovina, himself, the curiosity of her auditors to obtain a peep at one whom they considered so mysterious a personage, became so annoying to its object, that it was only at particular seasons—so great was her discretion—that she could afterwards be prevailed upon to relate her favorite story.

Original.

STANZAS

TO A LADY DYING OF CONSUMPTION.

Oh, very early hath the victor won thee
To share the slumbers of the rayless tomb!
Its chilling shadows as a pall have bound thee,
Though Heaven's own light hath pierced the gathered gloom!
We know that thou must die, yet hopes are clinging
With added fervor to thy wasting form!
Though in our hearts despair thy knell is ringing,
Oh! how we struggle to avert the storm!
With what strange brilliancy thy eyes are beaming,
Lit with a splendor that is not of earth!
Each day thy gentle smile is fainter gleaming,
And thy low whispers have forgot their mirth!
For us, without thee, what a dark to-morrow,
Is the dim future that before us lies!
Thou in the grave, and we the heirs of sorrow,
With sad and lonely hearts that mock disguise!
God grant his presence in the sunless valley,
Which thou must tread ere Paradise be won!
Around its portals clouds and tempests rally,
But boldly enter, for thy toil is done! IONE.

Original.

THE COVENANTER'S BURIAL.

A LEGEND OF THE SCOTTISH PERSECUTIONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "BROTHERS," "CROMWELL," "RINGWOOD, THE ROVER," ETC.

Deeply embosomed in the wild gorges of the Pentland Hills, seven Scottish miles, at least, from any human habitation, there stands a small, old moss-grown chapel, partly dilapidated, although it is still in use, built in the very earliest style of Norman architecture. It has no tower, nor aisles, nor transept, and could not readily contain a hundred worshippers, consisting merely of one oblong apartment, with a short, massive column at each angle, whence spring the groinings grotesquely carved in dark grey freestone, which support the steep slated roof. It is lighted by one large pointed window at the east end, and a small loop-hole, more resembling a crenelle for arrow-shot, than an aperture designed to admit air and light, on either side. The entrance is by a low-browed arch facing the window, and immediately beneath the little open belfry, which is perched like a dove-cot on the point of the gable. The whole exterior of the chapel has, evidently, at some former day, been decorated by full many a sculptured effigy of virgin, saint and angel, as may be still seen from the empty niches wherein they stood enshrined until the rude hand of the puritans in the days of the Scottish reformation hurled them down, and ground, in the wild zeal of their new faith, the very stones of which they were composed, into dust, which they scattered to the four winds of heaven. In the interior, likewise, two or three vacant niches still remained, with a large font of stone, made to hold holy water, now consecrated to baptismal uses; besides this, a few oaken benches of the most rude and antique form, and a huge reading desk of the same material, composed the furniture of this most primitive place of worship. Around the wall lay a small burial-ground, with many a green half-sunken headstone peering up from out the rank growth of dark coarse herbage, nettles and thistles, and yet viler weeds, which betrayed, by their rank luxuriance, the fatness of the soil, enriched from the decay of mortal bodies. A few of them had been, as was still evident, the last homes of personages not void of dignity and rank—there was one, in particular, a vast uncouthly sculptured block of freestone, where might be distinguished the form of a human figure, with a small hood upon his head, a heater-shaped shield suspended from his neck, his folded hands resting upon the hilt of a huge cross-handled sword, and his legs crossed in that peculiar manner, which indicates that he who sleeps beneath, was a Knight Templar. Upon the shield were some faint relics of armorial bearings, but it would now have puzzled the keenest antiquary that ever pored over mouldering ruins, to detect the obliterated blazonry which would have told the name of him who slumbered there, as still as though he never had pealed through his furious lips the war cry, Ha! Beauseant, or battled for the cross of Christ, knee deep in Paynim gore.

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Another heavy stone displayed the mitre and the pastoral crook of some proud abbot, and some two or three more of the number bore marks of decoration which, though now much decayed and broken, showed that they had been in old-time dedicated to the long since forgotten memories of the pure, the beautiful, the noble or the wise. The rest were low grass-covered mounds, without a stone to bear the name, or record the destinies of their inhabitants, and the most of them, from their sunken ridges, and half obliterated outlines, were evidently of no recent origin. Nothing could possibly be wilder or more gloomily romantic than the spot chosen for the site of this place of rural sepulture. It was a small deep hollow, scooped, as it were, out of the bosom of the huge moorland hills that raised their bare, round-headed summits treeless and bleak and desolate, on every side around it. On the right hand side, the little burial-ground abutted on a steep precipice of rifted sand-stone rock, which rose straight as a wall for sixty yards above it, and then sloped still farther upward, 'till it was merged in the heather of the loftier fell—behind the chapel was a thick grove of matted yews, filling up the whole width of the gorge between the hills, through which a little brooklet rushed murmuring and sparkling in a thread of liquid silver, girdling the church-yard round on the left side, and in the front, where it was crossed by a small one-arched bridge of free-stone. The margin of this stream was bordered by a long line of ash trees, probably chance-sown there by emigratory birds, for not another of the species was to be found for several miles' distance from the spot, and above these, the hill sloped boldly to the westward, showing beyond its rolling summit the crests of loftier mountains looming up blue and indistinct in the far distance. It was a dark and gloomy afternoon, although in the fairest time of summer, but the air was surcharged with electricity, and damp withal, and very sultry and oppressive. There was not a breeze to fan the lightest leaves of the ash by the stream, not to wave even the slight stalk of the blue hare bells on the rock, but the clouds mustered heavily, sweeping up, as it seemed, before some higher current that was not felt below, mass above mass, 'till the whole sky was crowded with their huge towering volumes—the sun, when he shone out, at times, from the interstices of the dense thundercloud, shot a hot brassy glare, that seemed as if it came from the mouth of some vast furnace—no bird was heard to warble or even chirrup from the bushes, the throstle and the black-bird, those never silent songsters of a Scottish summer, were hushed in sad anticipation of the coming storm—only the plaintive cry of the lapwing from the upland, and the shrill scream of a kite wheeling in airy circles above the solitary belfry, disturbed the death-like stillness of the valley. Death-like indeed it was—and not unfittingly, for, in the church-yard, hard by the bank of the little stream, and under the dark shadows of the yews, there was an open grave—the pile of earth, ready to fill its yawning mouth upheaped upon the sod beside, mattock and spade planted in the grass by its brink—an open grave waiting its silent tenant. At some short distance from the grave, there sat upon a fallen head-stone, as motionless as though he had been himself a part of it, an old grey-headed wrinkled man, in attitude of melancholy thought, with a small, long-backed terrier, short-legged, and wire-haired, with a face as grey and wrinkled as his master's, dozing among the weeds beside him. For nearly an hour, he sat there without stirring, unless when at times he raised his head for a moment, and appeared to listen, but then not hearing what he seemed to be expecting, relapsed into his grim and gloomy meditations. At last the sounds which he awaited made themselves heard at a distance, the well known death-hymn of the puritans swelling up awfully among the bleak bare hills, a volume of wild, doleful music. The old man rose up at the signal, and tottering to the porch, opened the iron-studded door, and in a few moments the dissonant clash and clang of the old cracked chapel bell rung harshly out over the lonely valley. It was not long before the melancholy train came slowly into sight, winding along the narrow road, which, following the mazes of the brook, gave access to that lonely place of worship from the more cultivated glens of the lower country. The first of the procession was the old covenanting pastor, a tall thin man, bent almost double with the infirmities of age, with a bold head, and stern, harsh features, but a quiet flashing eye, full of enthusiastic life and zealous energy. Immediately behind him came the coffin, of rude plain boards, undecked by any plate or ornament, with neither pall nor plumes, upborne upon the stalwart shoulders of eight stout peasants, dressed in their wonted garb of shepherds' plaid, and broad blue lowland bonnets—following the body—hapless and helpless mourners—an old woman, so aged that her frail limbs had scarcely enough of life left to support them, and a fair, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired girl, crept along—the latter bathed in the fast flowing tears which flow so readily, and seem to sweep away in their flow the sorrows of the young—the former, stern, cold and tearless, as if the grief which penetrated to her heart's inmost core, had mustered there, and checked her very breath, and froze up the fountains that gush so readily at any transient grievance in the young days of sentiment and sympathy—the mother and the niece of the deceased—for it was he the widow's son, who was borne thus to his long home—the widow's son, who yesterday so full of stirring spirit and quick life, had been so cruelly cut off—cut off before his prime, and hurled a mere clod of the valley at the foot of his wretched parent, by the fell mandate of the Tiger Laird.

Twelve aged farmers, the patriarchs of the glens, the grandsires or great grandsires of all who followed them, tottered along, staff in hand, behind the mourners, lifting their tremulous voices to swell the deep wild hymn that echoed up the valley, and then, for the rest part, like their pastor, were all unarmed, and helpless. Yet even of these, two or three had buckled their old broadswords on their thighs, as if they could have done then aught of service, in case of an armed onslaught on their pacific train; but in the rear of these, there came a party of widely different character in spirit. In front of them stood one well known in after days as Hackstoun, of Rathillet, a stern, dark featured man of middle age,

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hawk nosed, thin flanked and tall—the very picture of one of those martial saints of Cromwell, with whom the sword was second only, if second, to the Bible. Armed to the teeth, with broadsword on his hip, and dirk and pistols in his girdle, and a short musquetoon slung over his broad shoulders—fury and vengeance flashing from his grey eye—the gloomy martialist strode onward, and at his heels, all armed like their leader, six or eight men, whose stubborn front and erect bearing showed that they had seen service, clad in hodden grey, but heavy muskets, or long barrelled fowling pieces on their shoulders, and knives and pistols at their waists, followed with the deep air of dogged resolution, that seems disposed to court rather than shun encounter with aught of man or fiend that should oppose them. The rear of this wild and ill-assorted train was brought up by a body of young men, variously weaponed with scythes set each on poles, and fishing spears, and clubs and axes; and all alike mourners and aged men and boys and stubborn warriors, were pealing forth one of those wild denunciatory hymns in which their souls delighted. On they filed, and they entered now the precincts of the lone church yard, and clustered round the grave. No prayers were read over the senseless, such ritual being held in the eyes of those stern puritans as an abomination of abominations. The wild hymn sunk into dead silence—the coffin was lowered into the pit prepared for it—the heavy clods rattled upon the lid—the earth was trampled down with a deep hollow sound—the grave was heaped, the sods were levelled and beat smooth by the old sexton's spade—and not a sound was heard except the childish sobbings of the infant niece, until the last blow had been struck, and then the voice of the frail aged woman arose among the hushed and awe struck throng, clear as a silver trumpet: "The Lord giveth,"—she exclaimed,—"the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord!" A deep hum followed her submissive exclamations—the solemn acclamation of the puritans, and then at once the gathered concourse burst into a loud hymn. It ended, and, as it did so, before the echoes of the old hills had ceased to reverberate to the strange melody, Hackstoun, of Rathillet, drew his long broadsword from the scabbard, and stepped at once to the head of the grave. "Countrymen—Bretheren," he exclaimed, "the blood" ——but as he spoke, the tramp of hoofs was heard, the click of steel along the winding road, and another instant the Laird of Livingstone and eight of his fierce troopers might be seen winding up the road.—"It is enough," cried Hackstoun. "It is enough! The Lord hath given them into our hands—we have them in a net—smite, kill, slay utterly!—suffer not one of them to go hence scatheless!" Then, in a calmer tone, he added: "Keep peace until they be upon us, down with your arms upon the turf—and raise them not' till I cry 'Havoc!'—then on and leave none living." His orders were obeyed upon the instant. Meanwhile, the troopers, with the young laird leading, rode into the enclosure; taking a proclamation from his holster, with that same fiendish smile upon his lip which played there when he had bidden them to slay the widow's son, he had begun to read it—when Hackstoun, stooping suddenly snatched up his carbine from the ground, and shouting his word "Havoc!"—took a quick aim and fired. Upon the instant his men followed his example! A quick, sharp, straggling volley rattled above the grave of the murdered peasant, and four of his slayers leaped up in their saddles, and fell lifeless; surprized, but daunted nothing, the soldiers fired an answering volley, and charged, sword in hand—but Hackstoun met the foremost—he struck two blows—two only! the first fell on the charger's neck where the spine joins the skull, and hurled him lifeless—the second clove through the casque—the scull—the teeth of the trooper—musket-butt, scythe, and pitch-fork, were plied fiercely, and ere ten minutes, not a man lived of all their foes, save Livingstone. He, when he saw all hope lost, —he had fought foremost 'till he did so—turned his horse at the brook with a fierce shout, leaped it, and galloped over the wild hill. Hackstoun and his stern band rushed after him in wild pursuit. Ten minutes more, and the lone yard was utterly deserted, save by the corpses of his slayers—the slaughter of his murderers finished the obsequies of the poor widow's son.

H. W. R.

Original.

PURITY'S PEARL;

OR, THE HISTORY OF A TEAR.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

A MAIDEN, one summer's day, over Life's sea,
In a pleasure-boat swiftly sailing,
Gazed back on the bowers of her childhood free,
That were dim in the distance failing.
She had clasped her zone with a brilliant stone,
In tint like the plume of a Lory,
Through its heart, the blush of the dawn had shone,
And left in it all its glory.
"False, false the talisman!" cries the girl,
"From my bosom, the gem, I sever!
Oh! give me back purity's snow-white pearl,
And away with Love's Ruby for ever!"
A tear, as she spoke, dimmed her eye's blue fire,
And fell in the foaming water,
And hark! at the moment, an angel-lyre
Sounds the name of earth's sorrowing daughter:—
'Tis the spirit of mercy floats from Heaven,
Like light thro' the waves descending,
And the penitent feels her fault forgiven,
While smiles with her tears are blending.
And long ere that frail bark reached the shore,
Fair Mercy, her pledge redeeming;
Stole up thro' the moonlit sea once more,
With a pearl in her soft hand beaming.
"I bring thee back Purity's gem of Snow!
'Tis thy tear of remorse and devotion,
Transformed to a pearl, in the wondrous flow
Of Time's mysterious ocean."
And the maiden has bound her zone again,
With the treasure she prized so truly,
And safe is her bark on the fathomless main,
For her talisman keeps it holy!

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Original.

THE BEREBER.

BY W. S. MAYO, M. D.

CHAPTER I.

It was towards the close of a summer's day, in the year 1577, that a figure on horseback, might have been seen slowly descending the sides of one of a range of small hills forming the eastern boundary of the level and beautiful plain of Al Kassar. A jellibeah, a garment of coarse woollen cloth, completely enveloped his person, except that, from the knee downward, a well formed muscular leg was, according to the custom of the country, entirely bare. The hood of the jellibeah, drawn far over the head, concealed not only the features, but rendered it impossible to tell at a little distance whether beneath it was the closely cut hair and turban of the Moor, the black skull cap of the Jew, or the long locks of the mountaineer. A gun, the barrel of which was, after the Moorish fashion, elaborately ornamented with gold, and the stock with curiously cut pieces of ivory, was carried, not as usual directly across the pommel of the saddle,—and which jutting out on either side, forms a distinguishing mark of the Moorish soldier almost as far as he and his horse can be seen—but with the butt resting upon the toe, and the barrel partly concealed beneath the folds of the jellibeah.

The stranger was mounted upon a middle-sized horse, of a dull ash color. To an inexperienced eye, the animal would have appeared little worthy of admiration; but the small head and ears, the mild clear eye, expanded blood-red nostril, large and prominent veins, and delicate limbs, indicated beyond a doubt, his descent from the "Sh'rubah Er'reeh," or the "wind bibbers" of the desert. With slow and lazy step, the horse, left by his rider entirely to himself, made his way among the low palmetto bushes, lining the declivity, and entered upon the plain.

This plain, or small prairie, was one of a series, all evidently the beds of extinct lakes, which, commencing in El Garb, the most northern province of the empire of Morocco, stretch, with various interruptions, from the spurs of the mountain range, to the borders of the *Saharah*. To the south, the regularly serrated hills of Marmora were clearly visible—to the east, as we have said, were the range of hills from which our traveller had just descended, and peering above them in the distance, were the lofty, snow-covered summits of the majestic and far-famed Atlas; while to the north and west the view was uninterrupted until the eye rested upon the delicate minarets and tall battlements of Al Kassar. Numerous herds of horses and cattle, and flocks of sheep were scattered over the plain, or collected round the *Douahs* of their Arab masters. These *Douahs*, or villages of low black tents, hardly distinguished from the palmetto bushes except by the regularity of their arrangement, were grouped here and there upon the hill sides, affording by their appearance, but little evidence of the population which they contained.

The sun had now sunk beneath the clear and distant horizon which bounded the plain to the west, relieving the parched earth from his over-powering influence, and leaving behind but the short twilight of southern countries, to illuminate the scene. Not a cloud was visible that could receive and reflect the lingering glories of the setting sun, but, mantling over the whole face of heaven, a delicate crimson blush mingled itself for a moment with the clear, deep blue, through which the stars were already shining brightly, then fleetingly disappeared. Grey evening began to draw her hazy mantle over distant objects, not obscuring, but magnifying and exhibiting their outlines with tenfold distinctness. A solitary fig tree, on the farthest verge of the horizon, could be plainly seen throwing its knarled and knotted arms in clear relief against the sky.

Suddenly starting from his revery, the horseman threw back the hood of his jellibeah, displaying a head covered with a tall Fez cap from beneath which curled out large masses of jet black hair. The physiognomy was bold and striking. There was a breadth of formation, combined with the peculiar character of some of the features, which gave indication of a strong infusion of the blood of the old imperial masters of the world, and which to this day can be recognized in some of the Bereber tribes. An ample forehead, keen, piercing black eye, arched nose, and large but sharply cut mouth contributed, each in proportion, to an expression of gravity, firmness, and sagacity. When speaking, a regular set of pure white teeth contrasted brilliantly with the clear brown skin and the glossy moustache and beard.

Gathering up the bridle and affectionately patting the neck of his steed, he exclaimed, "Come! come! Ayoud, we have been loitering long enough; it is getting so dark that no one can see our haste now, and we have got a good long hour's hard gallop before us. Come! Look out for the lizard holes, and let us move quick. L'Adah el heil! L'Adah el heil!"

In an instant the gallant animal, all spirit and animation at the sound of his master's voice, and the well known encouraging cry of the Moorish horseman, was off at full speed across the level ground, in the direction of the towers and minarets we have spoken of, but which were now no longer in view. No light remained to guide the flying steed and his master, still his pace was not checked: on he sped, passing bushes and gullies with a celerity and safety betokening marvellous powers of vision, either in rider or horse, or perhaps in both. For nearly an hour the animal was kept by the encouraging conversation of his master at the top of his speed.

"Haste! Haste! Good Ayoud. Well done! My beautiful, my brave Ayoud," he exclaimed, as his steed cleared a small water gulley. "Bravely done! Jewel of my heart. I saw it not; but you, oh! you, Ayoud, are the light of my eyes. Your sight is as keen as a hawk's; your feet are the wings of an eagle. What would become of me were I to lose thee? My beauty! My pearl! My love! Where should I find another like thee? Who swallowest the ground like Ayoud? Who frightens the rocks and the trees with the roaring of his hoofs until they fly from him faster than darkness before the rising sun like Ayoud?"

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Suddenly drawing rein, the rider checked his horse, bringing his haunches almost to the ground, and sprang from his back beside a fig tree which accident had probably planted upon the spot. Gazing carefully under and around the tree, he struck a short sharp blow with the fingers of his right hand in the palm of his left, and waited a few moments for an answer.

"He has not arrived yet," said he, in a tone betraying some little vexation. "Well, we must even wait, good Ayoud. I hope that he will not disappoint us entirely."

So saying, he took the bridle of his horse, and leading him a short distance from the tree, he threw himself upon the ground behind some furz, and at a word Ayoud stretched himself out beside his master. Both were thus as completely concealed as they could have been in the tallest thicket. A small bag of dates, shared equally between master and horse, served to occupy the short half hour they had to await the arrival of the person expected. Of this interval we will avail ourselves to make a few explanations necessary to the elucidation of our tale.

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The history of the country, now known as the empire of Morocco, is from the earliest period to the present time, a record of revolutions, and internal dissensions, inviting to attacks of foreign powers, and holding out prospects of success which, in several instances, have been partially realized. The Saracenic invaders found a people cut up into separate independent tribes, and differing as much in their political and religious notions as in their social customs, manners and descent. Some, dwelling in the mountain fastnesses of Mount Atlas, were of the unmixed blood of the old inhabitants of Canaan who, flying before the face of Joshua, sought refuge in this part of the world.* Some localities were inhabited by people dating their origin from the era of Carthagenean supremacy. Other places preserved nearly pure the blood of the Romans or the Goths, while some tribes presented unequivocal evidences of an admixture of these several races.

Of these last, were the *Beni Gersite*, a small tribe who inhabited one of the spurs of Mount Atlas. Though few in number, their indomitable bravery, and the natural strength of their position, had enabled them to preserve an almost perfect independence, although nominally under the dominion of the Moors. A trifling tribute, is regularly paid, and occasional military assistance to one or other of the parties in the civil contests of the kingdom, were the only signs they had ever given of subjection: while it not unfrequently happened that attempts to enforce even these led to long continued hostilities. Driven up to their strong hold—the truncated top of their mountain home—the Beni Gersite were able to resist the largest Moorish force that could be brought against them, and when their enemies were compelled to withdraw, they generally amply repaid themselves for their sufferings and confinement by incursions into the Moorish plains.

A short time previous to the date of our story, an expedition against this tribe had been undertaken by Muley Hamet, governor of Fez, and brother of the emperor Muley Molock. Planned in secrecy, and conducted with vigor, it was so far successful as to surprize the family of Casben Subah, chief of the Beni Gersite. Casben himself, with his followers, escaped up the mountain, and the object of the expedition—the capture of the renowned Bereber chieftain, was so far frustrated, but the possession of his family was considered by the Moors equivalent to a victory. To all overtures for redemption, the only answer was a demand of unconditional submission. At this juncture, the much talked of invasion of Don Sebastian, king of Portugal, compelled the Moorish Emperor to collect his forces, and in obedience to orders, his brother, Muley Hamet, retired from the territory of the Beni Gersite, carrying with him the wife and infant son of their chief.

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The houseman and his steed had not long to wait. The approach of a person mounted upon an ass, was soon evident by the patter of the animal's hoofs in the path which ran past the fig tree, and the encouraging rub-a-dub, kept up on his ribs by the heels of his rider. Suddenly stepping from the concealment of the bush, the horseman saluted the new comer with a tap on the shoulder, exclaiming,

"You are behind the time, good Yacob."

The person so saluted, was, as indicated by his name and the black suilham or gaberdine which enveloped his person, a descendant of Israel. He belonged to that class of his brethren who, dwelling afar from the towns, and pursuing the occupation of agriculture among the Berebers instead of the gainful one of trade among the Moors, enjoyed a degree of independence and consideration to which the Jews of the towns were strangers. It was then the custom and still is to this day, for each Jew to choose some Bereber for his particular friend and guardian, and between the two from thenceforth, subsisted the intimate and interesting relation of patron and client—a relation, which, however widely separated the parties might be by time or circumstance, was never wholly sundered or forgotten. Such was the relation between Yacob and the person who had accosted him.

"Come, don't be frightened, Yacob, there is no one here but ourselves," continued the Bereber, as the Jew started at the sudden salutation.

"Holy Father Abraham!" exclaimed Yacob, recovering his breath. "Casben Subah! How could you startle me so? You know the risk I run to meet you here, and——"

"True, good Yacob. I should have been more considerate. I should have recollected that you number not the lion among your ancestors."

"Nay, nay, accuse me not of cowardice because, unlike you, I prefer a quiet dish of *cooscoosoo*, to a wild boar hunt, or a fight with the cat of the mountain single handed, or because I cannot, like you, hear a musket fired in my ear without starting. Here have I, the

* Procopious asserts that in his time, a statute erected to commemorate the flight, was standing. It bore the inscription, "We are the Canaanites who fled before the face of Joshua, the son of Nun—that notorious robber!"

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chief treasurer of the emperor of Morocco, come to meet my old patron, at the imminent risk of life. Dost thou suppose that Muley Hamet, if he knew it, would be satisfied with any thing less than my head?"

"I did thee wrong, good Yacob, and am sorry for it; but tell me what news of my children? Hast thou seen them since I last saw thee?"

"No, they are closely confined at Fas, while I have been with the army in attendance upon my master."

"Didst thou make the offer of the sum I named thee for a ransom?"

"I did."

"What answer?"

"He spurned me like a dog. He cursed me for a Jew—a Bereber Jew—a traitor to him, and a friend to you. Had he suspected our intimacy, I should not have lived to meet you here. As it was, he swore by every hair in the tail of Mohammed's camel, that a wooden *jellibeah* should squeeze twice the sum out of me if I dared speak of the subject again. Now that he is Soultan, he will not be any more likely to listen to your proffers."

"Soultan! How say you? Where is Muley Molock?"

"Dead. He died three days since—on the day of the battle with the Portuguese, and my master, Muley Hamet, was immediately proclaimed Soultan."

"Ha! Thou tellest me news; battle thou sayest. What battle? where fought? I knew not that the army of the Soultan had left, Alkassar.

"Neither have they; 'twas there the battle was fought. Three days since, the king of Portugal advanced to within a league of the town. Muley Molock marshalled his forces, and the fight commenced. At first, the impetuous valor of the Christians broke the Moorish lines. The Soultan, who was scarcely able to stand from his long sickness, mounted his horse to rally our front rank, but he fainted and fell. We lifted him into the litter. He was dead. Hamet Zala, the renegado, drew the curtains, and putting his head into the litter, pretended to receive, from time to time, orders from the Soultan. The tide of battles oon turned, and our wings out-flanking the Christians, the route was complete. Not fifty of the whole Portuguese army escaped."

"And their boy-king, Don Sebastian. Was he among them?"

"'Tis not known. A body has been found among the slain, which some of the Christian prisoners pronounce to be the corpse of their king; but it is much more doubted whether it is so. 'Tis so much disfigured with wounds, as not to be recognized with any certainty, and besides, it may well be that the king's friends say that it is his, to relax the fierceness of pursuit, should he be alive. Don Lewis de Lima, also, says that after he was a prisoner and the battle had been decided, he saw Sebastian alone and on foot, making his way to the banks of *El Lucos*. Another story says that he was surrounded and taken prisoner by a body of our troops, and that a dispute commenced as to whose prisoner he was. They were almost coming to blows, when Hassan Askeff, Alcaid of Tetuan, rode in, exclaiming, "What, you dogs, when God has given you so glorious a victory would you cut one another's throats about a prisoner?" at the same time striking the Christian king a blow on the head over the right eye, and bringing him to the ground, where, despairing of ransom, the other Moors immediately killed him. But much I doubt whether this prisoner was the king. 'Tis the opinion of more than one that he is still alive."

"And the sheriff who urged the youthful Don to his rash enterprize, what of him?"

"He was drowned in crossing the river."

"So that your master and my foe is undisputed sovereign of Morocco. And now I may expect to feel his power. Well, be it so. The Bereber chieftain of a single hill against the mighty descendant of Mohammed."

"Nay, fear not any more attempts by open force. He knows too well the strength of your position; besides, he thinks he has sufficient rein upon you in your children."

"My children! Ay, he has a rein upon me now, but mark me, good Yacob, I will yet snap it as I do this reed. May the dogs defile the graves of my fathers, if I teach not this Moor the dangers of a Bereber's wrath. I will have my children, I will have them, or I will have the deepest, deadliest revenge. Thou sayest they are in the Cassar at Fas. The Cassar shall not keep them. I will storm it in the midst of the city. If needs must be, by God I'll smother him in the flames of his own harem, if it were surrounded by fifty thousand guards."

"Hush! speak lower," exclaimed the Jew, frightened at his patron's vehemence. "Do nothing rash, force were of no avail. Wait a little until we know what are his intentions. To-morrow he gives a feast to the whole army, and has issued orders for a grand *Lab el Berod*. The next day we move for Fas, and——"

"*Lab el Berod?* you say," interrupted Casben.

"Yes, not content with burning powder in earnest, they must now burn it in sport. Thou knowest how passionately fond the Moors are of the Lab el Berod, or the 'game of powder burning,' as they call it."

"Yes, yes, I have ridden in it more than once myself, and dislike it not."

"I will take a look at the sport to-morrow!"

"Have a care, you may be recognized."

"Nay, fear not. And now, good Yacob, it is time for thee to return. I am afraid I have detained you too long. Once suspected, and your power to aid me ceases. Should you not hear any thing from me to-morrow, meet me here at night if you can, but run no risk, 'twould add fresh sorrow to my heart should evil befall thee."

Exchanging the usual profusion of parting compliments, the speakers separated. The Jew mounting his ass, urged the animal into a rapid amble towards the town, and the Bereber, leading his horse, sought, amid the thickest bushes, his familiar bed upon the ground.

CHAPTER II.

"His courser's hoofs scornfully spurn the green sod,
As he madly gives spur in the *Lab el Berod*."

The first faint tint of the coming day had scarce

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appeared in the eastern sky, when the loud calls of *Muezzan* from the minarets of Alcassar aroused the sleepy faithful of the town and camp, to their morning prayers. Soon the gates were thrown open, and through their gaping portals poured a stream of turbaned heads, citizens and soldiers, horse and foot, old and young, all rushing to the *Socco*, a plain outside the walls, appropriated to the grand animal markets of the province, and to the celebration of all public festivals and games. Through this plain wound *el Luccos*, along whose bank was pitched a row of lofty pavilions, the household tents of the new Soultan. In front of the royal tents ran a broad avenue, separating them from the more humble, but still gorgeous markets of the Soultan's officers and guards. This well trodden avenue, which had witnessed many daring feats of horsemanship long before the graceful, gallant *Jereed*, still a favorite in some parts of the East, had given place to the more noisy but monotonous *Lab el Berod*, was to be as usual the scene of Moorish equestrian skill.

The sun had risen not an hour above the horizon, before both sides of the avenue, except in the immediate neighborhood of the royal tent, were crowded with dense masses of men, leaving a clear space or lane, corresponding to the lists of the Christian tournament of not more than an hundred feet in width.

Soon a grand flourish of trumpets, and the crash of a thousand cymbals and kettle drums, announced the approach of the Soultan. Mounted upon a horse magnificently caparisoned, and surrounded by a small body of richly dressed negro slaves on foot, he wheeled into the avenue, and slowly paced towards the royal tents. Two favorite *Kaids* of the Soudan troops, with hand upon the bits, restrained the impatience of the fiery steed, while every few steps the slaves on either side turning to the populace, and bowing low, exclaimed—

"Sidi is well to-day!"

"Sidi is well to-day!" would reply the crowd, in low and measured tone, "Sidi is well to-day. Thank God! God preserve Sidi"—at the same time half prostrating the body, and placing the hand upon the head. Again in a few steps the same announcement would be made, and the same reply repeated at first by a few voices, would be taken up by the assembled multitude, and swell upon the ear like the roar of the tornado through the forest, then gradually dying away in the distance like the gentle murmurs of the far off ocean, borne upon the varying pinions of the fitful breeze.

Arrived opposite the royal tent, at whose entrance was spread a small carpet, upon which was placed a richly ornamented Morocco cushion, the Soultan dismounted. His guards and principal officers arranged themselves on either side. At a little distance were stationed the Christian prisoners, among whom were the young Duke of Barcelos, the Spanish ambassador, the Prior of Crato, and others of distinction. In front of the tent gambolled the favorite son of the Soultan, an infant of some three years, the only privileged intruder upon the narrow bounds of the imperial carpet. Having seated himself upon the cushion, the Soultan gave the order for the game to commence.

Separating themselves from a small body of picked horsemen, who were stationed at one end of the avenue of which we have spoken, a small party of five or six dashed forward at full speed. Their generous chargers were urged to the highest exertion by the strongly aspirated ha, ha! ha, ha! of their riders, and the free use of the cruel Moorish spur, an instrument having, for rowel, an immense iron spike of from four to six inches in length. Twirling their long guns around their heads, they brought them down with the butts resting directly against the breast, and the barrels inclined downwards over the heads of their steeds. Arrived to where the Soultan was seated, their pieces were simultaneously discharged, and each man drawing rein, the course of the horses was instantaneously checked. With haunches almost touching the ground, and quivering in every muscle from the intense exertion of the sudden check to which they were forced by the powerful Moorish bit, they rested a moment, the horsemen threw their muskets with a whirling motion into the air, caught them as they descended, recovered their horses with a single *demi-volte*, and wheeling them round, walked them slowly back to the place from whence they started.

Another party succeeded, going through the same evolutions, and then giving place to others, who rapidly followed. Now and then a single horseman would dart forth, and vary the monotony of the game with some extra display of equestrian skill, which was always liberally rewarded by the applause of the multitude. Of the performers, none seemed to enjoy the excitement more than the horses themselves, and nothing could be more striking than the contrast between the languor with which, when the course was run, they returned to the starting-point, and the fiery impatience evinced in every motion, when preparing for the start.

For three hours, an uninterruped succession of "powder burnings" had been kept up, and the interest of the performance was beginning to abate, when a single horseman dashed forward in the lists. The beauty and spirit of the horse, and the graceful ease of the rider, at once excited universal admiration. Spurring at full speed, he threw his long gun into the air, caught it as it descended, and dropping it in the middle of the avenue, continued his course. Checking his horse within a few feet of Muley Hamet, he compelled him to perform a series of croupades and curvets, at the same time distinctly marking upon either flank, with his spurs, the initials of the Soultan's name. An exclamation of admiration from Muley Hamet, and a shout of applause from the spectators, rewarded this feat.

Galloping back to the starting-place, he again came forward at full speed. Passing his gun, he stooped from his saddle, seized it, brought it down to his breast, and discharged it, at the same moment arresting the motion of his steed. The dexterity, precision and vigor with which this manoeuvre was performed, again drew forth unanimous expressions of applause, and all waited, with interest, the next feat that the stranger should attempt.

For the third time the stranger commenced the course, but not with the reckless impetuosity of the

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first. It was observed that his steed, although plunging furiously, was kept well in hand, and all eyes followed with intense interest his every movement. Advancing to where the Soultan sat, the horse swerved violently to one side, which brought his hoofs upon the very edge of the imperial carpet, and his rider's arm within reach of the young Muley Abdrahaman. Clutching the child by his clothes, the horseman swung him to his saddle-bow, at the same time, while bending over in the act, growling almost into the ears of the astonished father in the deep guttural of the Arabic—

"When you want him, send to Casben Subah!"

Wheeling his horse short round, the Bereber dashed betweeen the royal tents. In a moment he was at the banks of the shallow stream, down which his horse scrambled with the agility of the mountain cat. A few jumps cleared the narrow bed, the other bank was gained, and the next moment the gallant animal, with loosened rein, was skimming the plain in the direction of the hills from which we have seen him descend.

For a few moments, the Soultan, his officers and slaves, were lost in astonishment. Stupified at the audacity of the act, they stood as if doubting the evidence of their senses. Then followed a scene of indescribable confusion. Orders were issued for pursuit, but the ardor of the Moorish horsemen prevented them from being instantly obeyed, and before the masses of cavalry could extricate themselves from the disorder into which they had been thrown, by the effort of all to be first in the chase, the Bereber had been able to gain a start of three or four miles. At length the Moors got under way. Ten thousand horse thundered over the plain, gradually extending in a long line as the difference in the speed of their horses began to exhibit itself. Soon those who lagged the most behind, began to rein up, and ere two leagues of the plain had been passed, the body of the pursuers was reduced to a few score of the best mounted horsemen, whose steeds enabled them to keep together, and to slowly but certainly gain upon the flying Bereber, whose horse was materially checked in his speed by the additional weight of the child.

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Beside a small hanging bridge which crossed a deep ravine in the range of hills of which we have several times spoken, sat sinking, from wounds and fatigue, a Christian knight. His garments were torn and stained with blood. His defensive armor had been hewed from him in the *mêlée*, or thrown away to facilitate his flight. Around his left arm a scarf was wound, to staunch the blood from a severe gun-shot wound. In his right hand he clutched a ponderous sword, which, from its size, and from the athletic form of its youthful bearer, one would readily have judged had done terrific execution in the recent fight.

The ravine which the knight had just passed, was a deep gulf or cleft of the mountain range, with almost perpendicular sides, and of several leagues in extent. Mostly preserving a width of several hundred feet, at this point the sides approximated to within thirty, and advantage had been taken of this approximation to throw across a bridge of ropes. Four small but stout cords of untanned ox hide were stretched between stakes firmly driven into the ground on either side. Upon these were laid thin planks of the dwarf oak—the only tree in which the country abounds. The structure, although not more than six or eight feet in width, and, to appearance, so exceedingly frail, afforded the only practicable passage for horsemen across the ravine.

Gazing down the acclivity of the hill, and upon the broad and beautiful plain into which it opened, the attention of the exhausted and travel-worn knight was attracted by the appearance, in the distance, of a body of horsemen in rapid motion. Appearing, at first, like diminutive specks upon the horizon, they each moment grew larger and more distinct—an indication, to the knight, of their course, and the speed with which it was pursued. A short half hour brought them fully into sight, when the knight could plainly perceive a single horseman bearing something in his arms, and urging his steed to his utmost exertion, followed at the distance of a few hundred yards, by a dozen others, who were rapidly gaining upon him. A few minutes brought them to the foot of the hill, and here the difference in weight between pursuers and pursued, began to tell still more fearfully against the latter. Forgetting his own danger in the excitement of the race, the knight jumped to his feet, and watched the motions of the parties as they struggled upward towards the spot where he stood.

"Santa Maria!" he exclaimed, his whole sympathies aroused in favor of the pursued. "He can't escape. Why do't he throw away his load? The man is mad! Ha! I see 'tis a child! Spur! spur! Drive the rowels into him! By God they are upon you!" Well done," he shouted, as the Bereber dexterously recovered his stumbling steed. "A few steps more and you're safe."

The Bereber glanced up to the knight. Both man and horse seemed to gather fresh energy from his encouraging shouts. A few jumps, and the foot of the faltering steed is upon the bridge. The Moors are not fifty yards in the rear. The bridge is passed. The sword of the knight is in the air, and as the hoofs of the courser strike the last plank, it descends upon the tightened cords. In an instant they are severed, and the bridge hangs dangling into the abyss from the farther side. The Moors have hardly time to check their horses upon the brink of the precipice, from the very edge of which their hoofs topple down earth and stones as they crouch to the fierce *groumette*.

Looking around, the Bereber saw that he was safe from further pursuit. Dismounting from his horse, he placed the fainting Muley Abdrahaman upon the grass, and hastened back to meet the stranger who had rendered him such good service.

"Come," he exclaimed, "let us make haste and put a few of these rocks between us and yonder party. We are in no danger of being followed, but I see that two or three of them have brought their guns with them, and they may amuse themselves by giving us a parting salute. Ha! thou art wounded," he continued, as he observed the bloody scarf and the increasing pallor of

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the knight's cheek. "Come, lean upon me, Christian. I am no Moor."

"I am exhausted," replied the knight, "but more from want of food and sleep, than loss of blood. My wound is slight, but I have been three days without eating."

"How fortunate!" exclaimed the Bereber, "here are dates. But come this way. Let us find a good place where we can eat and rest. Those fellows yonder will have to go round ten miles, to reach us. They'll not think of doing it."

Taking the child in his arms, the Bereber led the way to an angle of the rocks, where, sheltered from all observation, they seated themselves, and partook of the frugal meal. The refreshment, and an hour's rest, restored the weary steed and the knight, to something of their wonted vigor. A short space sufficed for an explanation of their respective situations, and mutual confidence was soon established.

"Come," exclaimed the Bereber, as the knight finished his tale, "come, the sun is beginning to decline. Mount Ayoud, and a short hour's ride, will bring us to my mountain *Douah*."

Following his directions, the knight mounted the horse, and with the Bereber on foot, carrying the child, they commenced the ascent. At first, their road lay through an open and nearly level ground, but soon it came to a narrow and precipitous defile, which wound upwards along the face of the mountain. Numerous guards and sentinels were encountered, some of whom joined themselves to the party, and all of whom manifested the most enthusiastic joy at the return of their chief.

At length the defile terminating between two formidable masses of rock, opened upon a small *plateau* to which it was the only means of access. Pointing to the village of low brown tents scattered over the plain, the Bereber exclaimed to his guest—

"Welcome to the *Douah* of the Beni Gersites. Your majesty may not find so much of luxury as in your own royal palace in Lisbon, but here you will, at least, find security, and a hearty welcome. My followers will never think that too much can be done to repay the services rendered by Don Sebastian, King of Portugal, to their chief, Casben Subah."

It is perhaps needless to say, in conclusion, that the royal hostage so gallantly captured, soon compelled the restoration of the Bereber's family, and the service rendered to their chief by the unfortunate Don, secured for him a safe retreat in the mountain fastnesses of the grateful tribe.

If industry is no more than habit, 'tis, at least, an excellent one. "If you ask me what is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism?—No; I shall say indolence. Who conquers indolence, will conquer all the rest." Indeed, all good principles must stagnate without mental activity.—*Zimmerman.*

THE INVALID.

"She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a rose i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek."—*Shakspeare.*

She was the daughter of Orsini's Duke,
Beloved by all, yet chiefly by a youth,
The proud and gallant Cosmo. But war came,
And listing 'neath the banner of Du Ponte,
He sought the field, where the bold infidel
Displayed the crescent o'er his native land—
Seeking to conquer it. Yet ere he went,
His faith he plighted to the fair Robelle,
Vowing as soon as peace had sheathed his sword,
Before the altar of the great Saint Marks,
To link his fate for ever unto hers,
And ne'er again do battle.

Fierce was the fray, but victory declared
For the brave Christian. On Alxpurras heights,
The Moor was humbled, and the noble Doge,
Flushed with his fortune, in triumphal pride,
Sought once again his City of the Sea.
But Cosmo came not. In the fierce assault
He fell a captive to the Moorish host:
Sad tidings for the maiden. From that hour
She drooped and withered, 'till the virgin rose
Fled from her cheek, the music from her voice,
And her bright eyes grew dim and lustreless,
Like stars that vanish 'fore the morn's approach.
And so the maiden pined, 'till Spring had passed,
And Summer in its garniture of bloom
Was smiling over earth. The Autumn leaves,
The lady said, would fall upon her tomb,
But Love knew otherwise.

One evening in her balcony she sat,
And by her side her faithful friend, Therese,
Seeking to soothe her with the well known strain
Sung in Love's golden moments—blessed time!
Slowly, the sun was sinking in the waves
Of the blue Adriatic—and the song
Of the blithe gondolier fell on the ear.
Young Theodore, her page, gazed o'er the scene,
And sorrow'd for his lady. 'Twas the hour
When he was wont to tell of the approach,
In happier moments, of the gallant Cosmo.
The tear came in his eye, and the fair world
Grew dim before his vision. Suddenly
The galloping of horse was heard afar,
And o'er the branches of the olive grove,
A snow white plume rose waving in the breeze.
That plume—he knew it well—a hundred times
Had he beheld it—'twas no other save
The plume of noble Cosmo. "Look, lady!"
Cried the youth, "'Tis he—thy lord, brave Cosmo!"
Nearer and nearer came the gallant steed;
The balcony was gained. The horseman leapt
Like lightning, from his saddle to the earth,
And the next moment to his beating heart
Had clasped the sinking maiden.

R. H.

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Original.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF LOT WYMAN.

BY SEBA SMITH.

CHAPTER III.

Which describes something more of the ups and downs of parson Brown, than it does of the real subject of this history.

As this history professes to give only *specimens* of the life of Lot Wyman and his family, the reader will please to consider himself advanced to a period about six years subsequent to the events recorded in the last chapter. Lot was now an active and sturdy boy of ten years of age; the only child of his parents, and not only a great comfort to them both, but a great help to them both in their various and respective avocations. When his father mowed in the field, little Lot followed him, and with his little wooden fork spread the grass open to the sun. He raked after the cart when the hay was carried to the barn, and stowed it away, and trod it down when his father pitched it on to the mow. He dropped corn and potatoes in the hills for his father to cover, and when the soil was light and easy, he would hoe his row almost equal to a man. He could drive the oxen to plough, and ride the horse to harrow, and could carry a grist of any size to mill, provided his father placed the bags carefully on the horse at starting, and the miller performed a like service on his return.

Mornings and evenings, and on rainy days when it was too wet for the out-door work, Lot was always on hand to help his mother within doors. A thousand little chores all over the house he was called upon to perform, and there was nothing that he could not turn his hand to, from the sweeping of the floor and washing the dishes, to the milking of the cows, and the churning of the butter. It might well be said that Lot was a smart boy, and an industrious boy, for the amount of work he turned off in the course of a week, was almost incredible for one of his years, and between the calls of his father and mother, he seldom wasted many idle moments.

One bright sunny afternoon of the summer that completed Lot's tenth year, as he was leaving the house to carry a jug of water to his father in the field, there came riding up to the door, on horseback, upon a very slow trot, a stiff, clerical looking gentleman, in black coat and small clothes, with a three corned hat, and a full white wig that almost rested upon his shoulder. Lot set down his jug and stared very earnestly at the stranger, for one of these remarkable relics of the last century had never before met his view.

"My lad," said the stranger, "does Mr. John Wyman occupy this dwelling?"

"Sir?" said Lot, not fully comprehending the question.

"Does Mr. John Wyman live here?" repeated the man.

"Oh, yes, sir," said Lot, "that's my father; he lives here."

"Was your mother's maiden name Betsy Harmon?" said the stranger.

"Not's I know on," said Lot, who was somewhat puzzled by the word maiden.

"What was her maiden name, my son?" said the stranger.

"I don't know as she's got any," said Lot.

"The maiden name, my dear," said the man, nodding his three cornered hat slowly and solemnly, "is the name the lady bears before being joined in the bands of wedlock; and I want to ask you, my child, if your mother's maiden name was Betsy Harmon."

This was all Greek to Lot. He had never heard such big words before; and he stood staring in the stranger's face in mute astonishment.

"Well, then, my lad, what does your father call your mother when he speaks to her?"

"He calls her mother," said Lot.

"Does he never call her any thing else?" said the stranger.

"Sometimes he calls her Betsy," said Lot.

"And what is your mother's father's name?" asked the stranger.

"Oh, it's granddaddy Harmon," said Lot.

"Ah, well, I thought so; then I am right," said the stranger. "Is your mother at home? I want to see her."

"She isn't to home now," said Lot; "she's over to Mr. Sumner's; but she's coming home bime by."

"And is your father at home?"

"He's out in the field to work," said Lot.

"Well," said the stranger, "I'll go into the house and wait 'till they come in."

Accordingly the man in the cocked hat and wig, deliberately dismounted, hitched his horse to the fence, walked into the house and took a seat, while Lot hastened into the field to carry tidings to his father.

"You've been gone a long time after that water, Lot," said Mr. Wyman, as the boy came up to him.

"I had to stop to talk with a man that's come with a hoss, and gone into the house," said Lot.

"What man was it?" said Mr. Wyman.

"I don't know," said Lot, "but he's the drollest looking man I ever see. His trouses don't come down only to his knees, and his stockings come up to his trouses; and he's got a slouchy kind of a hat with a wide rim, and the rim is fastened up against the side of the hat in two or three places, and he's got a great mess of curly white hair all round his neck, as big as a peck basket."

"And what did he say?" inquired Mr. Wyman.

"He wanted to know something or other about mother's name," said Lot, "but he talked so droll I didn't know what he meant; so he said he'd go in the house and stay 'till you and mother come in."

Mr. Wyman left his work and repaired to the house. As he entered, the stranger rose with a dignified and solemn air, and advanced half across the room to meet him.

"Have I the pleasure," said the visitor, at the same time presenting his hand, "have I the pleasure, sir, of meeting Mr. John Wyman?"

"Well, I don't know any thing about the pleasure,"

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said Mr. Wyman, "but that is my name, all times o' day. But you've got the hands of me, sir; I don't remember as I've seen you afore."

"No, sir," said the stranger, "probably we never met before. I am the Reverend Mr. Joshua Brown. Your wife's father was an old parishioner of mine, before he moved into the town adjoining this; and a faithful disciple he was, too. If all my parishioners had been like him, my church would not have been in the declining condition it is at present. And your wife, sir, when she was a child, seemed like one of my own children. I baptized her in her infancy, and she attended on my ministrations, I think, sir, 'till she was sixteen years of age, when her father moved out of the town. I staid with her father last night, and I have come, by his direction, on purpose to see her."

This disclosure of the name and profession of his visitor, raised the veneration of Mr. Wyman, at least, fifty per cent. He had often heard his wife speak of the Rev. Mr. Brown, whom she regarded as one of the greatest, if not *the* greatest man in the world. He little expected ever to have such an august personage to entertain in his house, and for a moment he was a little disconcerted. He was, however, a man of a good deal of nerve, and very soon recovered a good degree of self-possession. He asked the Rev. Mr. Brown to take a seat in "the fore room;" for he had entered the common family apartment, which was used as a sitting-room, kitchen, dining-room, and place of all work. The clergyman acordingly followed Mr. Wyman into the parlor, which was a little square room, looking out upon the road, lighted by a couple of small low windows, and furnished with six chairs, of upright round posts and flag bottoms, one plain pine table, unpainted, and a small chest of drawers constructed of the same material. There was also, in one corner of the room, a tidy looking and comfortable bed. The reverend gentleman laid his three-cornered hat upon the chest of drawers, and seated himself in a chair which Mr. Wyman had placed by the window.

"Now," said Mr. Wyman, "you will pass the night with us, Rev. Mr. Brown; my wife will be home very soon, and she'll be amazin' glad to see you, for I've hearn her tell about you a great many times."

"Why, yes," said the clergyman, "it will give me a good deal of pleasure to spend the night with you, and to see the daughter of my beloved old parishioner once more."

Upon this, Mr. Wyman called Lot, and told him to lead the Rev. Mr. Brown's horse out, and turn him into the pasture.

"Lead him over to the new pasture beyond Mr. Sumner's," he added; "there's a fine crop of young feed there, and he'll fill himself well before morning. And stop at Mr. Sumner's, and tell your mother the Rev. Mr. Brown is here."

"No, no, don't tell her any such thing," said the Rev. gentleman, with a solemn shake of his great white wig, that fixed Lot to the floor, and almost made him tremble; "tell her there is a gentleman here, but be sure and not tell her my name. I want to see," he added, turning to Mr. Wyman, "if I have altered so much that she wont readily recognize me; for they tell me I have grown old fast for the last fifteen years, and it is about that time since she saw me."

"Well, then, tell your mother," said Mr. Wyman to Lot, "there's a gentleman here to stop all night, and I want her to come right home."

Mr. Wyman went out and took the saddle from the horse, and hung it in the barn, and Lot led the animal down the road. In about half an hour, Mr. Wyman, looking out of the window, said, "There comes Betsy."

"Does she?" said Mr. Brown, taking a hasty glance and moving away from the window. "Well, now, I have a great mind to take off my wig before she comes in, for she might recognize that, if she did not me; and I want to know whether I have altered myself, so that she would not at once know me."

"Well, I would do it," said Mr. Wyman.

"I think I will," said the clergyman, hastily removing his wig from his head, and brushing back his grey locks, for Mrs. Wyman had now reached within a few yards of the house. "Here," continued the Rev. gentleman, "just be so good as to lay my hat and wig out of sight for a minute."

Mr. Wyman, with a hurried step, placed them within a closet, and had just time to close the door and resume his seat, and the Rev. Mr. Brown had just time to fold his arms and put on a very studied air of indifference, when Mrs. Wyman entered the room.

"Oh, Mr. Brown, is it possible this is you?" said Mrs. Wyman, running with great earnestness, and presenting her hand.

The parson rose upon his feet with a much quicker movement than he had before exhibited since he came into the house.

"Ah, Betsy, you are the same child you used to be," said he, shaking her hand, and placing a kiss on her cheek; "a little stouter, but not much altered otherwise; the same laughing eye, the same voice, the same cheek and mouth and chin. But you tie your hair differently; don't you remember how you used to tie it in a loose knot on the back of your head, and let it fall in curls on your shoulders?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Wyman, "but them was times when I hadn't so much to do as I have now. My hair has to go tied up most any way, now days."

"But, child," said the parson, "how did you recognize me so quickly? I was afraid you would hardly know me, at first."

"Know you? why not?" said Mrs. Wyman; "you look jest as you used to, exactly; I don't see as you've altered a bit."

"Well, I am rejoiced that you knew me so quick," said the parson, rubbing his hands and resuming his seat. "But don't you think me a good deal altered, though?"

"None at all, as I see," said Mrs. Wyman.

"No older?" said the parson, with a very emphatic tone, and a very inquiring look.

"Scarcely a bit," said Mrs. Wyman; "may be your hair is a little whiter, but your face looks jest as it did

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the last time you took tea at our house, the day before we moved."

"Well, I thought it couldn't be possible that I had grown so old as they told me I had," said the parson, with apparent satisfaction.

"But why don't you wear your wig now?" said Mrs. Wyman; "that would make you look jest like yourself. I would go five miles, all the way afoot, jest to see you in your hat and wig once more."

"Well, child, you shall enjoy the sight without going five steps," said the parson, "if Mr. Wyman will just hand them to me."

Mr. Wyman stepped to the closet and brought out the hat and wig, and the Rev. Mr. Brown took the large white wig and placed it on his head with due care and formality, and then he took the three-cornered hat and deliberately placed it on the top of the large white wig, and, sitting back straight in his chair, he gave a loud distinctive hem, such as he used sometimes to give in church, when his congregation exhibited too decided symptoms of sleepiness.

Mrs. Wyman jumped right up on her feet, and clapped her hands, and almost screamed. "Now I *am* delighted," said she; "was ever any thing in this world so nateral? It carries me right back to the old place where we lived when I was fifteen. I see father's house now, and your house, and the meetin' house, and the trees by the side of the road, and the bench under the trees, where some of the people used to set at noontime on the Sabbath, and eat their bread and cheese and dough-nuts. And, lor me, I can see the whole congregation, as plain as if I was setting in our old pew now. There's Deacon Perry with his psalm-book in his hand, setting up so straight, and looking so steady at you, and settin' sich a good example to all around him, and Mrs. Perry, too, and the children, all settin' jest as he sets, and lookin' jest as he looks. And then in the pew behind him, there's old Mrs. Dillingham, jest takin' her seat, and opening her box, and takin' a pinch of snuff, and putting on her large round spectacles, and lookin' up at the pulpit. Does she set there yet, Mr. Brown?"

"Yes, child, she occupies the same seat," said the pastor, choking a little with emotion at the vividness of the picture Mrs. Wyman had brought up.

"And I can see every pew, and every face in the whole congregation," said Mrs. Wyman, "but it's no use counting of 'em over; and how plain I can see you going up the pulpit stairs, and hanging your hat against that broken square in the pulpit window. Is that square mended yet, Mr. Brown?"

"Why, yes, child, that square, I think, was mended, but a half a dozen have been broken since," said the parson, "some of which are filled with shingles, and some remain open."

"Well, is that swallow's nest on the side of the sounding-board yet, Mr. Brown?"

"Oh, no," said the parson, with a sigh, "the boys got in and knocked that down years ago. It was a most nefarious outrage; for the little thing did no harm there; and it was a pleasant thing to see the swallows coming in every spring with such an air of life and cheerfulness, and rearing their young there, as if the house of God was the proper place for innocence and security. I preached a sermon upon it; and Deacon Perry always insisted upon it, that it was one of my best sermons. I wish I had thought to take it in my pocket when I came away, so that you might have an opportunity to read it."

"Oh, I wish you had," said Mrs. Wyman, "I would give any thing to see it. But what boy was it, did sich a wicked thing? Wasn't he never punished?"

"Never," said the clergyman, "except what punishment was administered by his own conscience, which I think must have been no small penalty, if he heard my sermon on the occasion. Indeed, three boys left the meeting-house during the delivery of the sermon, stout fellows, fifteen or sixteen years old, and the crime was charged upon them, but they denied it, and we could never get any positive proof of their guilt. There's been a bad set of boys round us for a few years past. There is hardly a window in the meeting-house that has not got more or less broken squares in it."

"But don't the parish keep 'em mended up?" said Mrs. Wyman.

"Well, not much, late years," said Mr. Brown, with rather a saddened look. "The truth is, child, our parish has become rather poor. It's members have fallen off something like three quarters within the last five years, and what few there are left think they are hardly able to bear the burden of supporting the gospel. I have not received but half of my salary for two years past, and now they think they can't raise me that. I shall have to leave, when the present year is up: I begin to feel as if my duty required it."

"Oh, dear," said Mrs. Wyman, "what can be the cause of sich dreadful works?"

"Interlopers, child; interlopers have done it all," said the parson, as a bitterness of expression passed over his features. "About five years ago, one of these wandering Baptists came into the town, and commenced preaching, in the west school house. At first, I took no notice of him, and thought I would let him die a natural death. But when I found people began to run after him a good deal, I didn't know what mischief he might do, and I concluded it was best to drive him off; so I opened my battery against him, and thought I would preach him out of town. But the more I preached, the worse matters grew. He began to dip the people in the ponds and brooks about the town, and it seemed as if they would run crazy after him."

"And did you get clear of him at last?" said Mrs. Wyman.

"No," said the parson, "he held on, and is there yet, and they've built him a new meeting-house, and he has quite a society of deluded followers. Well, the next year there came another, and commenced preaching in the east school house. He soon began to have great crowds running after him. I renewed my efforts again by preaching doctrinal sermons and practical sermons, to bring the people back to their senses, and prevent their running after these disorganizers, who were turning the town upside down. But it was all in vain; the race was not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.

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It was one of those fatal delusions that sometimes come over a people, and must have its day. Now they are about building this second one a new meeting-house."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Wyman, "three meeting-houses in Brownville! who would a thought it?"

"Don't call it Brownville, any longer," said the Rev. Mr. Brown; "they have got so prejudiced against me, that they have petitioned the Legislature to change the name of the town, and the Legislature has granted them an order of notice, which is as much as to say, the name will be changed, and no longer be called after their first pastor."

"Oh, horrible!" said Mrs. Wyman, that is too bad."

"Well, the third year," said the afflicted parson, "there came a Methodist into the place, and by some unlucky chance or other, he got a foot-hold in the south school house; and he made worse work, if possible, than both of the others put together. He had stronger lungs, and a louder voice, and made a more tremendous sensation. It seemed as though a tornado was passing over the town. The others had been content, for the most part, to hold their meetings on the Sabbath; but he drew whole crowds from their work on week days. He scoured the town from one end to the other, sometimes preaching in the houses, sometimes in the barns, and sometimes in the open field. Besides, he was a great singer, and the effect his singing had on the women was unaccountable. It wasn't long before half the women in the town were singing his hymns, morning, noon, and night. And now, if you'll believe me, my child, that man's congregation is the largest of the whole four in the town; and mine is the smallest—yes, the very smallest." As he said this, he rose, bit his lips, and walked three or four times across the floor in considerable agitation.

Mrs. Wyman felt quite hurt at the fallen fortunes of her old pastor, and sat sometime without saying a word. At last said she,

"Well, Mr. Brown, you won't stay there much longer, shall you?"

"No, my child," said he, "and to tell you the truth, I am looking out for another charge now. I staid at your father's last night, and he said he thought there might be a pretty good opening in this town, and advised me to come here and see about it."

"Well, I don't believe but what there might be a good chance in this town," said Mrs. Wyman; "and I should be so glad to have you settle here; you can't think how glad I should be. Don't you think, John," she added, turning to her husband, "there might be a good chance for Mr. Brown to settle in this town?"

"Why, yes," said Mr. Wyman, "pretty good; there's a number of families in the town of his persuasion, and they've been trying sometime to form a society and invite a Congregational minister to come here."

"I believe there has never been a Congregational minister settled in this town," said Mr. Brown.

"There never has," said Mr. Wyman.

"And who," said Mr. Brown, turning to Mrs Wyman, "who baptized your little boy, my child?"

"He hasn't never been baptized," said Mrs. Wyman slightly coloring, and speaking in rather a faltering tone.

"Is it possible?" said the Rev. Mr. Brown with a look of astonishment, "then let us have it done this very night. I suppose you have never had an opportunity, living here, as you do, so far from any regular preaching. I'm very glad I've happened here, if for nothing else. We'll have your little Lot baptized this very night. Wouldn't you ask in your neighbors to witness the ceremony?"

Mrs. Wyman colored and looked at her husband, but made no reply.

"What say?" repeated Mr. Brown, "will you call in your neighbors to witness the ceremony?"

"I'm willing, if Mr. Wyman is," said Mrs. Wyman, looking at her husband.

"Of course, he can have no possible objection," said the parson, looking also at Mr. Wyman, "It can be done with the most perfect propriety, don't you conceive it can, sir?"

Mr. Wyman being thus cornered, said his idea of baptism required the subject to *believe*, before being baptized.

Parson Brown looked a little puzzled, and cast an inquiring look at Mrs. Wyman.

"The truth is, Mr. Brown, Mr. Wyman was brought up a Baptist," said Mrs. Wyman, "and that's the reason little Lot hasn't never been baptized. Mr. Wyman didn't believe in infant baptism, so we didn't do any thing about it.

The good parson was almost thunderstruck. Such a thought had never crossed his mind. And as the recollection of what he had been saying about the Baptists now returned to him, the color rose to his face, and he turned to Mr. Wyman to apologize.

"I beg your pardon, sir, if I have hurt your feelings in what I have said concerning the denomination to which you are attached. Nothing was farther from my thoughts or wishes. It is true I regard the denomination of Baptists as being in a great error, but then I am forced to confess I believe there are a great many good people among them. Some of my best and most valued parishioners have joined them, and although I regard them as laboring under a delusion, I still feel a strong attachment for them, and esteem them as friends. I hope, sir, you will not think hard of any thing that has been said."

"Oh, not at all," said Mr. Wyman; "I've been in the churn too often myself, to think hard of any body else for getting into it. I'm always apt to speak my mind right out, hit or miss, let who will be near. I never care about seeing folks mealy-mouthed: I always rather have 'em speak what they think."

"I admire your frankness and honesty," said Parson Brown; "and now I hope you will investigate this subject of baptism a little, and I have no doubt you will come to the conclusion to have little Lot baptized. What can be more appropriate, or have a better influence upon the heart and feelings, than to dedicate our children to the great and good being who gave them to us?"

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"I think we always ought to do that," said Mr. Wyman, "in our hearts and in our prayers; but I can't find any thing in the Bible that speaks about baptizing little children."

"Indeed!" said Parson Brown; "well, let us see. How do you get along with that passage in the Acts, which says, Lydia was baptized and her *household?*"

"But I believe it doesn't say there was any little children in the household," said Mr. Wyman.

"Well then," said the parson, "that other passage in the Acts, where Paul and Silas were in prison. and the keeper of the prison believed in the night,' and was baptized, he and *all his* straightway." How do you get along with that? Is it not probable there were children in the family of the jailor?"

"Still, the Bible doesn't say there was any children in the family," said Mr. Wyman.

"And did not the Saviour say, 'suffer little children to come unto me?'" said the parson.

"He did," said Mr. Wyman, "but I have never found any place where he said any thing about their being baptized. In all the places where I find any thing about baptism in the Bible, it says *believe* and be baptized. Lydia believed, and the jailor believed, and Simeon believed and was baptized. And what was the answer of Philip to one who said, 'see here is water, what doth hinder me to be baptized?' The answer was, 'if thou *believest* with all thine heart thou mayest.' And I think too," continued Mr. Wyman with increasing confidence, "the way your denomination administer baptism is not the way that was practised by the apostles in the time of the Saviour. It seems to me from all I can find about it in the Bible, that they used to go to the rivers and ponds and baptize them that believed by dipping them into the water. We read of their 'going down into the water and coming up out of the water.' We read of John baptizing at a certain place *because* there was *much water* there. And we read also of their being 'buried with Christ in baptism.' Would that mean sprinkling a little water on the face, or dipping the whole body under water, as we bury a dead body under the ground?"

"Well, well," said Parson Brown, "I see you are getting a little excited on the subject, so we'll let it drop for the present; but if I come to settle here, I'll take my Bible and commentary and sit down with you, and go over the whole ground, and explain it all out to you, so you shall understand it and believe just as I do."

"Well," said Mr. Wyman, "if we can't agree, we won't differ, that's all. I'm sure I shall be glad to do any thing I can towards helping you get a place, on my wife's account, as well as your'n; for she'd be very glad to have a chance, once in a while, to go and hear her old minister again."

At this, a tear stole down the old parson's cheek. He rose and took Mr. Wyman by the hand, and said with a voice a little trembling:

"I thank you from the bottom of my heart; this is most magnanimous."

"Now," said Mr. Wyman, "since we are getting to be a little better acquainted, I think you had better make up your mind to stop two or three days with us, and take time to find out the minds of the people about making up a society for you. 'Tis as well to make thorough work of it at once, and then you'll know what to depend upon."

"I think you are right," said the parson, "and I am exceedingly obliged to you for your hospitality."

"While Mrs. Wyman is getting some supper for us," said Mr. Wyman, "how would you like to take a walk out and look at my farm?"

"Nothing would give me more pleasure," said Parson Brown; "I am always delighted with every thing that relates to a farm."

Accordingly, he rose, and put on his three cornered beaver, and Mr. Wyman stepped into the kitchen and put on his straw hat, and they were just going out of the door, when Mrs. Wyman pulled her husband by the sleeve and whispered in his ear.

"I shan't do no such thing," said Mr. Wyman, in a very decided tone, as he turned again toward the door.

"Is it any thing that I can do?" said Mr. Brown, looking round with a very benevolent expression.

At this, Mr. Wyman burst into a loud laugh. It was the first time that he had even so much as smiled in the presence of the Rev. Mr. Brown; but the awe that had at first appalled him so much, had gradually worn off in the familiarity of their conversation, and especially since his guest had disclosed his misfortunes and appealed to him for sympathy and assistance. He felt, however, that some apology or explanation was due for his laughing; so he turned to the parson, and said that Mrs. Wyman had called him back to put on his Sunday hat, as he was going to walk out with the Rev. Mr. Brown, but he thought his every day straw would answer just as well.

"And a great deal better," said Parson Brown; "it looks more farmer-like, altogether; and I always love to see things in keeping."

This explanation over, they proceeded on their walk.

"Let us take a look into the barn," said Mr. Brown, as they were passing it. "Well filled with hay, upon my word," continued the Rev. gentleman; "and capital good hay, too," pulling a handful out of the mow, and applying it to his nose; "sweet as a rose, absolutely sweet as a rose."

"Yes," said Mr. Wyman, "there can be no better hay than that. It was cut exactly in the right season, and well made, without a particle of wet."

"How much stock do you keep?" inquired Mr. Brown.

"Only a yoke of oxen, five cows, and a horse, besides the small cattle," said Mr. Wyman.

"And here are your swine; let us stop and look in upon them," said the parson, as they were passing the pen.

"These are up for fatting," said Mr. Wyman; I have a number more running in the pasture."

"Choice breed, that," said Parson Brown, nodding his three-cornered hat, "choice breed, short leg, small bone, plump round body."

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"I have the name of raising as good pork as any body in town," said Mr. Wyman.

"And justly, too, I believe," said Parson Brown.

As they proceeded on their walk, they crossed a corner of the mowing field.

"Then you have not quite done haying yet," said Mr. Brown.

"No," said Mr. Wyman, "I was just mowing this last corner this afternoon, when you arrived.

"Allow me to try your scythe," said Parson Brown, taking it from the fence, where Mr. Wyman had hung it. "I used to be an excellent mower in my younger days. There was not a man in the whole town who could go before me." Upon which, he struck into the grass and cut a swarth of a few rods with great dexterity.

"Well, I declare," said Mr. Wyman, "I don't think you can find many men who could cut you out of your swarth in mowing now."

"Haven't you another scythe handy?" said the parson; "let us finish cutting this piece down to-night; we can do it before sundown; and it's a pity your day's work should come short on account of my arrival."

"Oh, never mind that," said Mr. Wyman, "I can do it just as well another day; my work is so forward this season, I am not hurried with it at all. And, besides, I want you to take a walk with me on to this hill, back here. We can see almost half the town from the top of this hill."

"Well, that would be delightful," said Parson Brown.

Accordingly, they clambered up to the very top of the hill, and took a survey of the surrounding country. Mr. Wyman pointed out every field on his farm, told him how long each field had been cleared, and what sort of crops had been raised each successive year. And then he pointed out his brother Peter's farm, and gave a particular description of it, and then Mr. Jacob Sumner's, and old Mr. Green's. "And, by the way," said he, "old Mr. Green is one of your denomination, and an excellent old man he is too, and he has always been very anxious to have a Congregational minister settled here. He's getting rather old now, but he's got a pretty decent property, and I havn't any doubt he'll do a good deal towards getting you here."

Parson Brown took his pocket-handkerchief out and wiped his eyes.

"Do you think," said the parson, "it would be too late to go down and see Mr. Green to-night?"

"Well, I don't think it's best to be in a hurry about it," said Mr. Wyman. "The old gentleman likes to be quiet at night; he goes to bed airly; and I know him so well, perhaps it would be best for me to see him first, and have a talk with him, and get him on the right track. Do you see that fine pond off there?" continued Mr. Wyman.

"I do," said Parson Brown, "it is a beautiful pond, indeed."

"That is Bear Pond," said Mr. Wyman; and then he went over the whole story about little Lot's being carried off by a bear the day he was four years old; and how they chased the bear through the woods as he run with little Lot in his arms; and how, at last, he came to the pond, and clomb a tree, and how they both plunged into the water together.

"And did you get the boy out alive at last?" said the parson, almost breathless with excitement.

"Why, that was he," said Mr. Wyman, "that you had so much talk with, when you first got to the house to-day, and that led your horse to the pasture."

"Bless my soul," said Parson Brown, "what a miracle!"

When they returned to the house, Mrs. Wyman had supper on the table, to which Parson Brown did ample justice. After another hour's conversation, and reading the Scriptures, and prayers, they began to think of retiring for the night. Parson Brown said, he perceived there were but few apartments in the house, and he was afraid he should incommode them. Mrs. Wyman assured him that he would not in the least: that he would occupy the bed in the parlor, and that there were two apartments in the attic, one for herself and husband, and one for Abigail, the hired girl.

"Well," said Mr. Brown, "and what do you with little Lot? He had better sleep with me."

Mrs. Wyman said, if Mr. Brown had no objections, he might; for Lot was rather large now to sleep with Abigail, and they had no other separate bed.

"Certainly, certainly," said Mr. Brown, "I had rather have him sleep with me than not, a great deal."

Here little Lot went and whispered something in his mother's ear, at which Mrs. Wyman shook her head at him very hard, and whispered something back to him. And then Lot left the room.

"He's a little bashful, I suppose," said Mrs. Wyman, "and says he can't sleep with you; but I think after you've gone to bed, he'll come in and go to bed too."

Mr. and Mrs. Wyman having bid the Rev. Mr. Brown good night, the Rev. Mr. Brown began to prepare for bed. His three-cornered hat had already been deposited on the chest of drawers. He took off his large white wig and laid it very softly and carefully by the side of it. His coat and small clothes, very carefully folded, were placed on a chair by the side of the bed; for Parson Brown took the nicest possible care of his clothes, a habit which he had acquired from the circumstance of his being able to procure a new suit but once in two or three years. Having adjusted his wardrobe in a proper manner, and placed his watch under his pillow, he laid himself down in bed, turning his face to the wall to relieve the bashfulness of little Lot, and thus waited the boy's arrival. Having waited ten or fifteen minutes, and the boy not coming, he tapped several times on the head-board. He waited several minutes more, and tapped again a little louder. After a few minutes more, he heard Mr. Wyman out of doors calling Lot, first at one corner of the house, and then at another. Parson Brown began to feel very uneasy. He got out of bed and went to the window. He raised the window and looked out and called to Mr. Wyman,

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and asked him if the boy was missing. Mr. Wyman replied that Abigail said he went out of doors when he came from the parlor, and she had not seen him since.

"I shall dress myself at once," said Parson Brown, "and help look for him."

Mr. Wyman continued to go round the house and call him in every direction, but obtained no answer. He went to two or three of the nearest neighbors, where the boy was most accustomed to go, but could hear nothing of him. When he returned, Parson Brown was dressed and out of doors with the lantern, looking far and near, and calling Lot with a very loud and heavy voice. Mrs. Wyman had searched every nook and corner of the house from garret to cellar, and called Lot 'till she was getting rather hoarse.

"Do you hear nothing of him?" said Parson Brown to Mr. Wyman, as he returned.

"Nothing at all," said Mr. Wyman.

"You had better go and rouse your neighbors," said Parson Brown, "to come and help look for him, for we must none of us sleep a wink to-night 'till the boy is found."

(*To be continued.*)

Original.

TO LUCY.

BY MISS A. D. WOODBRIDGE.

I SAID, dear Lucy, that within my heart,
Full many a line was graven deep for thee:—
'Tis Love's own record, here and there effaced
By tears, which Pity drops from downcast eye,
For often as she looks on thee, they fall.
On thee, my loved one, rent so soon away
From that fond parent-stem, which joy'd to turn
Each twining tendril to the sun and dew—
And must they then, now wither, droop, and die?
No! as we trust they have been "grafted on"
To the Immortal Vine, and "every branch
Which there abides," shall flourish fresh and fair,
Yes, dearest, He will cheer thee! He sustain!
Oh! let our sighs now change to fervent praise,
That in His name thus early thou didst trust.

No sorrow is unmingled. In Life's cup
A thousand sweets still linger.—Thou art now
To cheer thy father's hearth; and while his love
Distils so gently on thee, while the tones
Of childhood fall so sweetly on thine ear,
While Age bends fondly o'er thee, thou wilt nerve
Thy fainting heart to cheer him on his way.

And, Lucy, let us seek with rev'rend step
The spot, where now thy sainted mother sleeps.
There, we may learn, if aught of earth may teach,
That rarest, deepest wisdom—*how to live.*
Oh! may her mantle broad of heav'nly deeds,
Of faith, and love, and patience, fall on thee!
Then nought will hide those mansions from thy view,
From which, with loving eye, she now surveys
Her household band most dear. Then shall thy thoughts
Flow on, and upward, 'till they meet her there.
Blest foretaste of the hour, when ev'ry link,
In Love's bright chain shall glad unite again
No more to part asunder.

New York, 1842.

Original.

THE PEASANT PRIEST.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

IN the pretty little village of Bertrand, on the banks of the Loire, where that river is but a streamlet issuing from the mountains of Ardeche, lived two brothers, of the names of Rupert and Gervais, proprietors of the same farm, which had belonged to their ancestors for ages. Rupert, who was the eldest, by some years, was, in person, tall and athletic, with a countenance on which ever rested a melancholy, nay, a sullen expression, and by those unacquainted with him, might be regarded as almost repulsive. Yet among the inhabitants he was respected for his strict probity and industrious habits. His fields were cultivated with the greatest care, his dwelling was the model of neatness, and his garden was ever the first to put forth its buds and blossoms, on the approach of Spring. His brother, Gervais, was, in appearance and looks, entirely opposite; symmetrical in figure, and handsome in features, with a buoyancy of spirits that made him the life and spirit of whatever society he entered. Rupert was esteemed by the elders of the village as a staid and worthy youth, who promised to tread in the steps of his father, and like him, die a respected and wealthy farmer; but Gervais was the favorite among the junior members, and especially with the maidens of the village, and not a day occurred without his achieving a conquest over some rustic heart. But although endowed with all that captivates and pleases in the exterior man, his heart was naturally cold and selfish: not a thought, act or feeling, but what was tinged with deceit and avarice. By his brother, Rupert, he was loved with an affection which savored more of a paternal than fraternal character; he labored for him by day, and watched over him by night, deeming no task or sacrifice too great to contribute to his happiness.

In the same village, resided a beautiful girl, by name, Ninette, the only child of a small farmer. By the youths of the hamlet, she was admired and sought after above the rest of her companions; but though respectful and affable to all, she could only see in Gervais the man on whom she felt she could bestow her hand. But Gervais was too much absorbed in himself—too much occupied in coquetting with every grisette, to feel and appreciate the affection of the fond girl, and he only condescended to notice her at church or the village festival, to gratify his vanity, in showing his ascendency over his companions in matters of the heart.

For some time affairs thus stood, when a circumstance occurred which entirely changed their aspect. The son of the Sieur of the village having arrived at manhood, a grand *fête* was given on the occasion. The day was beautiful in the extreme, such days as are known only in the clime of sunny France, when the air is as balmy as the winds of Araby, and not a cloudlet is seen in the azure depths of the heavens. All ages were present—the old man with trembling steps and whitened tresses, the happy father and his youthful offspring, the blushing maiden and the manly youth, all swelled the

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fête to wish success to the future lord and master of the soil. The day sped on—the feast, the dance, the game and the frolic, lent to it wings of angel swiftness, and it was only when the shadows of twilight began to darken the landscape, that the happy throng were reminded to seek their respective homes.

It so happened that Rupert's path lay the same as that of Ninette's, and he respectfully offered her his protection, which was as respectfully accepted. As they proceeded on their way, a strange feeling took possession of his heart. He appeared to have inhaled a new existence; the voice of Ninette fell upon his ear singularly melodious; never, 'till that moment, had she occupied any place in his thoughts—but now she appeared to him a being of angelic beauty—his manly frame trembled if it came in contact with her's—he dared hardly to gaze upon her—with difficulty could he reply to her remarks, and when at length they reached her dwelling, and she graciously bade him good night, he felt as if something of inestimable value—"*something—he knew not what,*" was lost to him for ever.

In the meantime, the young Gervais, with a party of boon companions, remained upon the scene of festivity 'till a late hour, when, in the midst of their merriment, they were suddenly surprized at a bright blaze arising from the village. It was apparent a fire had broken out, and each supposing it might be his own home, started for the scene of conflagration. When they reached the village, it was discovered to be the dwelling of Monsieur Bonhommie, Ninette's father, and so rapid was the progress of the devouring element, that the inmates had been deprived of escape, and were threatened with inevitable destruction. A thousand devices were suggested and adopted, for their rescue, but all proved ineffectual. Fiercer and fiercer waxed the flames, while the shrieks of the inmates became more and more appalling. Poor Ninette stood at the window of her apartment, her hair dishevelled, and her arms stretched forth, imploring assistance. The floor already crackled beneath her feet, while the dense smoke curled around, depriving her of sight and feeling. Was there not one brave and bold enough to risk his life for a helpless woman? Where was Rupert? he that but a few hours before would have died to save her—why was he not among the assembled throng—had slumber so deeply bound him, that the shrieks of Ninette could not arouse him? Yet hold—who is that man, who dashing through the terrified spectators, plunges into the flames and rushes up the narrow staircase, amid burning rafts and falling timbers, to the room of Ninette? It is Rupert! He seizes her fainting form, casts over it a mantle, and through the jaws of the devouring element, retraces his steps, reaches the open air, and depositing his precious burden in the arms of her aged and weeping parent, falls senseless, maimed and blackened, on the ground.

As soon as Ninette was restored to sensibility, her first inquiry was for her preserver. "It is Rupert!" exclaimed the crowd—"the brave—the generous Rupert."

"And where is he?" asked Ninette—"lead me to him—let me thank my deliverer."

To Rupert, who was now receiving the offices of kindness and attention, she was conveyed.

"Rupert, dear Rupert!" she exclaimed, throwing herself into his arms, "how can I ever repay you for this inestimable gift?" and she wept and sobbed upon his bosom.

It was the first time he had ever felt the fair soft arms of woman entwined around his neck; he felt her bosom, too, beat against his own, and his blood, which, 'till now, had been, as it were, congealed like a frozen current, at once dissolved, and coursed swiftly through his veins. He could not reply—he felt, too, her warm tears dropping on his neck, and her balmy breath cooling his scorched brow, and tears coming to his aid—the brave peasant wept like a very boy.

And where was Gervais all this time? Why did he not share in the universal joy at Ninette's deliverance? why was he not the first to assist his brother? No! the selfish youth stood at a distance regarding the gratitude and kindness lavished upon Rupert with feelings of envy, almost akin to revenge. Never before had Ninette appeared so lovely in his eyes—her dark glossy tresses had fallen over her shoulders, white as the lily of her native vale, terror and thankfulness had sent the blood in blushes to her cheek—she stood like a seraph descended from Heaven to minister to his suffering brother.

From that night he resolved that Ninette should be his own, and during the confinement of Rupert, he spared no opportunity to pursue his suit—his attentions were unremitting, and the simple and confiding girl felt proud and happy at the thought of having won, at last, the affections of the only man she loved. When Rupert had recovered enough to behold her, she hastened to his presence, and in the fullness of her heart, informed him that she hoped, ere long, to call him her *brother*.

The feeble Rupert could not define the true meaning of her words. The hope that she might be his bride was the grand incentive which had carried him through his illness—but now the mystery of her words sank heavily into his heart, retarding his recovery. Gervais, with his characteristic hypocrisy, faithfully attended the couch of his brother, but he hinted not a word of his intended marriage with Ninette, nay, whenever her name was mentioned, by some artifice he contrived to change the conversation, and divert his brother's attention to some other object, and when Ninette did visit him, he took especial care ever to be her attendant.

Rupert's health being at last restored, he again pursued his avocations. He, however, soon saw that Ninette's regard for him was engendered only from gratitude, and that her affections were placed upon his brother. The blow was a severe one, yet his generous nature, after a secret and severe struggle, conceded the treasure to Gervais, consoling himself with the thought that she would be ever near him, and if not his *own*, she was, at least, the wife of his dear brother, the idol of his affection, the sacred charge bequeathed to him by their departed mother.

It was resolved that on the following spring, Gervais and Ninette should be united. The young folks thus

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considered as plighted lovers, were received by their neighbors with kindness and rejoicing. Rupert, deeming himself the *confidant* of his brother, and the saviour of Ninette, freely intruded himself on all occasions, on their society.

It happened that one evening a *fête* was given by a neighbor, whose daughter had just been wedded. Gervais, Ninette and Rupert, were of the party. In the midst of the festivities, Ninette was particularly attentive to Rupert—called him her "dear Rupert"—"her guardian brother"—and in the enthusiasm of the moment, when her deliverance by one of the guests was alluded to, she took from her neck a little locket, and placing it around Rupert's, bade him "wear it in remembrance of one who should ever love and esteem him." Poor Rupert's eyes filled with tears, and in the exstacy of the moment, he innocently clasped her to his bosom, imprinting upon her lips a fervent kiss. Gervais beheld the action with a savage glance; the fiend of revenge took possession of his heart, and feigning illness, left the apartment, telling Ninette he would return ere the festivities were concluded.

Sick at heart, and burning with jealousy—feeling too, that his brother was a barrier to his extravagant indulgencies, he resolved, in a moment of passion, to rid himself of him, and placing himself at a certain portion of the road, where he knew he must pass, awaited his coming. The night was one of uncommon loveliness, the full moon careering through the fields of heaven, and peace reigned all around. Yet the tranquillity of the hour soothed not the sea of passion raging in his bosom. He had not waited long, ere Rupert approached. His feelings burst forth in the most passionate exclamations. He accused his brother of treachery, of supplanting him in the affections of Ninette, nay, denounced him as the individual who had fired her father's cottage, on purpose to win her heart by a display of his courage. Rupert listened to him with surprize, deigning not to exchange one syllable of explanation or recrimination. At last he referred to the locket presented to him by Ninette, and demanded its return.

Like a smouldering volcano, burst forth the feelings of Rupert, and he fiercely declared he would surrender it but with his life. Gervais, aroused to madness, averred he would have instant redress, and drawing a poniard, told Rupert to defend himself; but Rupert coolly folding his arms, smiled contemptuously upon him. Irritated by his calm demeanor, Gervais plunged the weapon in his bosom, and Rupert fell senseless and bleeding on the ground.

With the dawn of the morning, he awoke to consciousness, but the ingratitude of his brother, as well as his reflection on the neglect and coolness of Ninette, made him resolve never again to meet Gervais; and with difficulty gaining his cottage, and securing considerable effects, with the dawn he departed for Orleans.

Arrived in that city, he decided upon entering himself as a brother of the Carthusian order, among whom, in in due succession of time, he was appointed to officiate in the church of St. Jerome; and from his spotless character and strict attention to his sacerdotal duties, soon won the esteem and affection of all.

Time, the obliterator of human events, had erased all remembrance of the sudden and singular disappearance of Rupert, and Gervais having obtained the hand of Ninette, felt it would be best to depart from a place where he was tortured by remorse, and the continual dread of his brother's again appearing. With this resolution, he departed for Orleans, (having sold out the farm,) and there established himself in a mercantile calling.

Still he was unhappy. The smiles and attentions of a beautiful wife, with a blooming family springing up around him, and all the blessings of fortune he could reasonably desire, could not restore peace to his bosom. At length, tortured beyond endurance, he resolved to unburden his soul by confession, and accordingly repaired to the church of St. Jerome.

The shadows of twilight had fallen upon the world, when he entered the confessional. With a trembling voice, did he unburden his soul to the priest. The darkness which reigned within the church, prevented his beholding the features of the holy man. Yet he distinctly heard that his voice was tremulous with emotion as he imposed upon him a severe penance for his sanguinary crime.

Yet to Gervais, his atonement brought no comfort. Occupation or amusement cheered him not, and sleep was to him the tortures of the damned. At last, goaded to despair, he rushed to the prefecture of police and there made a full confession. At first, they were inclined to discredit him,—to regard him as insane, but when he recapitulated his avowal, and investigation was made, the facts were found to correspond exactly with his asservation. He was therefore imprisoned, convicted, and sentenced to suffer the last penalty of the law.

The day of execution had arrived. Gervais, pale and trembling, had ascended the scaffold. The executioner had actually seized upon him to finish the sentence, when a murmur was heard among the multitude, and a priest of the Carthusian order, was beheld forcing his way to the scaffold. "Stay, stay the sentence!" he exclaimed—"he is innocent, *I* am his brother for whom he is about to suffer. Gervais! Gervais!" and the next moment he was in the embrace of the culprit.

Gervais spoke not, a vacant stare settled on his countenance. A strong trembling took possession of his frame, a deep and heavy sigh burst from his bosom, and he fell a corpse at the feet of Rupert.

Rupert gazed upon the lifeless body, the spring of his heart was opened, and he gave vent to his feelings in a flood of tears—then retiring from the scaffold, he bade farewell to the brotherhood of Jerome, and buried himself for ever in that living charnel house, the Monastery of La Trappe.

He that wants good sense is unhappy in having learning, for he has thereby only more ways of exposing himself; and he that has sense, knows that learning is not knowledge, but rather the art of using it.

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Original.

THE POWER OF THE DEAD.

BY MISS MARY ANN BROWNE.

I.

Say not their power is o'er,
Although their lips be mute, their limbs be still;
With might, unknown before,
Those silent forms the living heart may thrill.

II.

Who stands beside the bed
Where rests the icy corpse within its shroud,
Nor feels a secret dread
With which his soul ne'er to *the living* bowed?

III.

The lowliest son of earth,
The veriest babe that death hath smitten down,
Hath to a realm gone forth
To those who gaze upon them all unknown.

IV.

An awful mystery, sealed
From the sad eyes that weep beside their bier,
To them hath been revealed,
To their unprisoned souls made plain and clear.

V.

They are the constant sign
Of God's great truth—the dead, both great and small,
Confirm his word divine,
That *all* have sinned, and death hath passed o'er all.

VI.

They are the seed from whence
The harvest of the Lord shall spread the earth
When His Omnipotence
Shall bring the myriads from her bosom forth.

VII.

Say not their power is o'er,
Even when mingling in the lowly dust;
In them our spirits pour
An offering forth, of holy hope and trust.

VIII.

Where is the place of graves
We deem not hallowed? There is sanctity
In every wind that waves
Its grasses tall, or thrills its willow tree.

IX.

Where'er some lonely mound
Tells of the spot where mortal relics rest,
At once that spot of ground
Our hearts with unseen holiness invest.

X.

Say not "they have no power,"
Perhaps they were our enemies in life,
But now hath come an hour
When endeth all the tumult and the strife.

XI.

Another mightier hand
Hath stilled the opposer, anger now may cease
Who can the truth withstand,
That with the dead our hearts must be at peace!

XII.

And for the loved and lost
Their memories move us as naught else can move,
When wildly tempest-tost,
They to the soul as guiding stars may prove.

XIII.

And many a gentle word
Of precious counsel, all too long despised,
By memory may be stirred,
Now to be thought upon, and weighed and prized.

XIV.

And when the wayward heart,
Doubts how it shall some dark temptation shun,
This may decide its part—
"So will *we* do, for so would *they* have done!"

XV.

Say not "they are no more,"
Those who the heart with reverence thus can fill;—
Say not their power is o'er,
Whilst thus its traces are around us still.

England, August, 1842.

Original.

SERENADE.

BY LIEUT. G. W. PATTEN.

Wake! lady, wake! that gentle eye,
The voice of music bids unclose,
We stand beneath thy lattice high,
To woo thee from thy soft repose:
The spell of sleep is not so strong
But wizard words the charm can break;
By the deep powers of mighty song,
We bid thee wake—fair lady, wake!

Wake! lady, wake! upon the lea,
The stars look down serenely bright;
The moon hath fled beyond the sea,
That thou may'st reign the queen of night:
Arouse! no cloud is in the skies,
No ripple on the tranquil lake;
Lift the fair lid which veils those eyes!
Sweet lady, wake!—fair lady, wake!

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Original.

DAGUERREOTYPE SKETCHES.

FROM MY PARLOR WINDOW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE," "KYD," AND "THE QUADROONE."

SINCE the discovery of photoguire drawing by which that figurative expression, "a pencil of light" has become literal, there has been thrust forward for the test of our credulity, other wonders which claim to be equally marvellous. We have recently heard of a scientific optician in Paris, who has made the wonderful discovery, that, by the aid of a peculiarly constructed lens fitted into spectacles, he has been successful not only in catching *the rays* of the thoughts of others by levelling his glances at their eyes, but, (what would be incredible in any other age,) actually, by a sort of intellectual reflection, transferring them to prepared paper lying before him, on which they form themselves into words and lines of a faint buff color, and easily read. This is, no doubt a great discovery, and promises to be of immense advantage to lovers, who, with a pair of these optiscopic spectacles can, to much greater advantage, read the language of each other's eyes, than they have heretofore done. But surprizing as this discovery truly is, it is far surpassed in ingenuity by one very recently made by a Yankee writing master, who has recently come to the city, and put up at the American with his invention. It is well known that in large hotels, there are mouth-tubes in the office, which communicate, by leaden pipes, with the upper stories, where there are corresponding mouth or ear-pieces. By means of this device, orders and replies are passed from the bottom to the top of the house in an instant, a servant being stationed on each floor to receive them. Our writing-master, on coming from his room one morning, at a hotel in New-York, saw upon the wall of the upper passage, numerous short sentences written in such finished chirography with pink-colored ink, as to call forth his admiration, and induce him to stop and admire them. "John, bring the baggage from 101." "John, make a fire in 98." "John, answer 87." "You are wanted in the office, John," and such like colloquial literature.

While he was admiring the beauty of the writing, and wondering what idler could execute such penmanship, he was suddenly startled by a voice issuing from the wall near him, saying in singularly distinct words—

"John, send the chambermaid to parlor No. 5."

But conceive his speechless wonder when he saw the words themselves appear visibly upon the wall opposite, as if by some magic, imprinted there. He stood silent with astonishment. There was no mistake. He had plainly heard the words, and now saw them painted upon the wall upon a spot which he knew to be before plain and white. He discovered the mouth-piece whence the words came, and having heard of daguerreotype, the idea flashed upon his mind that there might be such a thing as *lingual* daguerreotype.

This idea once started, was enough for our Yankee. He set himself to thinking and planning, and at length succeeded in inventing an instrument which he calls the *acoustype*. It consists of a single spiral tube of platina, about three feet in length in its involuted state, but full thirty feet if straightened out. At one extremity is a silver mouth-piece, adjusted with slides and screws, so as to fit with exactness every possible mouth that may be applied to it. At the opposite extremity of the tube is a worm screw, to which may be fitted short tubes shaped like the nose of a bellows, of different calibres, from half an inch in diameter, to the size of a pin-hole. These noses may be screwed on or off at pleasure. When the ingenious inventor had completed his acoustype, and found that it worked to his satisfaction, he sent cards of invitation to several scientific gentlemen, and one or two others who had no claims to science, but who had been his pupils in academy days. We were so fortunate as to be numbered among the latter, and waited upon him at the hour appointed.

We found Mr. Simpkins in a room hung with green baize, standing before a table upon which was a small mahogany frame, like those placed on pianos to support music, or rather like those used to support family Bibles, when the old people read them of a Sunday afternoon. Upon this frame, which was inclined at an angle of 45°, was a large sheet of immaculate paper. Before the table, elevated upon a tall stand, like the tripod of a telescope, was his convoluted instrument levelled at the sheet of paper, its farther extremity within three inches of it.

"Now, gentlemen," said the inventor after we had assembled, "I am about to exhibit to you a discovery which is destined to revolutionize the world, immortalize my name, and be the death of Perrian's steel pens, which, in passing, I will say I have always found better than any other, except a goose quill, the third feather under the right wing. Yes, gentlemen, I have made a discovery and invented an instrument that is going to make me a monument to all posterity, and throughout the future ages, as high as Bunker Hill! I call it a *acoustype*, because it is something akin to acoustics. If any gentleman can propose a better name, or one with a syllable or two more in it, I should prefer it. Now I will show you my first experiment.

The ingenious and eloquent inventor then pointing significantly to the white sheet of paper set up before the instrument like a target before the muzzle of a gun, said—

"You see there that sheet o' drawin' paper. Well, now keep your eyes on it while I jist put my mouth to the eend. I will say something or 'nother—just what comes int' my head, though it don't mean nothin'."

The inventor of the acoustype placed his lips to the mouth-piece, and we fixed our eyes upon the paper.

"Does your anxious mother know you're out," we at length heard, after a pause, in a fine squeaking note at the extremity of the tube, when instantly the words appeared upon the paper in letters a little larger than ordinary hand-writing, beautifully written in pink. We could not believe our eyes, and went to the paper to examine it. We felt the letters, but there was no substance tangible, yet they were there as legible as type.

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While we were expressing our wonder and admiration at what we beheld, the gratified inventor unscrewed the nose, and replaced it by one of a larger calibre. He then took his place at the mouth-piece, when we heard in a little stronger voice than before—

"Evil communications corrupt good manners."

Quick as thought, the words were conveyed to the paper, in, what the writing masters call a half-round hand. Other experiments were made by him with all the noses, the longest of which gave the sound out in a deep base, and with an impression in very large letters, though only two or three words with the large tube screwed on could appear at once within the focus of sound. By moving the acoustype from side to side of the paper, while one repeated in the mouth-piece from memory, a stanza from Longfellow, the whole verse was *daguerreotyped*, (no, Mr. Simpkins *must* be immortalized,) *Simpkineotyped* upon the sheet, in a style no copperplate could approach.

After we had fully satisfied ourselves that there was no optical illusion in all this, and that what we saw, *was*, Mr. Simpkins, said in answer to one of the gentlemen present,

"Use? Why, the use of this instrument is plain. I have already got the patent out for it, and I shall make others of all sizes, for the use of the community. I shall be able to afford them from fifty down to five dollars each."

"But *the use*, Mr. Simpkins?" asked the learned Doctor Starkweather, emphatically. "I want to know its practical use."

"It," answered Mr. Simpkins elevating his right hand with the palm open and speaking with great dignity, "it will be of incalculable use. Do you not see that it does away the writing masters' profession—renders writing wholly unnecessary. With a portable acoustype in your hand, and a sheet of letter paper before you, you have only to speak your thoughts through it and you imprint them upon the paper as fast as you can speak. Think, sir, what an immense value it will be to authors, to public speakers! Yes, sir, a member of Congress can make his speech and put it upon paper all in the same breath with a little boy before him to turn over the leaves."

"It is a sort of daguerreotype," said Doctor Grossman, looking round for applause for this idea.

"Daguerreotype!" said Mr. Simpkins, scornfully. "Sir, it is as superior to daguerreotype, as that is to sign painting."

"It should be called Simpkinstype," interposed Doctor Grossman, seeing the great inventor was angry, and wishing to mollify him by the compliment.

The result showed his wisdom. Mr. Simpkin's wrath disappeared under the flattering unction so skilfully applied to it, and he answered with one of his benevolent smiles, blushing modestly,

"You do me great honor, gentlemen! But, indeed, I think Simpkin—or Simpkineotype, would not be a bad name for it."

We all agreed that it would be a very good and most euphonious name, and then took our leave of the great inventor, filled with wonder at what we had witnessed, and with admiration of his genius, and each with a piece of the Simpkineotyped paper in our pockets.

The next day we paid Mr. Simpkins another visit, and on examining the acoustype, we discovered a little way within the orifice an exceedingly fine film, composed of the most delicate fibres of floss woven like lace. We inquired of Mr. Simpkins its use, when he replied with a mysterious look, and a frown of great sagacity on his brows,

"That is the secret, sir. A tube without that, would be of no more use than a telescope without lenses."

On questioning him more closely, he informed me that when he had looked into the mouth-piece at the hotel from which the voice had issued, he had discovered what is called a "spider's curtain," a filmy web, formed across the orifice a few inches within the tube, which, it occurred to him, converged and refracted the voice, and acting like the daguerreotype lens upon light, produced the extraordinary effect he had witnessed. Guided by this hint, he had constructed his acoustype with an artificial lens of floss silk, which had produced precisely the effect he had anticipated. As it is Mr. Simpkin's intention shortly to exhibit the wonderful powers of his newly discovered instrument to an admiring public, we will not further speak of it at this time, trusting every curious person will soon gratify his own vision with its marvellous effects.

In denominating this, our series of sketches "Daguerreotype," we disclaim all intention of new invention, or of advancing any new discovery to rival either M. Daguerre, or the no less to-be-famed Mr. Hezekiah Simpkins. The inventions of these great men have only given us a hint for a title, that may, in some sort, shadow forth the nature of our contemplated productions. Seated in our cushioned arm-chair, by the window, and looking forth upon the busy world beneath, and around, the impressions made upon our brain will be reflected to the eyes, and make an impression upon the brains of my readers, without the intervention of any new discovery. Yet, this process may be *called* intellectual Simpkineotype, the mind of the gentle reader standing in the place of Mr. Simpkin's sheet of white paper. And although we do not look to immortality for this idea, like this great discoverer, we hope to make such pictures of what we see from our window upon your mind, gentle reader, as shall be permanently fixed there like the pleasant things that live long upon the tablet of memory.

J. H. I.

BOOKS.

Let us consider how great a commodity of doctrine exists in books; how easily, how secretly, how safely they expose the nakedness of human ignorance without putting it to shame. These are the masters who instruct us without rods and ferrules, without hard words and anger, without clothes or money. If you approach them, they are not asleep; if investigating you interrogate them, they conceal nothing; if you mistake them, they never grumble; if you are ignorant, they cannot laugh at you.—*Philobiblion, by Richard de Bury.*

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Original.

MARY STAR.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

'Mid the odorous breath of flowers,
And Night's quiet noon above—
In the shade of forest-bowers,
Kneeling, told I of my love:
Spirit-voices fell from far,
And upon our trysting lonely,
Looked the eyes of angels only—
Mary Star.
Not as evening lights that steal
One by one through purple skies—
Didst thou, lovely one, reveal
Thy rare beauty's paradise:
Like the full-orbed moon afar
Bursting through the cloud-rift hoary,
Shon'st thou in thy perfect glory—
Mary Star.
Brightly flashed thine eyes on mine—
Eyes of midnight, dark and deep
As the cherub-eyes that shine,
Over childhood's rosy sleep,
Ere the curse hath shown its scar:
And my brain with a strange gladness,
Thrilled until I felt a madness,
Mary Star.
Thou'st to me a temple shone—
Where a glorious seraph sung
Low, sweet ditties all alone,
O'er a harp for ever strung,
To some music caught from far:
Why wast thou to me so tender,
In thy maiden's morning splendor,
Mary Star?
How my Being's river roll'd
Without melody along,
'Till the wave-harp, icy-cold,
Echoed back the spirit-song
In many a silver-ringing bar!
Better had the river darkled
And with music never sparkled—
Mary Star.
Oh, agony! I see those eyes!
Oh, agony! but not on mine
Do they with a wild surprize
Deep and dark and lustrous shine:
They are bent on one afar.
Why didst thou in light elysian
Glitter but a phantom-vision—
Mary Star?
Better! better hadst thou died
While thy heart as yet was young;
Gone to earth in maiden-pride
With the harp yet sweetly strung.
Voices then from Heaven afar,
Would have whispered—"Why this weeping?
She above thee, waking—sleeping—
Is an angel-vigil keeping!"—
Mary Star.

Original.

PARNASSUS.

BY RUFUS DAWES.

"The glory-smitten summits of Parnassus!"
So Coleridge sings. There was a time indeed,
When the great mountain of the Muses rose
Clearing the clouds, and calling to great bards
To climb her rugged precipices; then
They climbed indeed, and from her forked tops,
Bended the laurel trees, and strip'd them bare.
The paths to those great summits were well trod
By Homer and his compeer, and the poets
Who sip'd with Horace his Falernian wine,
By Dante and his brothers, and the high race
Of English poets. Now those mountain peaks
Condense the mist that the warm sun dissolves
From briny waters, and send down in dews
Tearful regrets for solitude, while we
Who touch the lyre, if haply we have strength
To climb from sun to sun, and scale those heights,
Are doomed by lack of time, and the scant means
Of sustenance, to visit day by day
Thy holy hill, Parnassus! here and there
To gather a poor flower about thy base,
Leaving thy joys untasted, so we bring
As now a paltry guinea's worth of verse,
To patch a magazine. Yet not for this,
Will any poet mourn, who sees the hand,
The gentle hand of Providence divine,
Directing and o'erruling all his works;
For Siloa's brook runs sweeter than the fount—
That broke beneath the heel of Pegasus,
And he who cannot climb thy forked brow,
Parnassus! to bring down thy laurel leaves,
May still attempt the height where Hermon's dews
Distil angelic sweets, and well exchange
The oracle of Delphi for the voice—
The still, small voice of peace.

Original.

ELEGIAC LINES.

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

If worthy of the strains so sweetly breathed
By pure affection—sure a stranger may
Add one small flower to those already wreathed,
And here record his tributary lay.—

But dare I write on tablets now so rich
With pious breathings, poured from filial hearts,
Unaided by that inspiration, which
A *knowledge* of departed worth imparts.

That they who knew them best, revered them most,
Is praise enough for pilgrims of the earth;
I knew them not, but 'tis my pride and boast
To know *those* well who here record their worth.

To them, I say, mourn not for spirits fled
To realms of peace, far from this vale of woe,
They are not here, but risen from the dead,
'Tis but their earthly vesture lies below.

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FLOW GENTLY, SWEET CROTON!

WORDS BY MRS. V. R. A.—MUSIC ARRANGED BY D. M. COLE.

1. Flow gently, sweet Croton, among thy green trees, Flow gently, we'll sing thee a song in thy

2. Thy crystal stream, Croton, how lovely it glides, And winds by the cot where contentment re-

praise; We love thy pure water, thy sweet silver stream, And here we would linger by moonlight's soft beam

sides; At evening we fain by thy green banks would stray, And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.

The tide of intemp'rance has had its full sway, The wine-cup we banish a - way, far a -

Flow gently, sweet Croton, a - mong thy green trees, Flow gen-tly sweet river, the theme of our

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way, Then come to old Gotham, our ci-ty of fame, We'll sing of thy praises, sweet Croton, a - gain.

lays; O'er hills and o'er vallies thy bright water comes To cheer and en - liven our own happy homes.

A BOHEMIAN AIR.

THE SUBJECT OF EIGHT VARIATIONS.

BY C. CZERNEY.

p

CRES.

DIM

p

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LITERARY REVIEW.

ELEMENTS OF CHEMISTRY; *by Robert Kane, M. D.: Harper & Brothers.*—The science of chemistry, which is undoubtedly one of the most valuable departments of natural philosophy, is in this volume treated in the most masterly manner. As a work in its general principles, particularly applicable to Pharmacy, Medicine and the Useful Arts, it will be found invaluable. Among the most important contents, are the general laws of chemical combination, organic chemistry, and the relation of chemical action to the functions of organized matter, the applications of chemistry to Physiology and to Pathology, and a succinct description of the mode of analysis of organic and inorganic bodies. The process for the preparations of the various substances is lucidly described, and the wood illustrations of the apparatus employed in the experiments of research in the course of lectures, are admirably executed.

THE DISOWNED—DEVEREUX: *by the author of Paul Clifford, Eugene Aram: Harper & Brothers.*—These works form Nos. 2 and 3 of the Library of Select Novels, now issuing at the low price of twenty-five cents. Of the merits we need say nothing; they have received the stamp of approbation wherever the English language is understood, and should form part of the library of every one who pretends to taste or information.

NATURAL HISTORY—REPTILES AND FISHES: *by W. S. U. Ruschenberger, M. D; Turner & Fisher.*—This is the fourth book of this excellent series of publications, prepared for the use of schools and colleges. We have perused all of them with profit and pleasure, and can cordially recommend them as initiatory studies into the first principles of the science of which they treat.

BREAKFAST TABLE SCIENCE; *by J. H. Wright: Alexander V. Blake.*—The intention of this work is a praiseworthy one, the instruction of youth on the philosophy of *common things*, through the medium of amusement. The author has succeeded admirably in his design, and no parent should neglect introducing it among the juvenile branches of his family.

THE BEAUTIES OF VOCAL MELODY: *by William R. Dempster; Alexander V. Blake.*—This is a choice selection of Scottish, English and Irish ballads, as sung by Mr. Dempster at his various concerts. They are infinitely superior to the bulk of modern compositions, both in poetry and music, numbering among their authors the names of Burns, Scott, Hogg, Proctor, Lover and Moore. The music is by the ablest composers, and many of the airs are the sweet melodies of Scotland and Ireland, such as Mr. Dempster sings so inimitably well. It is a volume suited to please the lovers of natural music, with sufficient embellishment to aid, yet not destroy the original melody. The work is printed in beautiful style, and may be had at the stores of the music sellers.

ORSMUD'S TRIUMPH, A DRAMA: *Alexander V. Blake.*—The object of this drama is a laudable one, the Improvement of Mankind, showing the triumph of Goodness over Evil, through the principles of Truth, Knowledge, Temperance, Love, etc. "The machinery of his poem," the author informs us, "has been taken principally from the ancient religion of the Persians." The diction is tolerably smooth, and occasionally displays flashes of imagery, betokening a genius of more than mediocre order. The poem deserves, and we hope will receive a wide circulation.

FRANCIS' IMPROVED MANIFOLD WRITER.—We have received one of those admirable *writers*, and having practically tested its utility, strongly recommend it to the man of business and others, where duplicates of letters or manuscripts are necessary to be retained. The letter and the copy being executed at the same operation, the immense saving of time and expense is incalculable. They can be procured of the manufacturer, Lewis Francis, 83 William street.

DIARY AND LETTERS OF MADAME D'ARBLAY, PART 4TH: *Carey & Hart.*—In a former number of the Companion, we expressed our opinion of this publication. It remains unaltered.

THE MAN OF FORTUNE, AND OTHER TALES: *by Mrs. Gore; Lea & Blanchard.*—This indefatigable authoress has presented us with two volumes, comprising some of the best sketches which have ever come from her pen. Were it not that apparent marks of carelessness frequently impair her style, (attributable, no doubt, to her rapidity of composition,) she would rank among the first of our living female writers; as it is, she ever displays a profound knowledge of nature, and a high regard for the principles of morality, all of her productions having for their aim the inculcation of virtue, and the demolition of vice.

OUR MESS: *by Harry Lorrequer; Carey & Hart.*—Numbers seventeen and eighteen of this admirable publication are now before us. Its author is one of the most powerful writers of the day, and although broad and irresistible humor are the predominant features of his writings, yet when he pleases to touch the finer chords of the heart, we know of no one who can make them thrill so deeply.—*Carvill & Co.*

MISCELLANIES: *by Stephen Collins, M. D.; Carey & Hart.* A volume of which the author has reason to be proud. The style is terse and vigorous, and the subjects on which he has written, such as are interesting to every reader. We were particularly pleased with his dissertation on the character and writings of Charles Lamb. We consider it the best article in the volume. The others are of different degrees of excellence, yet none of them beneath mediocrity.

GEORGE ST. JULIAN, THE PRINCE: *by Henry Cockton; Carey & Hart.*—Those who have lingered with delight over the racy productions of this author, will confess on the perusal of this, that it equals in all respects its predecessors. Its design is of a nature to do infinite good to society in exposing the nefarious tricks daily practised upon the credulous by specious knaves, assuming the exterior of gentlemen. It is a volume, in numberless respects, most applicable to certain persons and institutions of America, especially as regards that baleful species of society, "*money lenders*," many of whom, as in the case of "*The Author's Beauty and the Beast*," "have to borrow money in order to advertise money to lend." We commend George St. Julian to our readers as one of the most amusing and instructive works of the season.

THE LITTLE BOY'S AND GIRL'S LIBRARY; *E. Dunnigan.*—We have received several of these pretty and useful volumes, admirably adapted to the instruction of children. They are neatly printed, bound in fancy covers, and embellished with engravings. Each work is complete in itself, and may be had separately. They will be found very appropriate for holiday presents.

THE GIFT: *Cary & Hart.*—This beautiful Annual for 1843, which is before us, is infinitely superior to its predecessors, in both its literary and pictorial contents. It is composed entirely of "American manufacture," and reflects high credit on the enterprizing publishers. Among the contributors, we observe the names of Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Seba Smith, Edgar A. Poe, Alfred B. Street, W. G. Simms, John Inman, and others. The engravings, beautiful gems of art, are by Cheney, Dodson and Pearce, from paintings by Huntington, Inman, Sully and others. It is, as yet, the most elegant Annual which has appeared, and will form a most appropriate present for the approaching holidays.

THE EXPECTANT: *by Ellen Pickering; Carey & Hart.*—A reprint of a novel, by this popular authoress, of which the English critics speak favorably. We have perused it somewhat hastily, yet enough to convince us that the characters are naturally drawn, and the interest considerable.

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MAN A SOUL, OR THE INWARD AND THE EXPERIMENTAL EVIDENCE OF CHRISTIANITY: *by A. B. Muzzey; William Crosby & Co.*—By the Philosophic disputant, this little book perhaps will be regarded as a conclusive triumph of his doctrines over the Christians—a refutation of an oft repeated argument, yet carrying with it no stronger evidences of the Christian Religion than which have heretofore been a thousand times advanced by its disciples; yet so incontrovertible are these evidences, so simply beautiful and true, that any rational or thinking individual must willingly confess "there is but one only true and real God," and whatever sophist or sage may declare, that only true happiness is to be found in a firm reliance on Him in whom "there is no night, but one eternal sun of purity and bliss." Let no family be without this invaluable little volume—its contents are priceless.

THE ROSE OF SHARON: *edited by Miss S. C. Edgarton; A. Tompkins.*—This delightful Annual for 1843, is already before the public. The contents are principally from the pens of female writers, among whom, we recognize the names of Mrs. Broughton, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Sawyer, and the accomplished editress herself, all of whom have contributed papers of great merit. Among the gentlemen writers, Mr. Horace Greeley contributes an able and instructive paper on his favorite theme, the system of Association, or sharehold property. J. G. Adams and E. H. Chapin have also each written well. The Poet's Mission, by the latter, is nobly conceived and eloquently expressed. The mechanical portion of the volume is as perfect as taste and ingenuity can make it—altogether forming one of the most appropriate gifts which can be made to young or old at the approaching season of festivity.

THEATRICALS.

PARK.—The appearance of Mr. George Vandenhoff, created considerable excitement among the frequenters of the Park, from the performances of his father being yet green in their memories, as well as a desire to see if the mantle of the parent had fallen upon the son. The part selected for his debût, was Hamlet, the most difficult in the whole range of the drama, and the most unfavorable for a new candidate for scenic honors, comparisons being always drawn between the past great Hamlets and the new representatives. The Hamlet of Mr. Vandenhoff is not a great performance. There are at this day many stock actors in America who can pourtray it infinitely better. It was merely a respectable performance—what might have been expected from a gentleman of taste and education. His figure is good—his features well modelled and expressive, and his voice of a rich quality and considerable compass; many of its tones (and those the worst,) reminding us of his father's. Throughout the whole of the tragedy he surprized us with no display of originality, but quietly and sensibly delivered the text, and walked the stage like a tolerable artist. The great fault in his performance, we consider to be a want of *intensity*, an identification of the actor with the character, without which quality, no actor can ever enlist the feelings of his auditors. His representations of Leon and Virginius, exhibited more originality and genius, and but for a lack of physical power and nobleness of deportment, the latter would have been a very meritorious performance. In the fourth and fifth acts he convinced us that he possessed the genuine materials for his profession, and as time and experience can only bring those into proper action, we would candidly advise him to undergo a thorough provincial novitiate before he ventures to lay claim to the appellation of *star*. A destructive system to the interests of the drama of late years has sprung up in Europe—the children and *protôges* of eminent performers at once assuming the highest position on the stage, forgetting that genius is not hereditary, and that especially in the dramatic world the severest study is requisite for the noblest minds to arrive at excellence. Many an artist of real talent is thus prevented from rising to eminence in his profession, private influence trampling down all before it, and sapping the foundation of the stage. We entertain the best of feelings for Mr. Vandenhoff, and shall be proud to see him equal, yea, outstrip his talented father—but to do this, he must curb his ambition, devote himself to study and general practice, acquiring a competent knowledge of the smallest minutiæ appertaining to his profession, and not like too many *would be stars* of the present day, with some half dozen of characters for theatrical capital, walk through the world, inflicting disappointment on themselves and the public. At the close of Mr. Vandenhoff's engagement, Mr. and Mrs. Brougham, of the London theatres, presented their claims for public consideration, which, we are happy to say, were crowned with universal approval. The lady is beautiful in face and handsome in person, with the deportment and manners of a gentlewoman. Her opening character was Lady Teazle, which she played in an arch and spirited manner. She has since appeared in various characters, and won for herself the favor of her audience. Mr. Brougham possesses a rich brogue and an exuberance of spirits, great humor and quite original in his style of acting. Both promise to prove valuable acquisitions to the theatre.

BOWERY.—The celebrated Mademoiselle Celeste having returned from Europe, has been playing a brilliant engagement at this theatre, the *elite* and fashion of the city nightly filling the house. She appears to have improved greatly in her profession since last among us, and to her pantomimic and dancing performances, she has now added the character of speaking artist. Among the many new pieces in which she has appeared, we may particularly instance one entitled "Marie Ducange." It is of a domestic character, affording a full display of the finer feelings—the deep and abiding constancy of woman through every trial of the heart—a character such as Miss Tree or Mrs. Shaw would inimitably pourtray. In saying this, however, we do not mean to imply that Celeste is incompetent to its personation; on the contrary, we were surprized with her delineation, and consider she fully substantiated her claims to the profession of actress. It is a performance of great ability, and won the strongest testimonies of its excellence in the tears and silent admiration of her audience. Another, entitled "Foreign Affairs," founded upon the early days of Richelieu, was produced in a style of magnificence hitherto unsurpassed in this country. The plot is somewhat incongruous, but the grotesque situations, the wit and the language, render it one of the most sparkling *affairs* we have for many a day witnessed. Celeste sustained the young cavalier with great vivacity and archness, forming a striking contrast to her acting in Marie Ducange. We do not wonder that her success in the British metropolis was "so triumphant," in theatrical phraseology, that for one whole season this piece attracted full and admiring audiences. Her versatility is wonderful—greater than any living actress, and what is still more, her genius is compatible to every department of the art. Yet although she was the prominent artist of the piece, we are in candor bound to acknowledge that the ladies and gentlemen who supported her, acquitted themselves in the most creditable and efficient manner. Never have we beheld a drama where the costume was so correctly adhered to, or the scenery and appointments so characteristically given; it was as perfect as liberality and good taste could render it, and reflects the highest credit on the management. The World of Dreams is the third of Celeste's new pieces, and is certainly a gorgeous spectacle, but is not intrinsically equal to either of the others. It however affords ample scope for the abilities of the actress, and is an especial favorite with the public. We are happy to add that on Monday evening, October 31st, *Celeste* commences her farewell engagement in America. She appears for five nights, and this will probably be the last opportunity our citizens will ever have of witnessing the extraordinary performances of this gifted and unequalled *artiste*.

CHATHAM.—Owing to the performances of Celeste, at the Bowery, there was a little falling off at this theatre in the numbers of the audience. To counteract which opposition, the manager engaged Madame Lecompte, and the celebrated Mr. Sinclair. The movement was a judicious one.

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Olympic.—Mr. Mitchell continues in his path of popularity and profit, bad times and "the thousand ills theatricals are heir to," little affecting him. The performances are of the same piquant and airy quality for which his theatre has been celebrated since its commencement. They are ever marked by good taste, talent and correctness, deserving of all the success they receive. Amilie has proved a great hit.

EDITORS' TABLE.

With bright prospects and a determination to continue the "Companion" in its career of popularity and excellence, we commence with this number our eighteenth volume, being a fair specimen of both its literary and pictorial character. Since the commencement of our last volume, we have added considerably to our list of contributors, numbering some of the first periodical writers of our country, and are now in treaty with others of acknowledged celebrity. Our readers will be pleased to perceive a new contributor to our columns—Lieut. G. W. Patten, favorably known for his poetical abilities, and from whom, in future, we may expect other communications. To unknown American genius, we freely open our columns, and shall ever be happy to foster and introduce it to public attention; as from the commencement of our publication, it has ever been our aim to render it intrinsically American, in giving preference to our native writers, where talent truly existed. With regard to the spirit of our critical remarks, if they are occasionally severe, they are at least honest and impartial,—no private feeling or influence governing our opinions; while the character of the work is such that the most fastidious may peruse its pages without the slightest fear of meeting with a word or allusion, subversive to the interests of morality or religion. We would, therefore, remind those persons wishing to become subscribers, that the present is the proper time, being the commencement of a new volume.

In the progress of the *Ladies' Companion*, we look for, and expect the *attacks* of that literary *hedge-hog*, Park Benjamin. The public, we are confident, will appreciate our motives for excluding from our pages the insipid and oft revamped lucubrations of a man who is devoid of the first attributes of a gentleman, and whose sole aim is to *extort* from those to whom he is unknown. Fortunately for our readers, our pages will never again be sullied with the productions of such a pretender to literary fame (!!!!) He has, at last, doffed the mask of hypocrisy, and we now grant him the privilege of exclaiming—"*I'm perfect in form*"—as the monkey surmised, when he viewed his own hideous figure in the glass.

The Croton Celebration.—A more beautiful and exciting spectacle was never witnessed in old Gotham, than on the occasion of the introduction of the Croton water into our city, on the 14th ultimo, one of the greatest blessings a benignant Providence ever bestowed upon a people. With the dawn, the firing of cannon, ringing of bells, and other congratulatory demonstrations commenced, and were continued as the various military and civic bodies assembled on the Battery. Shortly after ten, A. M., the procession began to move, forming a line of nearly six miles, and occupying two hours and twenty minutes before it reached the Park. There, a platform had been erected, from which Samuel Stevens, Esq., President of the Board of Commissioners, delivered an eloquent speech descriptive of the great undertaking from its commencement to its completion, and to which J. L. Lawrence, Esq., President of the Croton aqueduct board replied. An ode written for the occasion by George P. Morris, Esq., was then sung by the New York Sacred Music Society, which closed the proceedings of the day. It is impossible to convey the least adequate idea of the number of human beings congregated on this occasion both as spectators and actors in the celebration, but if we may hazard a conjecture, we should think it could not have been less than 180,000. The streets through which the procession passed, were crowded, and every window, balcony and roof, displayed its groups of beautiful females and admiring spectators. Most of the public buildings, hotels, theatres and places of amusement, were tastefully decorated with banners, paintings, garlands, and other appropriate devices, and in the evening several of these were illuminated. Upwards of two hundred different bodies, civil and military, formed the procession, among them deputations from Brooklyn, Jersey City, Newark, and Philadelphia. The utmost decorum prevailed throughout the day, and not a symptom of inebriety was observable, all looked happy and prosperous, while the Almighty seemed to hallow the undertaking, for a more propitious day never smiled from the heavens. Well may New York be proud of this glorious structure, for all others of a similar character shrink into insignificance when placed in comparison beside it; and when it is remembered that its completion has been effected in the midst of our great commercial distresses, it is an incontrovertible proof that our national character is of that indomitable spirit of enterprize and industry, which will enable us to pass through the furnace unscathed, and America take its stand the foremost, among the nations of the earth.

De Begnis.—We attended the concert of this gentleman, lately given at the Apollo rooms, in which he was assisted by Mrs. Seguin, Mrs. Bailey, Herr Appelles, Messrs. Seguin and Plumer. The various pieces were executed in a style of excellence that gave entire satisfaction to a well filled room. Of Herr Appelles, we can say that he is a perfect master of the clarionet, and elicited the warmest approbation. A Madame Malone made her debût before a New-York public with tolerable success. She possesses a good voice, but appeared to suffer from the terror of a first appearance. We must hear more of her before we venture to pass our critical decision.

New Music.—We have to acknowledge the receipt of several new pieces of music from Hewitt & Co., published in the usual style of excellence for which this establishment is well known. Among them we find *La Belle Creole*, a ballad by John H. Hewitt, the music by John Willis. Six beautiful ballads taken from the Songs of Erin, composed and arranged by F. N. Crouch, entitled *Minona Ashtore*, *Eveleen O'Moore*, *Katty O'Lynch*, *Noreen*, *The Sunny Days of Old*, and *The Bride of Athlene*, the poetry by Mrs. Crawford and Desmond Ryan, Esq. We have also received from Atwill *The Pretty Flower Girl*, composed by Signior De Begnis, which is a composition reflecting great credit upon its author.

Dempster's Soirees.—This charming vocalist has been giving his musical soirees in various sections of the city and in Brooklyn, so as to accommodate his numerous admirers whom distance might prevent from attending them at the Society Hall. We rejoice to learn they have proved eminently successful, and that it is his intention to continue them throughout the winter. One great beauty about Mr. Dempster, is his perfect simplicity of style, destitute of all unnecessary and unnatural ornament, while the themes of his ballads generally convey some moral or religious sentiment, so that the most fastidious are as much gratified as the individual who attends merely for amusement.

Fashions for November.—*Walking Dress.*—A pelisse of silk to the neck—body tight—sleeves tolerably full,—tight at wrist—skirt full—a mantelet or cape of the same material as the pelisse. The bonnet of silk very open in front, with high crown, and mounted with a drooping ostrich feather, or trimmed with rich lace and flowers. Hair in ringlets.

Evening Dress.—White or fancy colored silk dress—skirt full, over which is worn another of lace, but somewhat shorter—waist rather short, body tight and low on the shoulder, numerous small plaits running across the breast—sleeves very tight and coming only half down to the elbow. Hair braided in front, with a few ringlets on each side of the face, and gathered full on the top and ornamented with flowers.

Promenade Dress.—Robe of silk—skirt full, body tolerably high—mantilla or cape of lace—bonnet open in front and decorated with feathers—hair plainly parted on the brow—no ringlets.

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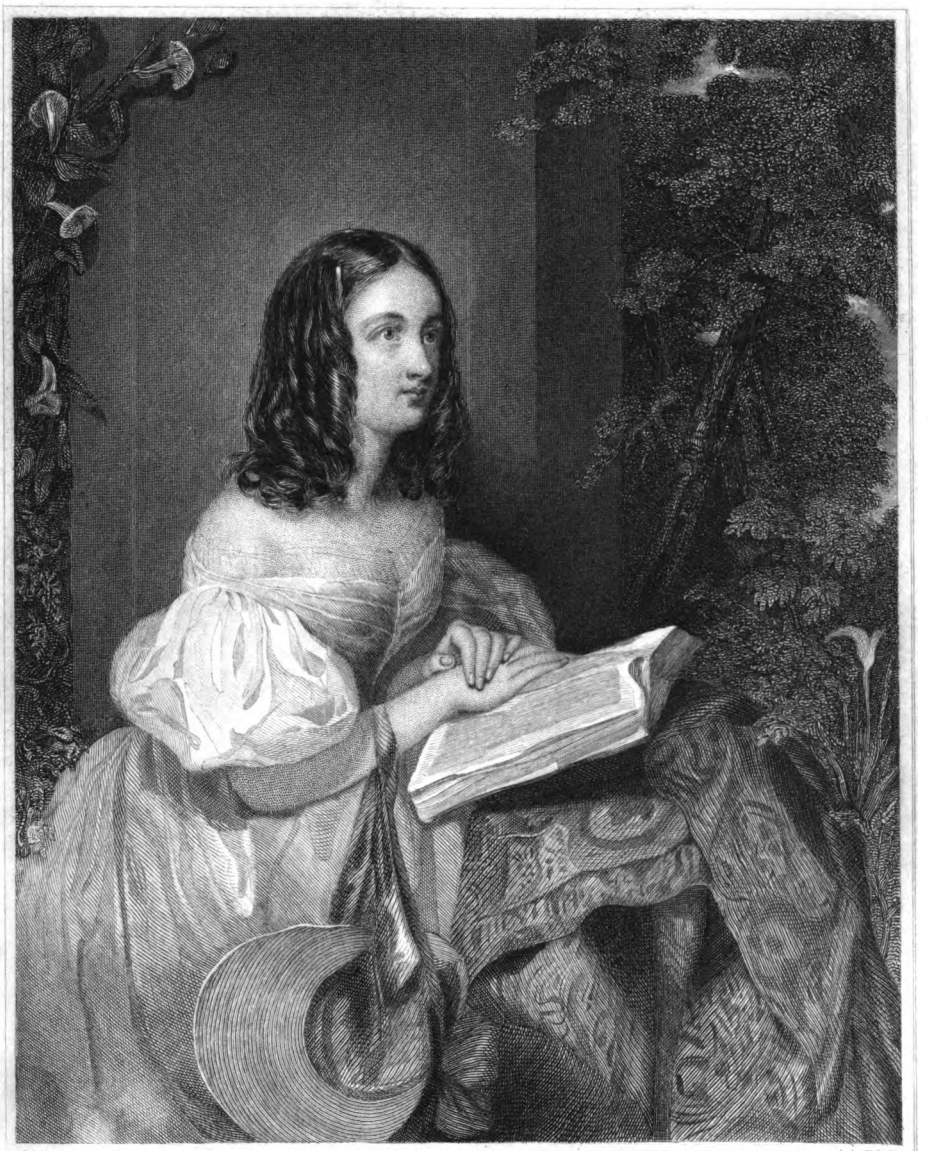

FLORINE,

Engraved for the Lands Companion

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Engraved for the Ladies Companion

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THE GOTHIC CHURCH.

Engraved for the Ladies Companion

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THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, DECEMBER, 1842.

FLORINE.

"Oh! desolate is now the home thy beauty made so fair,
And cheerless is the lonely heart which mourns thine absence there;
Yet though unknown its sorrows be, its sufferings unseen,
The hope, the light of life, are gone; they died with thee, Florine."

In the cemetery of *Pere La Chaise*, in an obscure corner, there stands a plain monument surmounted by an urn, on which is inscribed the name Florine. Every morning, on my accustomed visit to this beautiful dwelling of the dead, I was certain to find a fresh garland of *immortelle* wreathed around the urn, and the choicest flowers of the season scattered upon the turf; yet early as my visit might be, I could never encounter the individual who so faithfully performed this act of devotion. One day I happened to fall in company with one of the keepers of the cemetery, and in the course of our conversation inquired of him who was the tenant of that tomb. "Alas! sir," said he—"there is a melancholy story connected with those ashes, and but that I fear I would be tedious, I would willingly narrate it to you."

"By no means," said I—"I am fond of melancholy stories—you will greatly oblige me by your recital."

"Come this way, then," said he—"where we may not be interrupted,"—and leading me a little distance from the path, and seating ourselves upon a tombstone he spoke nearly as follows:

"On the entry of the Allied forces into Paris, in 1815, a young English lady arrived at the Hotel Delorme. She was without any attendant—could scarcely speak a word of French, and appeared to be suffering from great mental agitation. From her singular appearance, and being alone, some delicacy was felt at receiving her. But having sent for the *Maitresse d'Hotel*, and explained to her the purport of the business which had brought her to Paris, namely, to endeavor to discover her lover and betrothed, a young officer in the 12th Hussars, of whom she had heard no tidings since his departure to join the army. The good lady at once entered into her feelings, listened with kindness to her story, and promised her every assistance within her power; in short, their interview ended with an agreement that on the following day they should together endeavor to obtain some clue to the object of the young lady's affections.

As early as decorum would admit of on the following morning, they accordingly sallied forth. Those who have never beheld a city in the hands of a triumphant enemy, can conjecture nothing so singularly exciting and picturesque, and perhaps never was the strength and brilliancy of war more gorgeously displayed than when the Parisian capital was in the possession of the Allied Powers. Warriors of every nation were there assembled, the bold and ferocious looking Cossack—the hardy Russian—the warlike Austrian—the gay and gallant Italian,—the proud and fearless Prussian—the stern and thoughtful German—the frank Swede and Norwegian—the dogged Dane, and the victorious and unconquerable Englishman; all were promiscuously scattered, throughout the city, guarding it with lynx-eyed vigilance lest the Usurper might disavow his abdication, and by some sudden *ruse*, again bid defiance to his conquerors.

Through the greater part of these warlike bodies had the two females passed, when suddenly the brilliant costume of the 12th Hussars caught the eye of the young lady. "Ah!" she exclaimed—"he is not there," and fell almost fainting upon the shoulder of her companion.

"Who is not there?" inquired the matron.

"He that I told you of last evening—my betrothed, Augustus De Ruthven,'—at the same time a soldier of the troop galloped past them. He was instantly recognized by her. "Hector!"—she ejaculated. In a moment he brought his courser to a stand.

The soldier appeared paralyzed at her presence, he raised his helmet deferentially, and in a voice of astonishment exclaimed, "Miss De Vere!"

"Yes, yes," she replied, "my good Hector, where is Augustus?"

The soldier's head sunk upon his breast, and he drew his hand across his eyes.

"Killed?" said the female.

"It is but too true, madam, on the field of Mont St. Jean."

"Take me hence! Take me hence!" said she, in a deep and solemn voice. At the same moment a wild and rigid look settled on her countenance, and a laugh of thrilling sound burst from her bosom.

The *Maitresse d'Hotel* complied with her request; but from that moment reason had fled its empire. All that humanity could effect to recover her was resorted to, but in vain; in three days from this occurrence, she had ceased to exist, and was borne to the grave by the hands of strangers.

"And was naught ever heard of Augustus?" asked I.

"Oh! yes, sir," said my informant, "it happened that he had been but severely wounded when left for dead upon the field. By those employed to bury the slain, he was discovered, and carried to a neighboring house, where, by degrees he recovered and returned to Paris, to learn the fatal tidings of his love, and it is he who at the earliest dawn of every day, comes thus, to offer his devotions and scatter flowers upon her grave."

On further inquiry, I learned that Augustus, after the restoration of peace, had retired from the service and settled in the precincts of Paris, a broken-hearted, melancholy man. The tomb he had erected to the memory of *Florine*, as well as to cover his own ashes, when it should please the Almighty to call him hence.

"I cannot tell how the truth may be:
I say the tale as 'twas said to me." R. R.

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Original.

POYNTZ'S AUNT.

BY NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

"Animis hæc scribo—non auribus."

POYNTZ and I were to meet at Saratoga. The beginning of our intimacy, by the way, was based on a little secret with which I may as well preface my story.

My name, beginning with almost the last letter in the alphabet, I sat at the tail of my division in college; and this bringing me close to one side of the Tutor's chair, while a youth, by the name of Allen, flanked him on the other, (I wonder what has become of Allen, by the by?) we were called upon, usually, for any little aid or office required by our august Holofernes. In making out the annual catalogue a week or two after the commencement of our Freshman term, the proof sheets were handed us to correct,—Allen taking it from A to M, and I from M to W. We were to call upon each student to know if his name was properly spelt, and to get his *prenomen*, one or more, written out in full, with his nativity and present lodging.

I called upon Poyntz—his name printed simply "Poyntz," in the proof-sheet. I had noticed the youth as a showy, extravagantly dressed Southerner, with a fine face and person, but apparently either very reckless of common usages and observances, or very ignorant of them. He was in gaily furnished lodgings, over a bookseller's shop.

"I am requested to get your name in full for the college catalogue, Mr. Poyntz!" said I, laying the paper before him.

He wrote, in a most illegible fist, a word which looked to me like "Imogen."

"I beg pardon," said I again, "but this will probably be mis-read by the printer. "It looks like a lady's name."

"Imogen Poyntz is my name," he replied, with a cold tone of surprize.

"Imogen?"

"Yes—Imogen!"

"Imogen is a lady's name," said I, smiling.

"Look here!—the devil it is!" exclaimed Poyntz, jumping from his chair and coming up to me with unfeigned curiosity. "You don't mean to say *that!* What lady?"

I begged his pardon for bursting into a laugh, but he was quite too eager for information to be offended.

"I have read of several ladies of that name," said I, "but the principal one in my memory at this moment, is a certain Imogen, wife of Posthumus, a leading female character in a play of Shakspeare's."

He looked aghast at me for a moment, in perfect silence, admitting the conviction to his mind with evidently sharp reluctance. There were no books in the room, except his classics, and I stepped below and borrowed a Shakspeare of the bookseller.

"Cymbeline!" said he, as I gave him the volume open at the play. "I have a sister by the name of Cymbeline!"

My incredulous astonishment expressed itself in a boyish whistle, "long drawn out," like the "linked sweetness" of Milton.

"Well! curse you, sir!" said Poyntz, "you're hard to please with a name! What the devil's the matter with 'Cymbeline,' I should like to know?"

"What—as a lady's name?"

"Yes, sir—as a lady's name!"

"Perhaps you will just look at the *dramatis personæ!*" said I, restraining my mirth for the result.

"CYMBELINE, KING OF BRITAIN!" Poyntz held the book a moment in his hand after reading this astounding sentence, then giving it a toss into the air, he received it on his toe as it came down, and sent it through the window into the back yard.

"D——n Shakspeare!" he exclaimed, next kicking over his arm chair, and stalking up and down the room in a frenzy—"Cymbeline and Imogen!—My father's a fool, sir! And I'll get out of this curst place and go home and tell him so, sir! And, *I* say—if you ever put that down in your devilish list there, I'll cut out your heart, sir!"

But I was on the verge of hysterics by this time, and Mr. *Imogen* Poyntz presently joined in, and we laughed together, loud and long. As soon as I could recover my composure, I volunteered a secresy of four years, at least, on the subject of his name, and suggested to him the policy of resolutely refusing to furnish more than the initial letter, not only to the catalogue, but to all curiosity on the subject. I recorded "*I. Poyntz*," on the proof sheet, after a careful erasure of his autograph, and thenceforward we went on strengthening our alliance upon this link, 'till we became inseparable friends. He turned out a warm-hearted, dashing Louisianian, and his father, though rather loose in his reading of Shakspeare, was not very "tight" in his son's drafts on the Planter's Bank, and by all I could gather, was a man of enormous fortune, and an exceedingly fine old fellow. As to *Miss Cymbeline*,—Poyntz honored me so far as to open a postscript correspondence between us, and after a four years' epistolary acquaintance, I was to meet her, now, for the first time, at Saratoga.

This trumpery circumstance has no particular bearing on my story, dear reader, but I should have told it you in conversation, and why should paper (not endorsed,) stiffen our intercourse? Besides, it has given me time to think which end of my story comes foremost.

"Nothing so difficult as a beginning
Except, perhaps, the end."

I was first on the ground—a good augury in love as well as honor. Poyntz's party had engaged rooms, and were expected hourly, and Congress Hall had but these three cells in its vast hive unoccupied—(one of them destined for "*my* honey," I fondly hoped.) Meantime I was a sealed pacquet—sight, sympathy and hearing shut and sacred—"to be opened on the arrival of the assignee." Lovely girls there were, and plenty of vehicles to their acquaintance, and twilight and music conspired, as they always do, "to egg on that amatory proneness," so dreaded by Saint Anthony,—but I scorned to meet Miss Cymbeline Poyntz, having con-

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soled myself in her absence; and I flattered myself that when she should draw the cork of my reserve, the effervescence so pithily pent within, would "ascend me to the brain" of my friend's fair sister, "and there dry me up the crude vapors" of previous flirtation, which might "there inhabit." So I passed the time in bribing the servants, and getting ready a few impromptu sonnets—indispensable preparations, both, for a campaign at Saratoga.

As I said before, it was my advantage to be first on the ground. That serenity of mien usually monopolized by the ladies—(it being their province to receive,)—that acquaintance with the geography of doors, and favorable lights, and things to be stumbled over—that captivating familiarity with bell-pulls, servants' names, probability and nature of interruptions, etc., etc.,—all the important entrenchments of the besieged, in short, had fallen for once to the besieger. The gritty rigidity of the dust of travel was not in *my* amaranthine curls, (though, of course, it would have been of no consequence if it were,)—"the shining rose bred by the amorous sun," was not on the tip of *my* nose—the jolted blushes, unseated from the cheeks by corduroy and mud-holes, were not in *my* forehead, (attempting to get back over the nearest bridge,)—*I* was not in need of cold cream and lavender—*I* was cool!

It was a very warm afternoon when Miss Poyntz came to tea—her first appearance to my naked eye, though I had been presented to her through a green veil a few hours before, and, with the eye of fancy had seen, truth to say, quite a different style of person. What her complexion would be, when it came to be properly distributed, I could form but a vague idea. Her eyes were fine—yes, (now I think them over,) particularly fine—of a sort of warm velvet, with a silk fringe; the velvet lustrous, the silk not; but when she looked at you, and meant any thing by it, those dark eyes lay broad upon you, like the flat of a hand—close—confiding—as if she had the power of removing the intervening air, and you were as good as plump up to her, 'till she chose to look away. Such eyes, with enough to back them, would scarcely, in the common course of Providence, be let loose on a world of arsenic and razors; but Miss Poyntz fortunately had her little abatements. Not to be too particular, her voice was one. She talked animally—like a negro. That softness which falls through the voices of those who think, like dew through the sunset air—that sentiment which makes a tone seem deep-down and gentle—that delicious variation from *contralto* to *soprano*, which every highly educated woman practises instinctively in following the range of her own thoughts and feelings—all this was wanting, painfully wanting to the unconscious Cymbeline! I say unconscious—for she thought she saw herself as she appeared to others, when she looked in the glass!! Well-a-day! Well-a-day!

Poyntz was a gay man, less fraternal in the disposal of his time than in any thing else, and he found occupation more to his taste than responding to his sister's Jeremiads on the peeling of her nose and chin. Of course, I was "too happy" to monopolize Miss Poyntz, glad or sorry, and as there was no ball that night, we joined the crowded promenade around the spring and through the long isle of the portico—mutually anxious to please, probably, though the effort to blend the Cymbeline of my fancy with this sun-burnt and uncomfortable young lady, threw upon my side, doubtless, any little tedium that existed between us.

It was getting toward ten o'clock, and I was recovering a little from my first disappointment—(for, after all, your friend's only sister, with very fine eyes and a very large fortune, even though her voice *be* wooden and her style untidy, is not of the class of evils unmitigated by hope,)—I say I was beginning to carry Miss Poyntz's arm a little closer to the organs of life, when my friend tapped me on the shoulder from behind, and begged me to stop at the window of the small drawing-room on the right.

"My Aunt, Mrs. St. Helens, has come down stairs for a few minutes, and I must present you," said Poyntz. "And, I say, make your best bow, my good fellow, for she has travelled all over the world, and knows a man when she sees him."

This sounded formidable. I projected my bow on the stiffest known model, and made a hasty mental outline of stop-gaps and other aids of conversation sufficient to carry me through the first five minutes, and the next moment I felt as if I had known Mrs. St. Helens for years! She spoke as we approached her. So gentle, so sweet, so winning and kind a tone had never before betrayed to me that there was a passage to the heart through the ear. I released myself from Miss Poyntz instinctively, and leaned against the blind window. There was no light in the drawing-room, and, by the broken lustre of the lamp half hidden in the evergreens of the collonade, I could only distinguish that the lady sitting within was tall and slender, dressed in widow's weeds, and singularly composed and graceful in her motions. What her age might be, I could form no opinion by the eye, but from some allusions in her conversation, she must have passed the hey-day of life, and had ceased to consider herself an object of attraction. She had come to the Springs but to chaperon her niece, and must perform even that office imperfectly, for the heat overpowered her in the day-time, and she could only endure the fatigue of dress and society after the setting in of the twilight's coolness. This hint given, I inwardly foresaw that in my Saratoga devotions, there would, at least, be no short-comings of vespers!

I have not mentioned that Poyntz introduced me to Mrs. St. Helens. I do not remember that he did. She addressed me by name, with some remark immediately on our approach, and, that evening, and whenever I had the happiness of conversing with her afterwards, she seemed to have informed herself, through Poyntz, of my qualities and character, and to have set aside, on her own part, all barriers between acquaintance and friendship. The ease and directness of her attention to all that passed—the simplicity and exquisite truth of all she said—the subdued and half mournful playfulness of her views of life—her just and kind notice of every thing said to her—her earnest posture when she

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listened—her grace—her high breeding—all these were parts and features of a fascination to me irresistible,—a fascination I remember even now, like the scar of a chain—remember, indeed, with a most passionate longing to see once more this charming woman of sixty!

"Sixty?"

"Yes, madam!—*sixty*."

Mrs. St. Helens had been three years a widow. Her husband was a man of fortune in delicate health, and she had passed most of her married life in the bland latitudes of the Mediterranean. She had seen just enough, for a lesson, of every kind of society on the books of the recording angel, and nobody could now approach her whom she could not, at once, understand and indulge. She had been a very beautiful woman. I thought her a very beautiful woman still. Her features were regular, and the lower part of her face somewhat of the Napoleonic mould—firm and sweet. Her lips had gained in refinement what they had lost in fulness, and, if there were marks upon her forehead, they looked more like the tender imprint of sorrow than the hard notchings of time. But her eyes were still full—full of suffused lustre—open and prodigal of their dear light as stars in heaven—without contraction—without denial—without any of that Parthian disapproval so often turned backward upon the young and joyous by the old and unsatisfied. The lids of those soft eyes still drooped slowly before a look of affection, as if shutting it into the heart—the tears still sprung easily within them, and moistened the dark orbs without flowing. She had no more grown old than an angel doing penance for a human life in a mortal frame. Yet the hair parted, and put away beneath her widow's cap, was grey.

That I took no pains to make an acquaintance out of Poyntz's party—that I played wall-flower at the balls—that I lost my vivacity, and abandoned myself to unprecedented moping—that I begged to share with Miss Poyntz her morning readings to her aunt—that I let slip some contempt at the irresponsible unripeness of a boy of twenty, and some bitter mournings over the irrevocable progression of female destinies—these signs, and some inquiries I made as to the effect of a Louisiana winter on complaints of the chest, accompanied—(the inquiries)—with a very original amateur cough—I say all these symptoms, and more, were set down by Miss Poyntz as demonstrations toward her hand and sugar land—the sad parts taken for the diffidence of poverty in wooing wealth, and the whole together considered worthy of all acceptation!

I was, of course, in a most false position towards Mrs. St. Helens. My feelings in her presence were those of an admiration so passionate, that deference and respect seemed like barriers long ago passed—so passionate, that it seemed to me the very fever in my suppressed breath, and the aching earnestness of my gaze would break into utterance with my lips shut. I listened to her with breathless delight. I spoke to her with that tone which, in her knowledge of life and love, she could not have misunderstood—the tone in which the heart seems to take up the function of the voice, and echo from its own chambers in melody strange, even to the ears of the speaker. I talked of love—of devotion begun in reverence—of a world to be disregarded, and of my scorn for the narrow limitations of the herd—of loveliness ripened and deepened, and graces chastened and made angelic by time and sorrow. I could not speak of age. I dared not hint at a comparison of her years with mine. I could not—I, a youth of twenty—say to a woman of sixty, "I love you, and live but to adore you!" But it was in my veins like fire.

My spirits were like extinguished embers when I was absent from Mrs. St. Helens, but Miss Poyntz, like some others of her sex, called it conversation to talk exclusively of herself. I promenaded and drove and sat for hours with the plantation-bred belle, and though my eyes were on the ground, and my ears filled and spell-bound with the remembered rustling of that mourning dress, I was complimented for my agreeable powers, and was evidently careering under full sail to the haven of Miss Poyntz's favor. How much of this involuntary success I owed to Poyntz's trumpeting behind the scenes, and how much to such of the artillery of love as "found mark the archer little meant," would be difficult to prove, without the witnesses confronted in court, but, with all my innocence, and through all my perturbations, I could not but *see* this unsought prize, coming

"Like a thunder-cloud against the wind;"

and I dreaded the bursting of the storm. Well I might, indeed, for the bolt would, of course, reach me through my *conductor!*

Born east of the Hudson, I was, of course, open to impression from a quarter in which Patrimony and Matrimony were convertible terms. I thought of Miss Cymbeline Poyntz. I speculated on the probabilities of assimilation by the "use which breeds a habit in a man—(her voice becoming softer, and my ears harder, 'till they could meet without jarring)—I recalled to mind the Turkish art of fattening females on rice and silence, and the French *succedanea* for shape and complexion; I dwelt on the charms of friendship, and the luxuries of a southern clime; I imaged to myself, in short, every possible alleviation to a union with Miss Poyntz, except that only, which, under the circumstances, would seem to be the most obvious. It never occurred to me that the future society of Mrs. St. Helens—(myself, the while, in the virtuous possession of Miss Poyntz)—presented the slightest possible attraction. On the contrary, the waters at the chin of Tantalus, etc., etc., etc.

Having made up my mind that I could never avail myself of my friend Imogen's generous design in my behalf, I thought it highly important that both he and his sister should be spared any farther expenditure of thought and feeling on my account—yet how to communicate with him on the subject? Neither he nor she stood committed to me by a single syllable, and it seemed as presuming to name the matter as it was unfair to leave the matter in mystery! My head fairly ached while I pondered on the dilemma.

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And, all this time, did or did not Mrs. St. Helens know that I loved her? What should make her insensible, now, to the language she had all her life been learning to interpret? How, with every mental faculty undimmed, should she be dull to the love-burthened accent of the voice, to the adoring gaze, to the palpable atmosphere of worship which I breathed around her? With her grace of motion still pre-eminently and nicely delicate, with her senses unimpaired, and alive to all the most subtle refinements of life and art, with eyes still kindling, lips still quick and mobile as the aspen, form still swelling with the roundness of statuary—was she—could she be, on the other hand, dead, herself, to the tend rness of passion?

The second Monday after the arrival of the Poyntzes, turned out a very bracing morning, with a north wind, and while stooping over my portmanteau for a pair of half-season pantaloons, I felt my mercury ascend to the intrepid point. Before that day was over, I inwardly vowed the tri-forked cloud that lowered between me and the Poyntz party, should vanish, or "belch its thunder." I dressed with the instinctive energy of high resolve, and went to breakfast so strapped up and braced down, that, if my suspenders had given way when I took my seat at the breakfast table, I should probably have been found by the coroner in the third story. There must have been something of it in my voice, for when I asked for "green tea, strong," the waiter served me with the crisp alacrity of a torpedo.

The ladies were both breakfasting in their rooms.

"Come up to my den, and smoke a segar," said Poyntz, as he rose from table; "the cold weather has frightened my aunt, and we are off at twelve for some town with fire-places. Ask for your bill as you pass the bar!"

By that last clause, it was clear that I was now considered one of the party, and expected to join them in their flit to Albany. This was, at least, a nail to hang a presumption upon, and my difficulties began to look less appalling. I carved my opening speech out of a little surprize on this point, and so with my lance in rest, mounted the staircase in confident spirits for the encounter.

Poyntz's room adjoined his sister's, and Mrs. St. Helens was lodged directly opposite in a bed-room attached to a small parlor. In that small parlor, I determined I would ask for private interviews with the ladies severally, and make a clean breast or die. First, however, clearing all up with my friend, Imogen, though that beginning might result in a skirmish of umbrella and boot-jack.

I knocked at the door.

A chair upset, and the rustling of a petticoat in flight, very audible sounds through the ventilator above, betrayed the sudden retreat of Miss Poyntz into her own room—communicating by an inner door with her brother's.

"Come in!" he cried out, after a moment's pause.

"Poyntz!" said I, quite off-hand, as if it had just occurred to me, "what's that you said just now about asking for my bill? Did you mean—did you mean"—and here I foundered suddenly, for I saw that Miss Poyntz's door was not quite closed.

"Why, I thought, as I bit my segar," said Poyntz, "that I might as well give a check for it all, while I was about it—so it's paid with ours, and you needn't bother yourself. Of course it's all one," he added very insignificantly.

"Paid!" cried I, recovering my voice with surprize, "paid my bill! The devil you say!"

I paused a moment.

"Poyntz!" I began again, in a lower tone, "towards *one* of your family I have feelings of which you are as little aware as you seem to be of my position towards *another*—and, Poyntz—"

"Tut!" he exclaimed, "don't be a goose, man!—have I eyes in my head? and as to your position to me, why, it'll be altered so soon, that it's not worth while to be punctilious! Pay me out of 'Lina's first pin-money, my good fellow—shall he, 'Lina? Come in and see this pink of modesty!"

"Poyntz!—for God's sake!—Poyntz!" I cried.

But before I could seize hold of him, or interpose a word, he had passed into his sister's room, and drawn her by the hand to the threshold. She stood a single moment bending on me a glowing gaze from her dark eyes, and then flinging off her brother's hand, to my unutterable dismay, she ran and flung her arms around my neck!

* * * * * *

Well, I am flesh and blood! I *did*—feeling that warm cheek against my own, and wholly unaccustomed to such electrical contact—I *did* impress on the cheek of Miss Poyntz, a salute of which I can give no definite description. I cannot say it was disagreeable. I fear I did not express in my behavior through the whole of this unexpected crisis, that revulsion of sensibilities expected of a gentleman who is embraced against his wish. The current of events was too strong for me. I packed my trunk, and rode in silence by the side of Miss Poyntz to Albany.

We arrived a little after dark, and I pleaded illness, and went to my room with pen, ink, and candles. I sat down, and wrote to Poyntz 'till near morning—explaining the whole mystery to him—my passion for Mrs. St. Helens, and my unhappy disinclination to avail myself of the matrimonial honor he had proposed for me. I apologized—thanked him—enclosed him the amount he had paid for me—and then calling up the porter, left my letter in the Poyntz's parlor, and went down immediately to the morning boat, got into a berth, and went to sleep.

I never got an answer from Poyntz, and I didn't care to "hear from him," to tell the truth—but I *should* like to know what became of Mrs. St. Helens!

If laws had been promulgated to recompense good actions, as they have been established to punish crimes, the number of the virtuous would surely have been more increased by the attraction of promised benefit, than the number of the wicked are diminished by the rigor of punishments with which they are menaced.

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Original.

MASKING AND UNMASKING;

OR, THE BARONET'S SECRET.

BY F. A. DURIVAGE.*

"The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman."—*King Lear.*

CHAPTER I.—THE FARM HOUSE.

THE Castle of Elinwood stood in the midst of a wide and valuable domain in one of the northern counties of England, and was a place of great antiquity, maintained by its different possessors in a state of perfect repair. From time to time, various architectural additions had been made to it, but all these were executed in good taste, so that the antique and Gothic character of the original pile had not degenerated, at the period of our story, the events of which occurred during the reign of Charles II., of virtuous and moral memory. Like most of the old castles and strongholds in northern England, it was the scene of many strange tales and amazing traditions, all of which were duly credited by the honest yeomanry of the district, and, related by some garrulous old crone or gossiping village-attorney, formed the staple amusement of the winter evenings and Christmas holidays. Foremost among these legends and most religiously believed, was the story of a certain familiar or Demon visitor, said to make his appearance at midnight to each lord of the castle on the day of his taking possession. A certain quaint hand-bell was preserved at Elinwood, fashioned in the shape of a grim-cup—or rather in that of the Father of Evil himself, the clapper to which represented that singular elongation of spine, which forms so characteristic a feature in the *personel* of the Fallen Spirit, and is duly delineated in all the portraits of his sable majesty. This bell, it was averred, was always rung by some fatality on the night on which the heir took possession, and its tintinnabulary summons was as invariably answered by the presence of the spirit. Whether his mission was for good or for evil was unknown: but the fortunes of the lords of Elinwood fluctuated like those of all other families, and the ignorant and superstitious failed not to attribute them to the caprice of the Demon of the Castle.

At the point where our story commences, the Lady Adelaide Armitage, and her lovely and accomplished daughter Mary, a girl just blooming into womanhood, had received a peremptory summons to quit the castle—which the former had considered her's, together with other possessions, in virtue of her marriage with General Sir Albert Armitage, an accomplished gentleman and soldier, who had served with distinction in the civil wars,—been honored with the favor of his royal master on his restoration, and brought home to Elinwood in triumph the beautiful wife he had married in Flanders during a tedious exile, which he bore with the firmness of a man. He was not permitted, however, long to enjoy the delight of wandering with his wife and daughter among old remembered scenes of his native country, for a few months after his return, an insidious disease undermined his constitution, and he was laid to rest beside the bones of his ancestry, with martial pomp and music, amidst the tears and regrets, not only of his heart-stricken Adelaide, and his loving and lovely child, but of all his friends and tenants. This event was the commencement of all the cares and troubles of his widow, whose life had hitherto been one of sunshine and joy, but who now found herself, in the first months of her mournful widowhood, compelled to encounter the hostility of certain relations of her late husband, who laid claim to her property, and forthwith instituted a suit against her to obtain it. They grounded their demands on the alleged fact that Adelaide l'Alberg had never been married to Sir Albert, and they challenged her to adduce legal evidence. None such, however, was forthcoming—no marriage certificate could be found among the papers of her late husband, and when she sent to the village where she had been wedded, she found to her dismay, that the little Lutheran church, in which the ceremony had been performed, had been destroyed by fire, together with all its records. The vast estates which were theirs by right, accordingly passed away from the widow and child, by a formal decree of the law, and they were ordered to depart forthwith from those venerable walls which she had been so long taught to consider their inalienable heritage. A property of small value, which she had inherited from her father, was all that remained to Lady Armitage in her native country, to which she now proposed retiring. This terrible change of circumstances, would not, however, have sufficed to bow down the serene and uncomplaining spirit of the lovely and unfortunate lady—but it pierced her very soul to think that she was now, in the eyes of the world, a degraded being, shorn of her fair fame, and able to transmit to her poor child—her adored Mary—only a heritage of shame.

It was a gloomy autumnal day—that in which the bereaved pair—the widow and the fatherless girl, looked their last on Elinwood, and betook themselves to a small farm-house, occupied by a humble friend, Dame Ashton, a tenant of the estate, from whose roof they were to depart by night to a neighboring sea-port, thence to embark for Rotterdam in a small packet. They were accompanied to the farm-house by a strange attendant—a rustic mechanic by the name of Walter Mortmain—a mason by trade—whose story was enveloped in a web of mystery. He was a coarse, but hardy and jovial fellow, who, some four years before, had been a very gossip in his speech, a roystering blade at village fairs and wakes, and a very boon companion at the ale-house. I forgot to mention that Lady Armitage and her daughter were absent from the castle on the day which proved fatal to its lord. He had, for some days previous shown such decided symptoms of improving health, that the physicians pronounced him wholly out of danger, and the invalid had compelled his wife and child, who had both been constant watchers at his bed-side, to accept the invitation of a lady who resided a few miles from Elinwood, to pass the day at her house. During their brief

* *Note.*—The author is indebted for the frame-work of this story to *Les Mémoirs du diable*—a French vaudeville.

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absence, his disorder took an unfavorable turn, and they were summoned back in haste, but arrived only in time to close the eyes of the sufferer in death. Walter Mortmain had been with him in the scene, and it was supposed that the sudden death of his patron, to whom he was singularly attached, had affected his reason, for. from that time he had given utterance to no other words than "yes," and "no;" had forksaken his old haunts and his old companions, nor could the entreaties and remonstrances of his wife, extort the least explanation of this strange and sudden change in his habits and demeanor. His countenance was still as intelligent as ever, though a shade of care had fallen on it, and though his current appellation of Walter, the Mason, had been changed into that of Walter, the Idiot, by popular consent, the judicious few shook their heads whenever his name was mentioned, or his figure came in sight. Somehow or other, the village wiseacres attributed his conduct to the agency of the Demon of Elinwood. One thing was apparent—his attachment to the Armitage family was unchanged—he was always lurking round the castle, and whenever a group of his townsmen were discussing the long-pending lawsuit, involving the fortunes of the widow, Walter was always a greedy listener, answering, whenever he was appealed to, with his customary "yes" and "no." Such was the escort under whose guidance the ladies reached the farm-house, where they received a welcome from Dame Ashton, and her son Roger, the young man who was to accompany them to the sea-port, in the capacity of their servant. The evening of that day was tempestuous and rainy, and, as the hour for the departure of the ladies approached, the terrors of the night were increased by heavy thunder and incessant flashes of lightning. All of a sudden, there came a tremendous peal—the door was blown wide open by a furious gust of wind, and standing without, revealed in the broad blue glare of the lightning—appeared two figures—one, that of a stranger—the other, Walter, the mason. The former waved a farewell to his companion, then hastily entered the house and closed and barred the door.

He was a young and handsome man, with long dark locks, worn after the Cavalier fashion of the day. His broad-leafed hat, which he lifted from his dripping curls, was graced by a crimson plume. Flinging his black cloak upon a chair, he disclosed a rich crimson dress, slashed with black satin, and daintily embroidered with gold; his throat and wrists were graced with ruffles of costly lace; but he wore high and heavy horseman's boots, with huge heels and spurs, and a broad buff belt sustained a pair of pistols and a rapier, the indispensable accompaniments of a travelling gentleman of that period.

"Good evening, ladies," said the uninvited guest, in a pleasant and manly voice. Unpleasant weather, is it not?"

"Who are you?" asked Dame Ashton, who first mustered courage to address the stranger, "that comes into farm-houses at such a time of night, without asking by your leave, or *with* your leave."

"Farm-houses—or castles—night or day—'tis all the same to me," replied the stranger, with a merry laugh. "I am one," he continued, more after the manner of a person speaking to himself, than of one addressing his companions; "accustomed to make a reception for himself. By virtue of that habit, I will take a seat in your chimney-corner, my good dame." Saying which, the gentleman suited the action to the word, and seizing a poker, commenced a very scientific research into the glowing embers. Perceiving Roger, Dame Ashton's son, watching his motions attentively, he called out to him:—"Ho! there, sirrah! Bring another billet of wood here—for the love of heaven, do something to make yourself an useful since you can never be an ornamental member of society. Ah! there's a blaze, indeed. Glorious! Well, well—I deserved it—eight hours hard riding, over rascally roads that completely broke down the best hunter that ever followed a hound. But I forget myself—" he added, drawing back from the fire. "Am I so unfortunate as to terrify these ladies?"

"I must confess, sir," said Lady Armitage, "that your sudden appearance somewhat disconcerted me."

"I beg a thousand pardons," said the cavalier, in an earnest manner. "Fear nothing, madam—nothing from me—from any:—Heaven watches you—when I have succeeded in dissipating your fears—your distrust—we will converse in a friendly manner. Meanwhile with your permission, I will warm myself, for it is colder here than where I came from."

"Never was a truer word!" shouted Roger, involuntarily as he thumped the table with his huge brown fist; but he turned deadly pale, as the stranger, whose attention was attracted by the remark, fixed his black penetrating eyes upon him, and smiled with a peculiar meaning.

"Put on more wood, my sagacious friend," said he; "the young lady trembles, I see."

"Not from fear," murmured Mary.

"You see, madam," said the stranger, rising, "that I am unused to good company, and have yet its manner all to learn. But I mean well, madam—and if, as I think, I can materially serve you—I will cheerfully afford you all the aid in my power."

"You, sir?" exclaimed Lady Armitage, in a tone of astonishment and incredulity.

"Ay, madam, I came not here by chance, but on your account."

"On my account?"

"Yes, Lady Armitage."

"You know me, then. And pray, sir, who are you?"

"Did I inform you, madam," replied the stranger, with a half-suppressed sigh, "you would not have the least confidence in me; and to enable me to serve you, I must exact a blind reliance."

"Such a feeling is rarely inspired at first sight, sir," replied the lady.

"I am aware of it, madam," returned the cavalier, "but, permit me to ask you—what do you risk? On

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your side you have nothing to lose—on my part I offer every thing to gain."

"My law-suit, sir?" inquired Lady Armitage.

"Nay, that is lost beyond redemption. But I have other means of serving you—means of my own."

Here Mary drew her mother aside, and said in a low voice, "I know not why, dear mother, but this young gentleman seems, in my opinion, to merit the confidence which he requires."

"I cannot," replied the lady, "place implicit confidence in a stranger. Sir," she continued, raising her voice, "before we proceed further, I must request to know your name."

"I will not hesitate, madam," replied the cavalier, "if you insist upon it. My name is Robert. Some," he continued, fixing his eye upon Roger as he spoke—"some call me—Robert, the Devil—excuse me, ladies, but such is the fact."

Roger clasped his hands together in silent horror, convinced, now, that the evil spirit of Elinwood was before him.

"Robert! what a pretty name!" said Mary, half aloud. "You think so, Miss Mary?" asked the stranger archly, catching at the exclamation of the girl.

"What! do you know *my* name?" cried Miss Armitage.

"Yes; by *heart*," responded the courteous cavalier.

"Sir," said Lady Armitage, somewhat sternly, "do not lead us to imagine that you are willing to sport with our painful situation. Once more, who are you?"

"Have I not told you frankly?" replied the cavalier: "do you exact farther confidence on my side? Call me—think me what you will—I am your protector. The key to this enigma will be given you, at the expiration of one month—in the Castle of Elinwood. And now, on this spot—before I re-commence my wayfaring, I will, in a few moments' private conversation, state to you the terms which will enlist me—heart and hand—in your cause.

This was the signal for the withdrawal of Dame Ashton, Roger, and the young lady, the latter remaining just without the door of the apartment.

"We are alone, sir," said Lady Armitage, "permit me to request you to be brief."

"Will you accept my services?"

"Your conditions?"

"Hear them. But let me forewarn you that I am one of an exacting spirit. A most iniquitous sentence has deprived you of your property—your name—your social standing. I pledge myself to restore you all at the expiration of the present month, on one condition—the hand of your daughter."

"The hand of my daughter!" exclaimed the lady. "Your arrogant demand compels me to insist upon an answer to my former question—who and what are you?"

"I belong to a good family—but let that pass. Reflect upon your circumstances, madam—bankrupt, houseless, your very fame assailed! By me you will be restored to wealth—to honor—will you do nothing for me in return?"

"Give back to me my fair name," said the lady, "and I will pray for you on bended knee. Give back the priceless reputation they have despoiled me of—and take back the wealth you recover—the castle of Elinwood itself is yours—but my child——"

—"Cease, madam," said the stranger, proudly, while a slight flush mantled his cheek. "Am I doomed to misconstruction? You offer me money—I ask for woman's love."

"Then, sir," said the lady firmly, "let this conversation end—I have listened too long to your extravagancies."

"And refuse me, madam," asked the stranger, mournfully.

"Positively."

"*And I accept you.*" These words struck upon the ear of the desponding cavalier, charming his senses like the sweetest music. And Mary of Elinwood, stealing to her mother's side, radiant with blushes, smiled upon him like a celestial vision.

"Yes, mother," said the girl, earnestly? "Yes, sir stranger—I believe in you. Restore name and fortune to my mother—overwhelm her enemies with shame—and then come back to us in triumph,—and my hand is yours."

The cavalier touched the fingers of the girl, and bowing low over them, raised them lightly to his lips.

"I ask but one month," he said, "to execute my projects—to secure triumph. Behold," he added, flinging his cloak about him, "I am even now ready to depart on my mission."

By this time, Dame Ashton and her son, curious to learn the result of the interview between Robert and Lady Armitage, had returned to the apartment.

"I am anxious, sir," said Lady Armitage, "to learn by what means you propose to succeed."

"That, madam," answered the adventurer, "must remain for a short time a secret—but I will tell you all in a month's time, at the Castle of Elinwood, in the presence of your false and avaricious connexions. With your permission, and that of Mistress Ashton, I will take yon lad to London with me—he will be useful."

"Certainly," replied the lady, "I am perfectly willing to transfer his services to you."

"And I have no objection," said the dame.

"Dullard!" said the cavalier, "take up thy baggage, and deposite it in the conveyance. I must have thee with me, to point out the persons of those who have plundered and outraged this suffering lady—lout as thou art. Madam," he added, "before leaving you, permit me to confide to you this portfolio;" and he placed the article in the hands of Lady Armitage.

"They contain," continued our adventurer, "papers that I dare not carry with me in my perilous enterprize—since, were they taken from me—or even should you lose them, madam,—all would be lost—oh! lost, beyond all hope."

"But, sir," said Lady Armitage, "are they not of a nature to compromise me, as well as my child?"

"Fear nothing of that sort," replied the adventurer. "Should you open the port-folio, regard the seal upon

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the papers sacred—at least, until the eventful month has expired. If I do not then return—and that will be because I have failed, and fallen—I authorize you to read the papers—and—and," he continued with emotion, "to select an advocate more fortunate than myself. Ladies—farewell—let hope and confidence be your companions. I will restore your rights, avenge your wrongs—or die for you, happy in that event, since failure would take from me all that I live for, the claim to the sole reward I value."

A wave of the hand—a smile and bow—and he was gone with his companion.

"Is this a dream?" said Lady Armitage, "an illusion? This strange adventurer—the promise of my daughter's hand—can all this be real?"

"For my part," said Mary, cheerfully, "I feel confident he will fulfil all his promises."

"This port-folio," muttered the lady, "doubtless contains the solution of the mystery. I will open it."

"No, no, mother," interposed the daughter—"he forbade its being opened."

"I think not," said Dame Ashton. "He only requested that the seal of the papers inside should not be broken."

"Oh! I will respect the seal," said the lady—"but one word—a single word—would relieve me, in part, from the cruel anxiety I suffer."

"Well then, mother," said Mary, bringing the lamp from the table, "let us open the port-folio—but respect the stranger's papers."

The lady eagerly opened the port-folio—and took thence a sealed packet, on which was written a single line. With a faltering voice she read aloud:—"THE DEVIL'S DIARY."

A crash of thunder broke over the farm-house roof. Mary shrieked and dropped the lamp, and total darkness reigned throughout the room.

CHAPTER II.—THE MASKED BALL.

A princely mansion in one of the most fashionable squares of London, gleamed with lights, and resounded with music and revelry, on the occasion a mask ball given by a baronet of wealth and distinction—Sir John Fleming, at which his family relations and numerous friends, comprising a wide and brilliant circle, were present in full costume.

Sir John Fleming was one of the heirs who had recently come into possession of the estates of Sir Albert Armitage, who had, in fact, formerly resided in this very house, and the present entertainment was given in order to convince the corrupt fashionables of the court circles, that, by their lavish hospitality, the selfish heirs were fully entitled to the award of the law. Sir John was a man past the middle age, whose principles, at least his political ones, were supposed to be somewhat chameleon-hued, but whose external manner had all that high finish and elaborate refinement so necessary in a courtier of Charles, the second's time. In league with him a near connexion, a sharer of the spoils, and presentalso at the ball, was Captain Etherege, a selfish man, a miser and a gourmand—a little fat oily man, some forty years of age. To his share had fallen the castle of Elinwood. Colonel and Lady Saint John, the former a roystering cavalier in youth, and now a boon companion, the latter, "fair, fat and forty," a magnificent woman by universal consent, both of them great gainers by the law-suit, lent their presence to the ball, and assisted the bachelor, Sir John, in dispensing the hospitalities of the evening.

The guests were dressed in a variety of fancy costumes, but all were masked in the closest manner. Conspicuous among them, was a very gentlemanly representative of the Prince of Darkness, in appropriate costume. This fallen angel was the life and soul of the evening, for he sustained his character with infinite spirit, and made a deal of mischief. He seemed to know the name and private history of every body present, besides, there was something in his style and manner that struck all observers as new and original. Was he the being he professed to imitate? His knowledge and malignity would seem to argue that he was. At any rate, the universal consent of the guests conferred on him the respectful title of *Monsieur le Diable*.

Among the ladies present, were two, who, unlike the rest of the company, wore dominoes in addition to their masks, and as a more perfect disguise than fancy dresses to their persons. We might make a mystery of these unknown characters, but we prefer to confide their secret at once to our readers; they were Lady Armitage and her daughter. The former had come to London on what some might deem a sentimental mission, to endeavor to recover the miniature of her late husband, which her rapacious relatives had inhumanly refused to restore to her, though she claimed it as her personal and inalienable property. She had procured, through the medium of a faithful friend, a card of invitation to the ball, and, as all the rooms in the mansion had been thrown open, she had made her way to a certain boudoir, where she had recognized the treasured miniature hanging over a mantle-piece. The necessity of this episodical explanation will be apparent to the reader in the course of this chapter.

Let us return to other characters. In a richly-draped alcove, sat the representative of the Prince of Darkness—*M. Le Diable*, with the lovely Lady Saint John.

"This *tête-à-tête* is useless, sir," said the lady. "I know before-hand what you would say to me."

"Impossible," replied the *Diable*.

"Wedded to my duties, I turn a deaf ear to the love-suits of the gallants of the court."

"But, madam, I am no court gallant."

"Who are you, then?"

"*Le diable, ma belle dame, comme voyez*. I assure you, moreover, that I have not the remotest thought of making love to you."

"On that condition, then, I grant an audience."

"I would speak to you," said her companion, "not of the present, but the past. I would speak to you of the former kindness of Lady Armitage. I would speak to your heart, madam, in the name of her rights, so basely trampled under foot."

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"How, sir!" cried the lady, "was it for this you drew me from the ball-room?"

"Yes," said the mask. "My heart bleeds for Lady Armitage. I came to London to restore that lady to her rights, and by all that's holy, they *shall* be recognized."

"Her rights indeed!" repeated Lady Saint John, with a scornful laugh; "*her's!*—the rights of an adventuress."

"The rights of one as far above you, madam, as the star above the valley. A blameless child—a stainless wife. I know her story well—and *yours*. Approach nearer," he added in a lower tone. "I will tell you of a lady, young, beautiful—the pride of her father's heart, who fled with a nameless and ruffianly fellow—wedded him in secret, and became a mother under the cloud of mystery. She deceived her trusting father, and who, after her first husband, abandoned almost as soon as known, had died in a ditch, *dared* to receive the addresses of an honorable cavalier, and never had the frankness to avow to him the story of her secret folly.'

"Spare me!" said the lady.

"I have proofs of all," continued the stranger; "letters from yourself—a settlement upon a nameless boy—all, all, madam, recorded in the *Devil's Diary*; and I will make them public unless—"

"Mercy! mercy! I will grant every thing you wish."

"The restoration of Lady Armitage's property?"

"Yes, yes, all that you ask."

The stranger professed his perfect satisfaction, and then, leaving the lady, sought out Captain Etherege, who was impatiently counting the minutes that divided him from Elysium—the supper-table. He drew the captain apart.

"Have you nothing on your conscience, sir!" was the singular salutation of the stranger.

"Nothing, sir," replied the portly captain, somewhat fiercely, as he laid his hand upon the hilt of his rapier.

"Not even *truffles?*" pursued the stranger, in a low hissing voice.

"*Truffles!*" faltered the captain.

"Truffles—truffles, sir," repeated the representative of the Evil Spirit. "You see I know you, captain—all your early history—all that transpired in your exile. Permit me to repeat an anecdote. There were two misers at Toulouse in 16— no matter for the year. One was an Englishman. I shall not name him—the other a Frenchman—an octogenarian, one M. de Terras. Both were rich—both gluttons. Congeniality of disposition brought them together. In an unhappy hour, M. de Terras made a will in favor of his English friend. From that hour the latter entertained designs upon his life. He resolved various projects for the accomplishment of his ends, and one night the Englishman compelled his friend to eat an enormous quantity of truffles—the next morning the victim was no more."

"Impossible! Incredible!" exclaimed the captain. "I will always maintain that the host is a calumniated character—an injured Amphitrygon."

"I thought so, at first," said the stranger, "but a little circumstance substantiated the fact. The victim had time to write to his attorney—'Sir, that rascal has killed me with champagne and truffles, for the sake of my estates. My will is in his favor, but here is a codicil which renders it void, and gives my property to my relations.' Ha! ha! ha! Capital, isn't it?"

"But it is untrue!" roared the captain.

"Fact, upon my word," said the stranger. "The man of business suppressed the codicil, I know, but it is in my possession."

"Yours?" exclaimed the captain, recoiling.

"Mine. The heirs of M. de Terras are no more, but by means of this document, I can wring from *you*, Captain Etherege, the property you withhold from Lady Armitage. You see I have you in my power. *Do* you accede to my terms. Will you give back the spoils."

"Will you give up the codicil?"

"In eight days—at the castle of Elinwood."

* * * * * *

We shall take the liberty of listening to part of a conversation between our friend Robert, (for all our readers are perfectly well aware that the mischief-making Mask was no other than that gentleman,) and Sir John Fleming.

"It is useless to deny, Sir John," said Robert, in reference to something that had just fallen from the lips of the host, "that you are expecting a foreign embassy from the government."

"Well, sir, what have you to say against it?" inquired Sir John, haughtily.

"One word of mine could crush your dearest hopes," replied the other with equal hauteur. "Have you done nothing—no act—which, if once known and trumpeted abroad, would blast your expectations?"

"None, sir," cried the baronet, fiercely.

"My memory is far less treacherous than yours," said the Mask, sneeringly. "I recollect as well as if it were yesterday—*your first embassy*. When the royal army was in the field, you were sent on a delicate mission to one of the parliamentary leaders. You betrayed your trust for gold—the royal forces were defeated, and, had justice been awarded you, you would have dangled from a gibbet!"

"Vile calumniator!" cried the baronet, furiously. "I dare you to your proofs."

"I will produce them, sir," replied the mask; "they are in black and white—in the *Devil's Diary*. There, sir, is registered your traitorous letter to the Round Head leader—and here, sir," continued the mask, producing a paper, "is an authenticated transcript of that letter."

"Powers of mercy!" cried the baronet, "who are you? But whoever you are—give up these damning proofs, and name your reward."

"Full restitution to the Lady Armitage."

"I accept your terms. When will you give me up the letter?"

"In eight days—at the castle of Elinwood."

"I will be there," replied the host, and the mask left him.

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"Who can he be?" muttered the baronet. "No matter—unless a stranger, a few moments will decide—for at midnight all my guests are bound to unmask. The hand is almost on the hour. Patience! patience!"

* * * * * *

Mary of Elinwood was standing in an alcove, lost in revery, when hasty footsteps fell upon her ear, and her mother stood before her.

"My child!" exclaimed Lady Armitage. "Here is your father's miniature." And she displayed the cherished treasure. "But I fear I have been seen. Let us fly from this house. I fear not disgrace, for I have but rescued my own property, but, oh, I fear these heartless wretches will deprive me of it."

The young lady shared the apprehensions of her mother, and the guiltless but agitated pair were preparing to quit the ball, when the voice of Sir John was heard exclaiming in a loud and angry tone—

"Guard all the doors. Let no one pass upon your peril there!"

In a moment, Sir John Fleming and his guests made their appearance in the great saloon.

"A theft!" exclaimed Sir John; "and in my house."

"Yes," replied Etherege. "A female mask was seen to enter the boudoir, and possess herself of the miniature set in diamonds, which hung above the mantle-piece."

"It is true," cried Lady Saint John. "The miniature was taken, but the diamonds are untouched."

"The culprit will soon be disclosed," exclaimed the host. "The hour of unmasking has arrived. 'Tis midnight!"

Before the last stroke of the clock had died upon the ear, the guests had all unmasked, with the exception of Lady Armitage and her daughter. A crowd gathered around Robert, who obeyed the order, but no one present knew him. He was still a man of mystery to them.

"Well, ladies," said Sir John, coldly, addressing the two masked females, "are you afraid we shall be dazzled by the radiance of your charms?"

"Remove your masks!" cried several voices.

Mary uttered a faint exclamation. She was unknown—unsuspected by Robert, yet there was something in her voice that appealed to his heart. He stepped to her side.

"Fear nothing, ladies," said he; "you are in the house of Sir John Fleming, who will permit no scandal to disgrace it."

"Sir," said the baronet, "I wish to gain information on the subject of a robbery."

"A robbery!" exclaimed Robert, scornfully. "If I heard rightly, a miniature was taken, but its costly setting untouched. This is no robbery—'tis an affair of the heart—one of those secrets a man of gallantry would scorn to probe—at least, in public."

"What right have you to meddle in this business?" exclaimed Colonel Saint John, pressing forward.

"Back, there," cried Robert, sternly. "I take these ladies under my protection; they shall receive no injury while I am present. They were not aware of the regulations of our host—nor shall they yield to requisitions so uncivilly expressed."

"We shall see that," retorted the colonel.

"You shall see it," rejoined the stranger. "I will answer for these ladies."

"And who are you yourself?" cried the colonel, in huge contempt.

"Ask that question of your lady," replied the stranger—"of Captain Etherege—of Sir John Fleming himself. In eight days I will answer every thing in the castle of Elinwood. Ladies, here is my servant—entrust yourselves to his care, and make good your retreat. I will cover it, and guard this door, and swear to Heaven that no man shall pursue you."

"Now, gentlemen," exclaimed Saint John, "let us make an example of this scoundrel."

"What! twenty against one," cried the stranger, "is that your chivalry? But let me tell you, gentlemen, *I* have my friends and backers."

As he spoke these words, he drew a brace of pistols from his vest. The swordsmen retreated in dismay. The stranger fired his pistols in the air, and when the smoke curled lightly upward, he was gone.

CHAPTER III.—THE KEY TO THE MYSTERIES.

We do not seek, like many story-tellers, to tantalize our readers, by keeping them from the *denouement* of our marvellous though veracious history, and shall therefore hasten to bring it to a close. Lady Armitage and Mary, after effecting their escape from the masked ball, repaired, as speedily as possiblee, to the castle of Elinwood, there to await the arrival of their deliverer. Day after day rolled heavily away, and at length that on which they were taught to expect the developement of his mystery, yet still the stranger did not make his appearance. On the morning of the eventful day, however, Roger arrived. He brought ill tidings, for he reported, to the inexpressible grief of the ladies, that, on the morning after the masked ball, Robert had been discovered, and received a dozen challenges in consequence of his conduct at the masquerade. He accepted them, and left Roger, full of hope, but charging him, in the event of his not returning, to repair to Elinwood, and authorize Lady Armitage to make any use she saw fit of the redoubtable papers given to her charge. While Lady Armitage was yet plunged in grief at the reception of this unwelcome news, she was annoyed at the announcement of guests from London—and Sir John Fleming, Captain Etherege, Colonel and Lady Saint John, were ushered into her presence. They came prepared to treat with her for the purchase of the dreaded "diary" which contained so much that it was all-important for them to suppress.

Quitting the presence of these persons, always hateful to her sight, and particularly now, in a moment of overwhelming misery, Mary sought refuge in the great stone hall of the castle, where she sat down beside a table, and endeavored to collect her thoughts. On that table lay the famous hand-bell which bore so conspicuous a part in the traditionary history of the lords of the

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castle. Almost unconsciously she touched the bell—the mysterious stranger instantly appeared, and, before she could utter an exclamation of surprize, clasped her to his heart.

"Tell me," she cried, when a few words had been exchanged, "are you well—are you uninjured?"

"I was wounded, but, thank Heaven! I am here in time. Perhaps I was too chivalrous to espouse the cause of two unknown ladies."

"Had you no suspicion who they were?" asked Mary.

"None whatever."

"You perilled your life, dear Robert, for my mother and myself."

"Is it indeed so?"

"You have acted nobly," continued Mary—"while I have to ask your pardon for a fault committed. Curiosity prompted me to look at the Diary. I did not break the seal, but a loose sheet fell out. Your name attracted my attention—can you pardon me for reading it?"

"Your curiosity was but too flattering," replied Robert.

"I return you the paper," continued Mary, handing her companion a MSS. sheet. "It contains nothing to your disadvantage. If it did, I should discredit it, after your generous—your noble conduct."

"We are lost!" cried Lady Armitage, rushing into the hall in tears. "My friend!" she cried, after warmly welcoming Robert, "I fear even you come too late. The mercenary and base wretches who have pursued me so relentlessly, have consummated their evil deeds. I was alone—with your precious papers in my hand, when they burst in upon my privacy, seized the MSS., and committed them to the flames."

The countenance of Robert fell. "All is indeed lost!" he cried, "yet stay—let me examine this precious sheet." He perused it attentively, and his countenance brightened. "Lady Armitage," he cried, "the indiscretion of your daughter was providential. Here is a clue to the mystery. When your husband died, he had a servant—a counsellor—a confidential friend; where is he!"

"Walter, the Mason, who was always prowling about the castle, appeared in the hall as these words were uttered.

"The poor idiot!" said Mary, in a low voice, looking at him with a compassionate expression.

"The idiot!" repeated Robert. "Honor—reputation—fortune—depend on him. It is a fragile hope, but we must try. Walter! my honest friend! who called you? Do you know me?"

"No," replied the idiot.

"I am a friend of the family, and enjoy the confidence of Lady Armitage. You are called Walter Mortmain, the mason."

"Yes," replied the mechanic.

"You remember your former master, Sir Albert Armitage."

"Yes."

"You were with him in his last moments."

"Yes," replied the mason, mournfully.

"He confided to your trust a secret of importance."

"Yes," replied Walter, looking attentively at the questioner.

"Money? Papers? A deposite to keep?"

"No," replied the idiot.

"To carry to some one?"

"Ha! A mason! a thought strikes me," said Robert to the ladies. Then addressing the idiot, he asked—"To wall up?"

"Yes," replied the mason, quickly.

"In the cellar?"

"No."

The agitation of Robert was intense. "Sir Albert said to you," he continued, "Walter, take your tools: you took your hammer—your trowel—your plaster, and he carried you to a certain part of the castle. Here my memory fails me; will you refresh it?"

"No!" replied the idiot, sulkily.

"I know well," continued Robert, impatiently, "that Sir Albert charged you to confide the secret only to a person who would repeat four words agreed upon between him and you."

"Yes," said the mason, with a look of surprize.

"I knew these four words, but I have forgotten them. Sir Albert told me to repeat them to you. But he is dead."

"The hateful "yes" was again repeated by the mason, but in a tone which indicated deep grief.

"All which belonged to him, belongs to his widow and his child?"

"Yes."

"Will you disclose to them the hidden treasure?" asked Robert. "See—they demand—they beg it of you."

"Yes, yes, Walter," cried Lady Armitage, with clasped hands and streaming eyes.

"Walter looked fixedly upon his mistress, and heaving a deep sigh, while the big tears coursed down his brown cheek, answered, "No."

"Oh!" exclaimed Robert, "what a cruel thing is probity without intelligence. I almost despair. But hear me, Walter; you will not reveal the place where the treasure lies concealed; perhaps it is your intention to appropriate it to your own use."

It seemed as if all the blood in the body of the mason rose to his head, as he fixed his fiery eyes upon his questioner, stamped his foot, and shouted—"No!"

"In vain you deny it," said Robert. "And the law shall compel you to speak out."

"No," replied Walter, doggedly.

"Does nothing appal you? nothing move you?"

"No! no!" replied Walter, as he withdrew from the hall, slowly shaking his head.

Robert was in despair. He had bore up against every obstacle and difficulty—against danger, and deadly hostility, but he was completely baffled and disheartened, and replied to the inquiring looks, rather than the words of Lady Armitage. "Now, madam, we may say with truth, that all is lost."

"Not all," said Lady Saint John, entering the hall,

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as the young man gave vent to the expression of his despair. "Lady Armitage, and you, sir—do not believe me an accomplice of the odious treachery just perpetrated. I renounce my portion of the estate surrendered to me by the law."

Lady Armitage had not time to reply, before the relatives and connections of her late husband made their appearance, and she saw Sir John Fleming preparing to address her.

"Madam," said the baronet, "the relatives of him you call your husband, are loath to permit you to live in want, and have determined to present you with no less a sum than £6,000 in the legal currency of this realm."

"Sir," replied the lady, proudly, "I reject and scorn this offering of your pity. The law may ruin—but never shall man possess the right and might to humiliate the lady of Elinwood—the wife of General Sir Albert Armitage."

"You never were his wife," said Captain Etherege, insolently.

"Scoundrel!" exclaimed Robert, "you know that assertion to be false."

"What does the gentleman observe?" inquired the captain superciliously, "what! is the Prince of darkness still here? I thought his 'occupation gone.'"

"Does my presence trouble you?" asked Robert.

"Not at all. I am only surprized at your assurance. The tables are turned, *Diavolo*—and your famous 'Devil's Diary' has been very appropriately committed to the flames. What a pity to put an end to your fine-spun romances!"

"I shall appeal," said Robert, "to the tribunal of justice."

"How?" cried the baronet.

"I will tell you, sir," replied Robert, his courage rising with the emergency. "I will support my suit with a thousand arguments—the love of the country for this noble family—the devotion of all who have approached it. Lastly, I will show this sheet, mysteriously rescued from the fate that overtook its fellows. Oh! do not tremble yet a while. This leaf proves nothing—says nothing against you, but it will testify to the reality of the Devil's Diary. And they will believe me, when I say that diary contained the history of your life, and the proofs of your crimes—that these proofs were collected by an old man who, master of your secrets, wished to abuse them to obtain the estate you coveted yourselves. I will tell all, gentlemen, and I shall be believed, for my words will carry conviction with them. I shall be believed when I declare that the Diary was written by a man who knew you all—by your attorney—*Capias, the honest man.*"

"Say it again!" shouted Walter, the mason, who had been an attentive, though unobserved listener to the preceding conversation, and who now rushed forward. "Say it again—those are the very words—the very words!"

Astonishment was pictured on every countenance; the face of Robert lighted up with joy.

"Walter!" cried he, "I say them once again. *Capias, the honest man!*"

"The very words!" repeated Walter. "The general, my master, sent you; I can speak out now; my master from on high permits it." And he fell upon his knees, and crossed his arms devoutly on his bosom.

"My good friend," said Robert," may I *now* demand the treasure?"

"Ask any thing you will, sir, "replied the mason, rising; "I am bound to obey you. You have spoken the words. Bring me a sledge-hammer," he cried. Roger speedily placed the tool in his hand. "Oh," continued the mason, addressing Lady Armitage, who had remained an astonished auditor and spectator of what was passing, "if you knew what it has cost me to keep my master's secret! But I swore to him to speak no other words than 'yes' and 'no,' 'till the hour and the man should come. And so they called me idiot—and lunatic. Away, there!" he cried with sudden energy, as he swung his hammer on high, and motioned all to stand aside, while he approached the large armorial 'scutcheon that projected from the stone wall."

"What would you do?" cried Sir John Fleming, as the mechanic poised his hammer in the air with both hands, and fixed his eyes on the 'scutcheon—"Break down our family arms? I will not suffer it."

"Stand back!" shouted the mason—"either you or the 'scutcheon falls—choose!"

The baronet recoiled, and the heavy hammer fell on the elaborated carving. The first blow shattered it, and disclosed an opening in the wall, from which the mason drew a casket and a roll of parchment.

"A treasure!" shouted Captain Etherege. "Notes! gold! papers! they belong to the heirs."

"Away with you," growled the mason, elbowing the captain aside, and approaching Robert.

"Here, sir; take them. You gave the signal—they are yours.

"Gentlemen," cried Robert, addressing Sir John Fleming and his relatives, "your reign is over. Here is Sir Albert's marriage certificate. Take it, Lady Armitage—be happy. And now, ladies and gentlemen, a word about myself. You took me for the Evil One——you were not far wrong—for I *am* a poor devil—of an attorney's clerk—the clerk of Capias—who executed the declaration of your dying friend, Captain Etherege—he was cognizant of the details of your mission, Colonel St. John—he acted as an agent for each one of you, and registered your secrets in the hope of making money by them."

"I'm off to London!" said the captain.

"So am I," said Colonel St. John.

"And so am I," observed Robert. "My task is ended. If I have done any good, I will not spoil it by claiming a recompense far—far above my deserts. Lady Armitage, I release you from your pledge. Forgive me for having dared to raise my eyes to one so far above my rank. Station, wealth fling a halo round yourself and your lovely daughter—I am poor and humble—farewell—for ever!"

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He dashed his hands across his eyes, and turned to depart.

"Hold!" said Lady Armitage; "would you rob us of the pleasure of expressing our heartfelt gratitude?"

"A place in *your* memory—a thought, perhaps a tear, sweet Mary of Elinwood," faltered forth the young man—"is all I dare to ask." He would not trust himself to speak more. His foot was already on the threshold—Mary touched the magic bell.

A cry of joy burst from the lips of Robert. He sprang to the side of Mary, caught her hand, raised it to his lips, then turned inquiringly to Lady Armitage. Could she refuse?

The feastings and rejoicings that took place in the castle of Elinwood, on the occasion of the marriage of the young pair, it is not our province to record—nor the after happiness of bride and bridegroom—for we leave these matters to the imagination of our readers. But if any matter-of-fact person desires an authentic record, he must make a pilgrimage to Elinwood, slip a *douceur* into the hand of the old gentlewoman who displays the wonders of the castle, and bribe her to grant access to the archives of the family.

Original.

CUPID AND DEATH.

BY JOHN BROUGHAM.

YOUNG Cupid, one morning, with quiver well stored,
Fluttered forth, upon wickedness bent;
Right and left his insidious love-messengers poured,
And hearts by the hundred were shamefully scored
To the mischievous archer's content.

'Till at length he encountered King Death on his way,
Whose arrows more fatally flew.
In vain did the emulous urchin display
All his arts; his companion still carried the day,
For his shafts were like destiny, true.

Boy-Cupid, enraged at the other's success,
Invoked cousin Mercury's aid;
Who, having for mischief a talent no less,
Changed their quivers so featly that neither could guess
Such complete transformation were made.

The result, up to this very day you may see,
For when *very* old folk feel love's smart,
Cupid's arrow by Death surely wielded must be.
And when youth in its loveliness sinks to decay,
Death's quiver doth furnish the dart.

VIRTUE IS BEAUTY.

HEAR, ye fair daughters of this happy land,
Whose radiant eyes the vanquish'd world command,
Virtue is Beauty: but when charms of mind
With elegance of outward form are join'd;
When youth makes such bright objects still more bright,
And fortune sets them in the strongest light;
'Tis all of Heav'n that we below may view,
And all but adoration is your due.—*Young.*

Original.

THE COUNTRY COUSIN.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"LANSINBURG! who should write to me from Lansinburg?" said Mrs. Harley, examining the post-mark of a letter which had just been handed her.

"Probably, Mrs. Hatton, your cousin," replied her husband.

By this time she had broken the seal, and glanced at the name of the writer.

"You are right," she replied, "but why Mrs. Hatton should write to *me*, I cannot imagine."

She ran her eye over the contents, and then with a smile, which certainly was not expressive of pleasure, informed her husband and daughters, that they were going to be honored with a visit from Gertrude Hatton, Mrs. Hatton's only daughter.

"When?" inquired Letitia and Clarissa, both in a breath.

"Next Wednesday, the day before we are going to have our party."

"How provoking," said Letitia, "to have a country cousin obtrude herself upon us at such a time. We shall, I suppose, be obliged, at any rate, to permit her to exhibit herself."

"Yes, if her dresses be made in the fashion of the last century," said Clarissa, "and her complexion, owing to exposure to the sun, be as dark as an Indian's."

"I cannot imagine what put it into Mrs. Hatton's head," said Mrs. Harley, "to think of sending her daughter here on a visit."

"Because I requested her to, I suppose," said Mr. Harley, "when I called at her house, last summer."

"Oh, I remember now," she replied, "that you thought it necessary because you had business at Lansinburg, to honor your wife's cousin by a call."

"Then you have been there, papa," said Clarissa, "did you see this cousin Gertrude?"

"Yes."

"And did she not appear extremely awkward?"

"About as much so, as you and Letitia, I should think."

"Now, papa, you are joking."

"Of course, he is," said Mrs. Harley, "but, for my part, I think it too serious an affair to joke about. If we had not sent cards of invitation, we would give the party up."

Mr. Harley made no remark, but, as he rose to leave the room, a smile might have been seen lurking in his merry black eyes.

"Do stop one moment, papa," said Clarissa," and tell us how she looks."

"I am not very good at description," he replied, "and as she is to be here next Wednesday, you can then, judge for yourselves."

"I wonder if she will come in the stage?" said Letitia.

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"I should not wonder," said Clarissa, "if she should obtain a conveyance in some neighbor's market-cart."

"It will not do for us to spend any more time talking about it," said Mrs. Harley, "for it is now time for us to go to the dress-maker's. She said she should have a fresh supply of elegant trimmings, and Letitia must give her final orders respecting her dress."

"To-day is Wednesday, is it not?" said Letitia Harley to her sister.

"Yes, and papa says that the stage from Lansinburg arrives at four o'clock. It wants only five minutes of four now. I hope there will not be any thing about this cousin of ours so very queer, for if there be, as you know my risible faculties are extremely excitable, I shall, as likely as not, laugh in her face."

"I shall feel too much vexed to laugh," replied Letitia.

"We must all endeavor to do the best we can," said Mrs. Harley.

"True to the minute," said Clarissa, looking out at the window. The hand of the clock is just upon four, and there the stage comes whirling along as fast as the horses can carry it."

By the time the stage drove up before the door, Letitia and Clarissa had both contrived to so shelter themselves behind the window curtains, that they could see without being seen.

"That is she, I'll be bound," said Clarissa.

"Which one do you mean?" said Letitia.

"The one that has on that old leghorn hat, which looks as if it had gone through half a dozen ablutions, and seems a fair candidate for a seventh. Would you believe it, she has not a bit of a glove on, and her hands are as large and black as a ploughman's."

"She is preparing to alight, sure enough," said Letitia. "No, I am mistaken—she is only making room for some person to pass her."

"And a girl with beautiful black eyes,—complexion like a lily, and one of the most delightful little bonnets I ever saw, has risen, as if she imagined she had arrived at her journey's end," said Clarissa.

"Is it possible that can be Gertrude Hatton?" said Letitia.

"It must be," replied Clarissa, "for she has got out of the stage, and the driver is taking off a trunk. Papa might have described her to us, and then I should not have been so shocked at the sight of that old leghorn and those great black hands."

By this time, Gertrude was on her way to the parlor, preceded by a servant, who had received orders, that should a female arrive in the stage, let her appearance be ever so ordinary, by no means to wait on her into the kitchen. Gertrude entered with a graceful, though timid air, while a rich color, the effect of excitement, glowed on her cheeks. She was certainly somewhat embarrassed at meeting with her stately aunt and stylish cousins, but with a figure of perfect symmetry, and with manners devoid of the slightest affectation, she could not appear awkward. When she laid aside her bonnet, her long, profuse hair, somewhat discomposed by her journey, and which wore the same rich gloss of the raven's plumage when glanced upon by the sunbeam, might have excited envy in the bosoms of even her fair cousins. Mrs. Harley discovered at once, that in the room of the anticipated foil, her daughters stood in danger of a rival, and she began to recollect, that Gertrude's mother had been one of the most beautiful and elegant girls of her time, as well as the most highly educated. Under the direction of such a mother, Gertrude's education was not likely to be neglected, and it was in truth much superior, in many respects, to that of Letitia and Clarissa. It is true that she was not acquainted with the usages of polished society as it exists in the city, but the home-circle to which she was accustomed, was refined and intelligent, and to one like her, who seemed to possess an almost intuitive perception of what was just and proper, there was little danger of committing any gross violation of etiquette, or of transgressing any conventional rule.

Although Mrs. Harley had been on terms of the closest intimacy with her cousin, during their girlhood, she renounced all intercourse with her after marriage, she having had the good fortune to secure for her husband a man of wealth, while the narrow income of Mr. Hatton made it necessary for him and his wife to be content with the comforts of life without aspiring to its luxuries. Mr. Harley, being naturally of a social and friendly disposition, and thinking Mrs. Hatton, now a widow, might be in straitened circumstances, resolved, at the time business drew him to the town where she resided, to call on her, and if possible ascertain if pecuniary assistance would in any shape be acceptable. A glance at her neat and even elegant establishment satisfied him that none was needed, and in the course of conversation she informed him that her husband, several years before his decease, had very unexpectedly received a handsome legacy from a distant relative. They parted with feelings of mutual esteem and good will, but not 'till he had exacted a promise from her that she would permit Gertrude to come the next September and spend a few weeks with them. It was with considerable reluctance that she promised to comply with his request, but Gertrude, with those fond anticipations of youth which paint new and distant scenes in such fairy colors, expressed so great an eagerness to go, that she could not find it in her heart to deny her. Mr. Harley was restrained by motives which he did not care to minutely analyze, from mentioning that Gertrude had engaged to make them a visit. He probably, however, had a presentiment that the intelligence would not be very graciously received, and preferred to have the storm burst at once, without the intervention of a series of premonitory clouds. For particularly desiring Gertrude's visit, he had a motive of his own, which he cherished with a good deal of fondness, for she had particularly struck his fancy. He had wisely determined within himself, to let things take their own course, naturally concluding they would be the more likely to turn out according to his wishes. These may be surmised from a conversation between him and his wife the evening after Gertrude's arrival.

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"I am surprized at your indiscretion," said she, "in inviting Gertrude Hatton here to make a visit. Before seeing her, I was alarmed lest we should have occasion to blush at her rusticity, but now, a much more formidable cause of alarm awaits us."

"What is it?"

"I wonder you should ask. Are we not expecting Edward to-morrow, and do you not see that it will occasion the derangement of all our plans to have a girl possessing so much personal beauty thrown in his way?"

"*Your* plans, you should say."

"I am willing to have them attributed to me," she replied. "I am proud of being the author of any plan which will effect a match between our only son and the young heiress."

"You call her young out of courtesy I suppose, for she is at least, six years older than Edward."

"Well, it is not necessary to tell her exact age, for by candle-light, she will pass for a person half a dozen years younger than she is."

"But I defy even candle-light to make her look handsome, with plenty of pearl-powder and rouge into the bargain."

"Now, why need you allude to such trifles. It is the privilege of our sex to endeavor to make ourselves agreeable to yours. I hope you will not think of mentioning such a trifling circumstance to Edward."

"By no means. I think his eyes will serve him in that respect, the same as mine did me."

"A person would imagine by your remarks that you thought the hundred thousand dollars to which Miss Hammons is heiress, is a paltry consideration, as well as her being connected with some of the first families in the country. If we can only bring about a marriage between her and Edward, it will be the means of introducing us to those families, which will undoubtedly result in our daughters' being eligibly situated for life."

"Edward may do as he likes," said Mr. Harley, "I shall not seek to control him, but if I were in his place, I would rather marry Gertrude Hatton without a cent, than Sucky Hammons with a million of dollars."

"How can you talk so. A person might think that a man of your experience would hold beauty at its just value."

"And so I do. I would give nothing for beauty without amiability. But I must say that it is a refreshing sight for eyes even as old as mine, to look at such a beautiful and innocent face as Gertrude's. To me it affords a pleasure similar to looking at a fine picture."

"One thing I must say," said Mrs. Harley, "and that is, I shall consider it very unkind of you, if you should endeavor to promote a match between our son and Gertrude."

"I shall do no such thing. I wish him to act according to his free, unbiassed inclination. If he prefer Sucky Hammons——"

"Now husband don't call her Sucky—her name is Susan, and Edward dislikes the name of Sucky."

"Susan Hammons then. As I was saying, if he prefer her above all others, I am willing he should marry her, but I do not wish him to bind himself to her for life, for the sake of her hundred thousand dollars, for I can give him twice that sum myself."

"But her connexions—I think more of those than I do of her fortune, because, as I have already mentioned, it will be likely to prove the means of settling our daughters eligibly."

"I should take as much pleasure in having them well settled as yourself, but I do not wish our only son to sacrifice his happiness for their advantage."

"There is something I wish you to promise me."

"Well, what is it?"

"That you will refrain from pointing out Miss Hammons' defects."

"I will do more than you require—I will take every opportunity to praise her."

"No, no," replied his wife, seeing a smile lurking at the corners of his mouth," I had rather you would be silent."

"Just as you say," he replied, resuming the newspaper he had laid aside at the commencement of the conversation.

Edward Harley had been absent from home a long time, engaged in the study of the law, for he thought with his father, that should the wheel of Fortune take a sudden turn, it would be best not to be thrown upon the world without any resource. He had now finished his studies, and on Thursday, was expected in the morning cars. It was in honor of his return, that the splendid party, which had been projecting a number of weeks, was to take place in the evening. Thursday arrived, and at the appointed hour a carriage drove up before the door. The next minute Edward was in the hall, receiving the warm and eager welcome of his parents and sisters.

"Ah, Edward," said Mr. Harley, after the first warm gush of feeling had subsided, "time which is stealing from me, is dealing bountifully with you. I could scarcely have imagined that a year would have so much added to your good looks. I hope the mind has kept pace with the goodly exterior"

Gertrude, who had remained behind in the parlor, had a good opportunity through the open door to observe the looks and demeanor of her cousin, and "how much better I like him than his sisters," was the thought that thrilled her heart and was almost murmured by her lips. It might indeed have been difficult to have selected a young man so well formed in every respect to strike the fancy of a girl like her. A noble figure with one of those finely shaped heads that a sculptor would select for a model—a broad brow, white and clear, shaded with hair rich and as intensely black as her own—dark, intellectual eyes, at some moments almost spiritual in their expression, and a superb mouth with its somewhat haughty curve, which he could exchange at will for smiles the most fascinating, constituted an *ensemble* which realized the picture often presented to her imagination in those moments of revery, which in the retirement of her own sweet home she could indulge unchecked. He entered the room gaily chatting, when

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suddenly his eye fell on Gertrude. He checked himself and bowed to her with an air of considerable embarrassment, for whatever confidence station, joined with personal advantages might conspire to give him, his late secluded life together with his close communion with Coke and Blackstone, were not of a nature to put him at ease in the presence of one possessing the queenly, yet half timid beauty of Gertrude Hatton. His father hastened to introduce her to him, and it was one of the most delightful moments of his life, when his lips touched her cheek, rich with the hues of health and pleasing excitement.

As soon as something like order was restored to the domestic circle, his mother informed him respecting the party, and that there was a rich heiress in town, whose connexions were among some of the first people in the country.

"She is very intimate with Letitia and me," said Clarissa. "You will have an opportunity to see her this evening, as she will be to the party."

"Is the party mother has been speaking of, to be this evening?" said Edward.

"Most certainly," replied his mother. "All your old friends are desirous to see you, and we could do no less than to make arrangements to gratify them."

"I should have preferred spending the first evening after so long an absence from home, by ourselves," said he, "but as you have decided otherwise, I must submit with as good a grace as possible."

"Do you think," said Mrs. Harley, addressing her eldest daughter, "that Miss Hammons will accept Mr. Winthrop, should he propose?"

Letitia turned a look of inquiry towards her mother, for knowing that Mr. Winthrop had not the least idea of proposing to the lady in question, she did not, at first, comprehend her meaning. A hasty but expressive look which her mother directed towards Edward, afforded the requisite explanation.

"I don't know," replied Letitia, "but that she may possibly accept it, but she is so extremely fastidious, that I think Mr. Winthrop will hardly suit her."

"Do you mean Harry Winthrop, my old chum?" inquired Edward.

"Yes," replied his sister.

"She must be fastidious indeed," said he, "if she would refuse him. Why, he is the finest fellow I ever knew—handsome, amiable, intelligent, intellectual.—I may as well break off first as last, for there is not an adjective in the English language expressive of any good quality that will not apply to him."

"For all that," said Mrs. Harley, "she may not fancy him."

"This Miss Hammons is very beautiful, I suppose," said Edward, "or she would not be so difficult to please."

"I cannot say that she is," replied his mother, "which to my mind is a decided recommendation. I never knew a beauty," and she looked towards Gertrude, "who was not both vain and selfish. But there is a certain charm about Miss Hammons that I cannot describe, which I hope will not fail to be apparent to you as to me."

"It will, unless you look in her strong box for it," murmured his father, half audibly, "for I am certain it is no where else."

Edward, without replying raised his eyes to his fair cousin, and thought that if there were a greater charm about Miss Hammons than her, it must indeed be indescribable.

Letitia and Clarissa were attired in due season in fashionable and very splendid dresses. Diamonds, which Mrs. Harley had persuaded her husband they ought to afford their eldest daughter, flashed amid the dark hair of Letitia, while the paler gleam of pearls shone among the light brown curls of her sister. The dress of Gertrude was India muslin of exceeding fineness, which floated in drapery, light as the fleecy cloud, round her exquisitely moulded form. Diamonds might not have been unbecoming to her style of beauty, but these she could not afford, and a few sprigs of the lily of the valley, wreathed with her jet black hair, constituted her only ornament.

Among those first to arrive was Henry Winthrop, and he and Edward were soon living over again their former days of companionship. Having nearly exhausted those themes of retrospective interest, they began to turn their attention to objects which were present.

"By the way, Edward," said Mr. Winthrop, as his eye glanced over the assemblage of beauty and fashion, "has that little country cousin your sisters told me they expected, arrived?"

"Oh, yes."

"But I see no one here, answering to the description they gave me of her."

"They probably gave you a fancy sketch, as they never had seen her."

"I hope her appearance does not realize their fears, for although they attempted to conceal it under a show of pleasantry, I found that they felt no little mortification at the idea of having a relation fresh from the woods take it into her head to visit them just in time to exhibit herself before Miss Hammons, the heiress, and other distinguished guests, who are present this evening. I believe they intended to make an attempt to induce her to seclude herself 'till the party was over, and I regret to find that they have succeeded, for, to confess the truth, I like occasionally, to refresh my eye with a forest flower, even if it be not of the most delicate kind."

Edward smiled at his friend's last remark, as he inquired if he were acquainted with all the ladies present.

"By no means," he replied, "for I have, as well as you, been absent from my native city. It is scarcely three weeks since my return, and I can count nearly a dozen faces that are new to me."

"Then," said Edward, "first informing you that this

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cousin of ours *is* present, I am going to set you—Yankee fashion—to guessing which she is."

"Agreed," replied Winthrop, and he commenced a careful survey of the figures and faces of those ladies who were unknown to him. "I have," he at length said, "selected two between whom I am unable to decide."

"Point them out to me," said Edward.

"You see yonder tall, red-haired girl with a face, if seen by day-light must display a profusion of freckles, and whose awkward figure has baffled all the skill of the dress-maker."

"Yes."

"That, may I think, be the right one, though I hope it is the other, for your sake and your sisters, if, as they told me, she is going to spend several weeks with you. Look at that pretty brunette with those bright black eyes, rosy cheeks, cherry lips, and teeth like two rows of pearl. Her figure, though by no means fairy-like, is remarkably good, and those pretty little feet, peeping from beneath the hem of her simple but tasteful dress, look just fit to press the emerald turf gemmed with flowers. You shake your head, as if I had not yet found the right one. I shall, however, whether she be your cousin or not, request an introduction to her—she strikes my fancy."

"Will you not try again?" said Edward.

"Perhaps we shall not find any better amusement," he replied.

"Let me examine more critically. I see," resumed he, after a short silence, "one very beautiful girl, a few that are pretty, and a number who are very indifferent looking, but surely, not one of them can be this cousin Gertrude, as your sisters call her. The air acquired by mixing in fashionable society cleaves too much to all of them."

"Is there not one exception?" said Edward, as his eyes rested upon Gertrude.

"Why, *that* girl would do for a princess," said Winthrop. "Her eyes, for all they are veiled so timidly beneath those long, drooping lashes resting on cheeks that seem just about to blush, can, if occasion call, flash right keenly, I will be bound, and that mouth, beautiful as a rose-bud beginning to bloom, can, I have no doubt, curve as haughtily as even my friend, Edward Harley's. Why, she is the one bright star of the whole assembly, and my pretty brunette the one sweet flower. The star for you—the flower for me—that is, if we can win them?"

"Edward," said Letitia, who at this moment approached them, "why have you not sought to be introduced to Miss Hammons? she has been here this half hour."

"All in good time, Letty," he replied, giving her his arm.

The watchful eyes of his father, mother, and it must be confessed, of Gertrude, were upon him at the moment the introduction took place, and although he offered her the arm which his sister had relinquished, in order to join those who were promenading the brilliant apartments, the smiles that beamed in the eyes of Mr. Harley, and which he, with difficulty, prevented from visiting his lips, the momentary frown that knit the brows of Mrs. Harley, and, above all, the shade of solitude, which, like a cloud, flitted from the face of Gertrude, might have truly indicated to an observer, acquainted with the secret wishes of each, the impression made upon his mind by Miss Hammons, the heiress. She soon found that, although she retained his arm, she could not fix his attention, and she moreover perceived that a Mr. Grant, who was a bachelor of forty, and consequently, near her own age, directed frequent glances towards her, which made her imagine that it would be by no means disagreeable to him to take her partner's place. Mr. Grant, though far from being handsome, was rather a comely looking gentleman, and was in possession of a very good estate. All he needed was a wife and a little ready money. It is not improbable that while he was revolving these wants in his mind, and the best means of supplying them, he might direct his attention to Miss Hammons more steadily than he was aware. It was not long before she complained of fatigue, and Edward, much to the satisfaction of both, soon discovered an unoccupied seat on a sofa. He immediately sought Gertrude, whom he found in company with his friend Winthrop, and Althea Hilliard, the pretty brunette. Scarcely fifteen minutes had elapsed, when he felt a hand rather energetically grasp his arm. He looked round and beheld his mother.

"Do you forget," said she, "that there are ladies present, who should share your attention, that you so exclusively devote yourself to her?"

"One of them has, at least," he replied, "received a pretty good share of it. I wandered from room to room with Miss Hammons, 'till she was almost dying with fatigue. I am happy, however, to find that she has so soon recovered, for see, she goes yonder with Mr. Grant, and they seem highly delighted with each other."

"Certainly," replied his mother. "Miss Hammons is far too well bred to appear otherwise than pleased with a person, especially an elderly one, like Mr. Grant, who presumes to claim her attention. But I know what her taste is."

Edward smiled as if he thought that he likewise knew—offered his mother his arm, and told her he was ready to be introduced to any lady she chose.

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Four months had elapsed since the evening of the party, and autumn had long since gathered up its robes, and departed to give place to winter. It was one of those still but keen and brilliant evenings, which makes exercise grateful in the open air, and within doors the glow of a clear, sparkling fire extremely comfortable, that two ladies were sitting together in one of the most pleasantly situated dwellings in Lansinburg. There was an air of comfort in their well-furnished parlor, which might often be sought in vain, in the splendid apartments of the city palace.

The eldest of the ladies, though rising forty, was still eminently handsome. Her dark hair, which appeared in front of a tasteful and becoming cap, and was

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smoothly parted over her serene and noble brow, was bright and glossy as in the days of her youth; and her fine teeth, still untouched by decay, preserved her mouth in all its original beauty of formation. Her appearance was stately and elegant, and every movement perfectly lady-like. She held some needle-work in her hands, but she frequently paused in her work, that she might give her attention more undividedly to some passages which her daughter was reading aloud from a favorite author. Although she read well, as a person possessing a sweet and musical voice, with a fine and highly cultivated taste ever must, it was evident that she did not surrender her whole soul to the enchanting page, as might have been expected from the imaginative and intellectual cast of her countenance. Suddenly she threw her book upon the table, and approaching a window, drew aside the curtain. The snow, which had partially melted beneath the beams of a meridian sun, and since congealed by the evening frost, glittered like jewels in the light of a cloudless moon, giving to the scene an aspect of cold splendor.

Gertrude smiled, though she evidently felt slightly annoyed at having exhibited any thing like impatience even in the presence of her mother. Dropping the curtain, she resumed her seat, and taking up some sewing, commenced plying her needle in a very calm and composed manner. It still lacked nearly five minutes of seven, when the merry peal of the stageman's horn came ringing by, and in a minute more the still merrier peal of bells filled the air with music. Suddenly all was silent.

"The stage has stopped at the hotel," said Mrs. Hatton, "and Edward will not come to-night."

The words had hardly escaped her lips, when the bells were again heard jingling, intermingled with the clatter of horses' hoofs upon the hard-beaten path. Nearer and nearer drew the sounds, and deeper and deeper grew the eloquent blushes upon the cheeks of Gertrude. The stage passed swiftly by—made a rapid and graceful turn, that the horses' heads might look towards their place of rest for the night, and then drew up before the door. Hardly a moment had passed, before Edward Harley was in the parlor with the white hand of Gertrude clasped in his own. He then turned to Mrs. Hatton, and the cordial and familiar manner with which she greeted him, showed that he was no strange guest.

What a world of enjoyment was crowded into that one evening. At first, their words were few, even those of Mrs. Hatton, for, like morning flowers, still heavy with the incense dropped from the skies, their hearts were too full of deep, rich feeling to find utterance in words. While Mrs. Hatton mingled the old memories which had long been garnered in her bosom, with the scenes of the present, Edward and Gertrude recalled the moment when, like the harp of the winds which slumbers 'till visited by the airs of heaven, their hearts gave their first thrilling music to the breath of love. Before they parted for the night, Edward ventured to express the wish, that in three weeks his marriage with Gertrude might be celebrated.

"It will be impossible," said Gertrude. "There are so many things to get in readiness, that twice that time is the least that can be thought of."

They finally agreed that her mother should be the arbitress, and she decided in favor of Edward.

It was not 'till the ensuing day, when themes of personal interest had become somewhat exhausted, that Edward informed them that Henry Winthrop and Althea Hilliard had ratified their vows at the altar, and that Mr. Grant—naturally careful and circumspect in all his proceedings—after having for a long time balanced the advantages and disadvantages likely to accrue from such measures, had finally proposed to Miss Hammons, and was accepted. "A consummation for which I should be most devoutly thankful," said Harley, "for 'till matters arrived at such a crisis, my mother daily read me the catalogue of the lady's good qualities, always winding up with certain hints, which I could not fail to understand."

It was a fine, clear morning—that on which Edward was to take his departure—the sunbeams glancing like golden arrows on the encrusted snow. They could see from the window, that the broad street that crossed the heart of the village, was full of life, and that among other moving objects, was the stage-coach just starting from the hotel. In a few seconds it was at the door.

"Three weeks, dearest Gertrude—three weeks," murmured Edward, "and I shall return and claim you as my own."

The words seemed yet breathing in her ear, when she saw that he had taken his seat in the carriage. One wave of his hand from the window, and then he was gone.

Mrs. Harley, when she found that the wedding day was really fixed, told her daughter, that although Edward might have made a much better match, she was determined to make the affair as respectable as possible, by lending it her countenance. Their father, she said, who had, from the first, been strangely infatuated with Gertrude, was resolved to witness the ceremony—that she, of course, should accompany him, and that, upon the whole, she thought they had better write to their cousin, and propose themselves for bridemaids. The girls highly delighted with the idea, immediately wrote, requesting an answer by the next mail. It was received, wherein their offer was very gracefully accepted, and the ensuing day was spent in selecting materials for their dresses.

The day appointed for the bridal, arose without a cloud. The preliminary arrangements met the approbation of all parties. Even Mrs. Harley confessed that they were in good taste. Mr. Harley could not refrain from expressing, in a low voice to her mother, his admiration of the lovely appearance of the bride.

"I don't know another girl within a hundred miles," said he, "that would make Edward so charming a wife, and to confess the truth, I am of the opinion that there are not many young men within the same distance who are in all respects equal to him."

"Our opinions do not widely differ as regards either," replied Mrs. Hatton, with a smile.

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Original.

A CANINE INCIDENT.

BY LOUIS FITZGERALD TASISTRO.

The march of intellect is a mighty capricious sort of movement, and, withal, rather troublesome to wait upon. Sometimes it creeps at such a "snail's gallop," that it may be supposed altogether at a stand-still. Sometimes it doubles on itself like a hare, and brings us back to some point, which we had hoped to have placed for ever at an immeasurable distance behind us: and sometimes it hurries forward with such gigantic strides, that individual industry "pants after it in vain." The last has for some years been the case with respect to the science of medicine, which, within the life time of the present generation, has (as parents say of their lubberly children,) "grown out of all knowledge." Not only have the various objects included within the study multiplied almost beyond the power of record to indentify them, but the subjective elements of the science, have assumed new forms and dimensions, under the piercing examinations of successive physiologists; and are daily acquiring greater importance with relation not only to medical science itself, but to many other branches of enlarged and philosophical inquiry. It is a melancholy fact, however, that notwithstanding the gigantic strides of science, and the myriads of new-fangled notions with which its possessors are entangled, innumerable diseases still continue to affect the human frame, for which no remedy has ever yet been devised, because they have never yet been understood. Among these, the most terrible in its consequences, is the Hydrophobia. The same ignorance of the subject, which characterized the darker ages still prevails; and its victims continue to be consigned to an untimely grave, without the least effort being made to save them. The following is but a sample of the hundreds of cases which occur yearly.

A few years ago, a large French dog, belonging to one of the officers of the 8th Hussars, then stationed at Portobello Barracks in Dublin, was observed to grow uncommonly surly, and attempted to bite at every dog he met in the streets: this change of temper in the animal was attributed by his master to his having eaten a quantity of meat which had been given to him highly seasoned with pepper. However, towards the evening of the day on which the change in the animal was perceived, he became at intervals outrageous, and bit his master and two more officers, who happened to be in the room: notwithstanding, his master was inclined to think it was done more in rude play, than any thing else; consequently, no measure was taken to secure him. That same evening, the dog was uncommonly ruffled; and whoever attempted to caress him, although he knew them well, he turned upon them and growled most savagely. The next day he was more violent, and furiously bit several dogs who crossed his way; still, unfortunately, no measure was taken to secure him, his master supposing nothing serious was the matter with him. On the evening of the second day, the dog was lying in his master's room, perfectly tranquil, when this unfortunate young man (who has fallen the victim,) entered: he remained in it sometime before the dog took any notice of him: when, suddenly he made a spring at him, seized him by the shoulder, and pulled him to the ground, and tore the arm down to the shoulder, and was with difficulty taken off him. A sergeant of the regiment happened to enter the room on duty, about this time; the dog immediately seized him by the leg, and tore away a considerable portion of flesh; he bit also two soldiers, one by the nose, and the other on the hand. Still the animal was suffered to remain at large, and even slept in his master's room by his bed-side, and licked his face repeatedly.

The following morning, the master of the dog began to feel some alarm, and as I had just dropped in to pay a casual visit, he asked me to go with him to examine the beast. I advised him to have him shot instantly, to which he agreed. As we were advancing towards the spot where he lay apparently at ease, he trotted up snapping at every thing which came in his way. As he passed close by me, I hailed him in a friendly tone, but he did not notice me. He then ran through the streets of Dublin,—bit a number of dogs and children, and was on the point of seizing a man, who fortunately had a hammer in his hand, with which he struck him on the head, and killed him. The tongue of the dog was immediately cut out on the spot by a physician, who, on examination, pronounced the animal to be in an advanced state of hydrophobia.

None of the officers and soldiers who had been bitten knew the decision of the physician: nor did they know of any ill effect having arisen to those who had been bitten. However, three dogs which had been bitten died in about six weeks, exhibiting strong symptoms of hydrophobia: the first child who had been attacked in the streets, subsequently met with the same fate. All this was kept secret, therefore no cause of alarm from report could have excited hydrophobic feelings in the unfortunate young man who has fallen a sacrifice; on the contrary, he was in high spirits, and applied for leave of absence to go and see his friends in Worcestershire, as he had some intentions of being married. He obtained leave: the Colonel thinking it might divert his attention, and he left us with the same flow of spirits.

During his absence all was forgotten: and those remaining who had suffered, (though not quite so severely,) recovered their cheerful habits. The period of leave granted to my poor friend having expired, he set out from his father's house, in perfect health, to rejoin his regiment. When he reached Birmingham, (this he told me a few hours before he died,) he said he had a curious taste in his mouth, which prevented him from relishing his breakfast as usual. However, it gave him no alarm, nor did he again think of it 'till he got to Shrewsbury, when he found himself suddenly seized with a most unaccountable aversion for food and drink when put before him, although he had felt both hungry and thirsty previous to his meals being served. He could not account for this in any way, but observed he was by no means alarmed, until he happened to call

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for a bottle of porter. When it was brought, he put it to his mouth, but the moment he had tasted the liquid, he dashed the glass from his lips, and spit the porter over the table, when the passengers all rose up and exclaimed he was mad.

This extraordinary feeling, of not being able to eat and drink, though he wished to do so, caused him some uneasiness, though he was willing to attribute the circumstance to the effect of a sore throat, and comforted himself under this idea. He proceeded by the coach to Holyhead, ruminating what could be the cause of this sensation, when the coach passed a small pond of water, the surface of which being ruffled by the wind, he immediately shuddered at the sight, and with a kind of horror he could not describe, hid his face with his hands: and for the first time, the dreadful idea of hydrophobia struck him.

When he arrived at Holyhead, he wished to wash before dinner, and called for water; when it was brought to him, and while in the act of putting it to his face, he screamed violently, threw the water about the room, and was convulsed for some time: the servant left the room alarmed. He then tried to clean his teeth, but could not get the brush into his mouth, on account of the water remaining upon it. The packet by this time was ready to sail, and he embarked. Poor fellow! while he was relating his sad tale to me, we were sitting together by the fire-side, he having just landed from Holyhead, which place he had sailed from the night before; consequently this was the third day only since his attack at Shrewsbury.

Before he began to tell me, on his arrival, of the symptoms he had experienced on his journey, he greeted me on our first meeting, with "How are you, my dear fellow? Here I am at last returned, but I fear with hydrophobia!" I affected to laugh at it, but was much shocked, and replied, it could only be imaginary: he said, it could not be so, for he thought he should have died coming on shore in the boat; he was so much affected at the sight of the water, that they were obliged to cover him, in order that he might not see it. He also observed, that if he had remained on board one day longer, he felt convinced that he should have died mad. I was still inclined to think there might be a great deal of imagination in my friend, and endeavored to persuade him to believe it: although I cannot describe the poignancy of my feelings at hearing him relate what he suffered at intervals since he had left Shrewsbury. In the course of our conversation, some dogs began to bark in the barrack-yard: he sprang up suddenly from his chair, looking over my shoulder, and said in a tremulous and hurried manner—"dogs!" If I were to live a thousand years, I should never forget that moment,—something struck me so forcibly that the poor sufferer would die, that I was afraid to meet his eyes, fearing he might discern signs of alarm in me!

Soon after this little incident, he was in the act of pealing an orange which we had persuaded him to try to eat, as he had taken nothing since he rejected the porter at Shrewsbury. He had hardly taken off the rind, and applied a small piece to his lips, when he became greatly convulsed, spit out the orange, and gave an inward scream that filled me with terror and dismay. When he recovered himself, he burst into a fit of laughter, and said—"There! was not that like the bark of a dog?"

A physician of some eminence in Dublin, soon after made his appearance. As soon as he entered the room, the poor fellow apologized to him for having given him the trouble to come, as he thought he had symptoms of hydrophobia, but believed it was only the effect of a sore throat, therefore would give him no further trouble. He appeared to catch at any thing which might give hopes of life. We were very anxious to learn the decision of the physician on his leaving the room; upon inquiry, he pronounced his death to be inevitable. It is unnecessary to describe the state of our minds on receiving this melancholy news—to know that our ill-fated friend, with whom we were then conversing—to all external appearance, in perfect health and apparent spirits, was to be numbered with the dead in a few hours, was deeply—terribly distressing.

The doctor added that he was in an advanced stage of hydrophobia, and that bleeding him copiously, in order that he might die easy, was the only thing that could now be done for him. I remained with him some time, conversing about various things that appeared to please him, and his spirits retained all their buoyancy and cheerfulness. On leaving him, I asked him when he intended to dine at the mess: he replied he could not make his appearance at the table that day, but he thought he should be able to do so in a day or two, when his throat was better. After he was bled, he felt relieved, and expressed a hope that he might be able to drink water by the next morning. Some time after, in the course of the evening, he appeared at intervals rather wild and confused, and told an officer to get out of his way, or he would bite him. Afterwards he became more tranquil, and sent his compliments to one of the married ladies of the regiment for a prayer-book; but begged that it might not be mentioned, or he should be laughed at.

About midnight he became very violent, so that three men could scarcely hold him; he afterwards recovered a little, and fell into a kind of slumber, which was disturbed by his springing up now and then, and crying out, "Do you hear the dogs?" he also imagined, at times, that he barked like a dog. He requested he might be left alone about one o'clock in the morning—his servant, only, remaining in the room, when, in about ten minutes, he looked up at the man quite calm and collected, and said, "he regretted that his mother and sisters were not with him." He then prayed a short time, turned himself round, burying his face in the pillow, and expired without a groan—such was the melancholy end of one of the finest young men in the British service.

As it is the chief concern of wise men to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of philosophy, it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition.—*Addison.*

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Original.

THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER;

A TALE OF TRUTH.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

It was one of Fanny Kemble's first nights in ———; for more than an hour before the rising of the curtain, the house was filled to overflowing, and expectation had arisen to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. Grey-haired men, who had witnessed the marvellous powers of a Siddons, and eager youths, who had only heard from tradition of the gifted queen of tragedy, were alike impatient to behold the creature of her lineage, on whom the mantle of inspiration had so recently fallen. The stage-box presented a spectacle illustrative of the universal interest excited. It was filled by a group of gentlemen who had arisen from the table of a fashionable hotel, and, as diverse in nation as they were in character, had yet been united by the one single bond of curiosity. There was the American, with his colorless cheek, and the eager face of habitual enterprize,—the Englishman, fat, rubicund, and comfortable,—the restless, mercurial Frenchman,—the sallow, saturnine Spaniard,—the dark Italian with his keen eye and delicately curved lips,—the fair-haired German, with grave and thoughtful look,—all were there,—all alike inspired with interest for the young and gifted actress.

"It is a scene of great excitement," said the Englishman, as he looked down upon the sea of upturned faces which heaved in the pit below him, but I was once witness to a *début* which exceeded every thing I have ever since beheld, inasmuch as the mimicry of passion was changed into its fearful reality."

Curiosity was at once excited, and yielding to the solicitations of those around, the gentleman, after consulting a watch somewhat smaller than a tea-plate, in order to ascertain the number of minutes which his story might be allowed to occupy, settled himself in the attitude of a narrator and they began:

"When I was a boy, one of the best of our stock actresses in genteel comedy, was Mrs. Bradford. She was a woman of extreme beauty, and of such refined and elegant manners, that it was generally believed she had belonged to a far higher class in society than that in which she now ranked. She was in truth the youngest daughter of a man of wealth and family, but an imprudent attachment to one of those brilliant but worthless individuals, who think their talents are an ample compensation for a total deficiency of principle, had led to a clandestine marriage, which at once banished her from her father's home and heart. Proud, high spirited, and devoted to her husband, notwithstanding his vices which embittered her existence, Mrs. Bradford sought not to regain the favor of friends. Her beauty, her talents, her inimitable power of voice, were allowed to decide her vocation, and while her sister was sitting amid peeresses of the realm, she became the admired of all beholders, in the mimic pageantries of the theatre.

Though Mrs. Bradford continued to cherish the warmest affection for her worthless husband, yet the secret disappointment which doubtless preyed upon her heart had probably tended to encourage the growth of ambition. Where the affections are fully satisfied, the heart seldom craves the unhealthy excitements of fame, and the unsubstantial forms of public applause are rarely sought, though sometimes found *unsought*, by those who drink daily from the cup of domestic happiness. The pride which Mrs. Bradford took in her profession, was almost ludicrous. She seemed to consider the theatre as an epitome of the world,—the stage was as a magic realm, and they who could well act their parts within its charmed bounds, were actual benefactors to the gaping crowd beyond. Perhaps a vindictive sense of the injustice which had driven her from the rank in which she was born, led her to seek revenge in thus investing her new vocation with honors not its own. But whatever might have been the motives which originally impelled her, certain it was that she learned to look upon the successful actress as a sort of queen in her own right. Her exacting spirit, her indomitable pride, and her own keen sense of her own talents, were well known among her cotemporaries, while nothing but the certainty that none other could be found to supply the place of the versatile and gifted actress, induced managerial despots to tolerate her caprice.

Mrs. Bradford was in the full flush of beauty and fame, when the death of her husband released her from a yoke which all her tenderness could not prevent her from feeling to be often irksome and painful. She had borne with his ill-treatment patiently, and however overbearing to others, had ever been gentle to him who had been the evil genius of her life. But the love which can resist the fiercest blows of fortune may yet be destroyed by the slow undermining of daily, hourly unkindness, and it may be questioned whether a sense of relief from bondage did not mingle with the natural regret which swelled the heart of the youthful widow. Her only child, a daughter whose budding beauty was the admiration of all who beheld her, now occupied her affections, and the wasted tenderness of her nature seemed to have found a proper channel. More than one admirer aspired to the hand of the beautiful widow, but her heart had been too cruelly wounded to trust again in man's deceitful promises, and a cold and stern refusal was her only reply. She endeavored to make every one understand that they who sought her love must certainly meet with disappointment, while those who were content to share her friendship, might be sure of finding the most kindly and warm-hearted regard. Indeed, her conduct was looked upon as a model of propriety, and the temptations which usually assail a lovely and unprotected woman in such circumstances, seemed to pass like shadows from her path, leaving no trace of their transient presence. On the stage she was unrivalled in a certain class of characters. Her frankness of manners, her musical laugh, the flexibility of her pleasant voice, peculiarly fitted her for the higher walks of comedy, and Beatrice, the merry, warm-hearted Beatrice, one of the finest of Shakspeare's conceptions, was never so completely embodied both to the eye and ear, as when Mrs. Bradford personated her.

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Nina Bradford was entirely unlike her mother. Her features were far more regularly beautiful, her complexion was of the most dazzling purity, and her hair was of that rich golden tint which seemed almost to shed light around when the child flung back the curls from her snowy brow. But her face lacked the noble expression which dwelt in the dark, mind-lighted countenance of the Milesian actress. There was a fire in the death-black eye, and an intensity of feeling shown in the mobile features of the mother, which were entirely wanting in the calm still beauty of the child. The one was the carved alabaster vase—beautiful at all times, but doubly so when lighted from within; while the other was the faultless statue—perfect in its lovely proportions but wanting the Promethean fire which could alone inspire its lifeless excellence. But Mrs. Bradford saw no defect in a creature of such exquisite beauty; and without casting one regretful glance towards those guarded circles of aristocratic beauty which Nina's charms would have so nobly adorned, had not her mother forfeited her right to enter the magic precincts, the haughty actress thought only of fitting her to wield the sceptre which time would hereafter wrest from her own hand. From her very infancy, Nina was instructed in music, dancing and recitation, while nothing was neglected which could tend to ensure her future success. But Mrs. Bradford loved the child too well to expose her early to the dangers of such a career. Her education was conducted in the strictest privacy, the mother was her only teacher, and the most careful guard was set over every avenue by which vanity and folly might assail her youthful mind. Allowed to see the splendid pageantry of mimic life from the boxes only, she knew nothing of the coarse machinery by which such beautiful results are produced. She was even kept in ignorance of her mother's plans respecting herself, and thus, though surrounded by an atmosphere of evil, she yet passed the days of her happy childhood in purity and peace.

The children of gifted parents rarely possess the talent which characterized their progenitors, and still more rarely even when it exists, does it pursue the same channel. Nina was only one more added to the thousand proofs which the world has received of this strange truth. She was a fine singer, for she possessed a superb voice,—danced with exceeding grace, for this was one of nature's gifts,—recited with every proper intonation, for she learned by rote that which her mother repeated, —but she possessed few of those requisites which are essential to histrionic success. Extremely limited in her powers of comprehension, and timid to excess in her manners, unable to appreciate the true beauties of an author, and shrinking in almost awkward shyness from the slightest notice, modesty became in her rather an infirmity than a grace, and was likely to prove as fatal to her future prospects, as the weakness of her mind. But the fond mother saw nothing of all this. She only felt that she was hiding in the seclusion of her own heart a treasure which was hereafter to dazzle and delight the world, and the ambition which had so long actuated her life was now doubled in its intensity by the influence of maternal affection.

Nina had attained her sixteenth year, in happy ignorance of the destiny which awaited her, when a terrible misfortune befell her mother. During the performance of a splendid pageant of Oriental magnificence, (in which Mrs. Bradford had been induced to take a prominent part, by the opportunity which it afforded of exhibiting her beautiful person in a novel and becoming garb,) some of the machinery gave way, and she was precipitated through a trap-door with such violence that she was taken up insensible. Medical assistance was immediately procured, and it was then discovered that the injury she had received was a compound fracture of the hip-joint. Life might be preserved, but the skill of the surgeon could not reverse the doom which condemned the beautiful actress to perpetual lameness. To a woman like Mrs. Bradford, whose beauty had been her pride, and who had been wont to hear the plaudits of the multitude ringing in her ears from the moment she put her foot upon the stage, nothing could be more frightful than the prospeet of a long life spent in painful decrepitude. She was yet in all the bloom of ripened womanhood; she had not yet counted her thirty-fifth year—not a furrow was traced upon her brow, the frost of time had not yet faded her cheek, or dropped its hoariness upon her raven locks,—her form was still as exquisitely proportioned as in the days of her early triumphs, when the shouts of an admiring crowds greeted her every step:—and now, to be thus suddenly struck down like a crushed worm,—to become an object of pity to those who but yesterday were burning with envy,—to lie in helpless, hopeless suffering the remainder of a life which had now no end or aim, was beyond human endurance. She wept and raved until excitement of mind aggravated the fever of her frame, and ere long the existence, she had so despised, hung on the balance of a moment.

Nina watched night and day beside her suffering mother, and never did the purity and goodness of her nature more fully develope itself, than when thus ministering to the comfort of one so dear. It was Nina's first acquaintance with grief, and its effect was to increase the tenderness as well as the timidity of her character. Her mother had always been the object of her devoted affection, and now when she beheld her suffering tortures both of mind and body, she listened to her every word as if it fell from the lips of one inspired. Mrs. Bradford was not blind to her influence over the sensitive girl, and she determined to exert it in a manner which should compensate for her own misfortune. She had long since divined the repugnance which Nina felt towards any thing which could betray her into notoriety, and she therefore anticipated some opposition to her long cherished plans. But now, when she was prostrated by sickness, and could only look forward to a future of suffering and perhaps of poverty, she determined to win Nina's consent to the vocation which had been chosen for her. The woman of the world had calculated the extent of her daughter's affection with sufficient accu-

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racy. Nina was surprized and shocked at the suggestion, —she treated it as a jest, an attempt to test her vanity, but when she was forced to believe that her mother spoke in sober earnest, nothing could exceed her grief. Yet too timid for open resistance, she only wept in secret until her mother, tempting her by a fearful picture of future want and destitution which awaited them if she should resist her will, wrung from the poor girl a solemn promise to consider the stage as her future vocation.

Mrs. Bradford's recovery was exceedingly slow, for the turmoil of her feelings retarded the kindly operations by which nature was gradually effecting her cure. Months elapsed before she was sufficiently recovered to pursue her plans with respect to Nina, and the girl began to hope that they would yet be abandoned, when she was at length called to prepare herself for her formidable task. Whatever passions might once have ruled the heart of the still beautiful actress, all now seemed merged in the absorbing one of ambition. She looked on her own distorted and crippled form with a bitter pang, but the hope of placing Nina on the throne from which she had been hurled, soothed her wounded pride. The poor girl no longer offered any resistance to her mother's wishes. She submitted passively to the necessary studies and discipline, but the earnest purpose, the determined will, the self-reliance, the audacity which are requisite to carry an actress through the arduous scenes of a *first appearance*, were totally wanting. She prepared for her task sadly and almost hopelessly, even as one would turn with slow reluctant step to a journey which offered little to reward, but much to molest the traveller. Indeed, few persons could have been so utterly unfit for a vocation which, more than any other, requires boldness and force of character. The most decided trait in Nina's character, was timid gentleness, and the torrent of blushes which usually followed the simplest word she uttered, proved her incapacity for the part she had undertaken. The shade of domestic life, the unbroken privacy of home affections, the seclusion of simple womanly duties—such was the proper theatre for a quiet and feeble spirit like Nina. But the indecision and irresoluteness which formed part of her timid character, added to the influence of filial affection, kept her silent when the most perfect confidence could alone have been of service to her.

For months before the time fixed for her debût, the fashionable world had heard of the beauty and grace of the young and lovely actress. The misfortune of her mother was still fresh in the remembrance of all, and sympathy for her was mingled with interest in her successor. The usual hyperbóles of newspaper criticism had been exhausted in the attempt to influence public opinion. If they might be believed, the new aspirant was not only a model of perfect beauty, but also a most gifted and skilful actress. The example and precepts of her mother were said to have done the work of years on the ductile mind of the blooming girl, and as no one had been allowed to be present at any of her rehearsals, no one could dispute the truth of such assertions. That she was beautiful, every body could testify, and all play-goers were on tiptoe to behold the first appearance of a creature so doubly gifted. But all this flourish of trumpets—this prelude to the drama, which was to shadow forth her destiny, instead of encouraging, only tended to depress the spirits of the young debûtante. She was fully convinced that success lay not within her reach, and such a belief is always sufficient to paralyze the energies and weaken the efforts of even the most competent.

At length it was announced that the "young and beautiful daughter of our old favorite," etc. etc., would make her first appearance on a certain evening. Curiosity had been much awakened not only by the puffs of those who were most interested in her success, but also by the fact that not a single public rehearsal had been permitted to take place, and therefore even the most favored of stage critics were quite in the dark. The house was consequently crowded, the walls seemed literally lined with human faces, and as I sat in the stage-box, looking round on this congregated mass of humanity, I found myself speculating upon the effect which would be produced on the senses of the young girl when suddenly ushered into the presence of such a vast multitude. There are few things so fraught with that indefinable feeling which, when inspired by some grand and sublime object, we term *awe*, as the sight of a vast assemblage of human faces. I remember that the English opium-eater, amid the horrors of his mental tortures, describes one as exceeding all others in agony. It was the vision of a sea of faces, mopping and mowing at him, grinning in derision, scowling in fierce anger, —leering in idiot malice—wearing every variety of expressions, and tossing like waves beneath him. I never look down into the pit of a theatre without recalling, and shuddering involuntarily as I do so, the fearful vision. But to stand upon the stage of a vast theatre, and behold on all sides, the faces of eager expectancy—to see faces looking down from the galleries—faces meeting the forward gaze in the boxes—faces gazing up from the pit, is one of the most terrible sights on earth. The brain becomes bewildered—the swaying of the multitude grows into something like the surging of a mighty sea—the features of individual countenances become blended into an undistinguishable mass, and the eyes—the eager, earnest wild gaze of those myriads of eyes, are the only objects which yet glare out distinctly from the grotesque masques.

On the night in question, however, I was withdrawn from such general speculations by the glimpse of an earnest and still beautiful face, which I had noticed peeping from between the curtains of a private box on the opposite side of the theatre. I could not mistake the features of one whom I had so often seen with delight, and though she was still pallid from recent suffering, I saw much to admire in the faded loveliness of the once idolized Mrs. Bradford. Seated or rather reclining on the cushioned bench, her crutches placed within reach of her hand, while her altered figure was concealed beneath the drapery of a rich shawl, was the expectant and already half-triumphant mother. As I watched the alternate glow and pallor of her cheek, I

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was at no loss to comprehend her emotions. She had been almost maddened by the applause which, since her withdrawal from the stage, had been bestowed on a woman, whose total want of personal beauty destroyed all idea of rivalship, and who now reigned triumphant by the simple power of comic talent. She had been enraged at the idea of being so soon forgotten, and finding her place so soon filled in the affections of the fickle multitude. Her worst passions had been awakened by the fearful consciousness of her own blasted loveliness, and her present miserable decrepitude. She awaited the triumph of her child as her fullest and most complete revenge. Nina was destined to wear the crown which had passed from her head, and the mother, after attiring the young candidate for the awful ordeal, now sat to witness the perfection of her success. I could see Mrs. Bradford's impatient gesture as the overture slowly lagged along—I saw her sudden start as the curtain rose, and then my own interest in the young debûtante got the better of my sympathy, and I forgot to watch the agitation of the expecting mother. The part chosen for Nina, was that of Juliana, one in which her mother had excelled, and injudicious as such a choice might seem, it was usually considered as a proof of her exceeding merit, since it would scarcely have been selected had there been any doubt of her success. The public were not aware that it was only another evidence of the mother's insane and blinded vanity. At the first sight of her exceeding beauty, a burst of applause resounded through the theatre. Again and again was it repeated, as if to welcome and encourage the delicate and shrinking creature. But the very sound meant to inspirit, only served to terrify the excited girl. She trembled, and her lip and cheek were like ashes as the last faint echo died along the lofty roof. Raising her eyes timidly from the floor, they encountered that terrific wall of faces which I have before described, and as if under the influence of some horrid nightmare, she stood spell-bound and speechless. The business of the play commenced, but there she stood, gazing with wild, fixed eyes, out upon the scene beyond. There was something painful and yet ludicrous in her stiffened attitude and strange gaze. Those who understood the matter, were pained to the very heart, while the coarser spirits in the gallery, and the more selfish in the pit, uttered that fearful serpent hiss, which, to the actor, is worse than the viper's deadliest sting. As if the multitude had only waited for the signal to begin, the whole theatre was suddenly filled with that dread sound; at the same instant a shriek so loud, so shrill, so terrific that it was heard far above the voice of the hissing multitude, rang through the house, and as if that fearful cry had broken the spell which bound her, the young actress fell prostrate to the floor. The confusion that ensued, defies description. Nina was borne off the stage still insensible, but the shrieks still rang wild and shrill from her unhappy mother. She was in fierce convulsions, and her weight, her lameness, and her unnatural strength rendered it next to impossible to remove her from the theatre. I shall never forget the horrid sounds and scenes of that night. The multitude pushing, crowding, yelling, swearing, as they forced their way out of the crowded building, and Mrs. Bradford's frightful shrieks ringing louder and louder as the gradually diminishing sounds of busy voices, gave place to the hollow echoes of that most desolate of all places, a deserted theatre.

Mrs. Bradford died that night. The shock of her disappointment had been too severe for her enfeebled nerves, and on a sofa in the apartment which had formerly been her own dressing-room, she breathed her last sigh; thus dying in hopeless wretchedness amid the scenes of her former triumphs.

"And what became of Nina?" was asked by several voices.

"Strange to say, was the reply, "the circumstance which ruined her fortunes as an actress, was the means of ensuring her future happiness. A lady of well-known benevolence, struck with the excess of modesty so unexpectedly evinced in a daughter of the green-room, sought her out, and learning the sad event of her unhappy mother's hopes, became the kind and devoted friend of the unprotected girl. She took her into her own house, and when the natural grief of her recent bereavement had subsided, she became the companion and humble friend of her benefactress. The better qualities of her nature were developed, her kindly affections were properly cultivated, and the womanly tenderness and timidity of her character were taught their proper direction. Nina Bradford is now the useful and happy wife of a learned and respected country clergyman in the north of England, and few would recognize in her matronly self-possession, the timid debûtante—the actress of an hour.

(In the foregoing tale, only the name of the actress has been changed! The circumstaeces are strictly true, and occurred in England many years since.)

Original.

A HEART TO LET.

BY JOHN BROUGHAM.

To be let,
To be let at a very desirable rate,
A snug little house in a healthy estate.
'Tis a Bachelor's heart, and the agent is Chance,
Affection, the rent, *to be paid in advance.*
The owner, as yet, has lived in it alone,
So the fixtures are not of much value; but soon
'Twill be furnished by Cupid himself, if a wife
Take a lease *for the term* of *her natural* life.
Then Ladies, dear Ladies, pray do not forget,
An excellent Bachelor's heart's to be let.

The tenant will have a few taxes to pay,
Love, Honor, and (heaviest item,) OBEY.
As for the *good-will*, the subscriber's inclined
To have that, if agreeable, settled in kind;
Indeed, if he could, such a matter arrange,
He'd be highly delighted to take in exchange,
Provided true title by prudence be shown,
Any heart *unincumbered*, and free as his own.
So Ladies, dear Ladies, pray do not forget,
An excellent Bachelor's heart's to be let.

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Original.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF LOT WYMAN.

BY SEBA SMITH.

CHAPTER IV.

Containing some account of a diligent search, and a hair-breadth escape.

At the suggestion of parson Brown, as mentioned at the close of the last chapter, Mr. Wyman, with increasing anxiety, hastened back to the dwellings of several of the neighbors, to make fresh inquiries for little Lot, and to obtain assistance to go in search of him. During his absence, parson Brown, with Mrs. Wyman and Abigail, continued to explore the premises, high and low, and in every direction. They had examined the barns and out-houses with minute care; they had followed the by-paths across the fields as far as the edge of the woods in several places, at each of which they had made the woods ring with the name of Lot, or *Lotty*, when the call was made by Mrs. Wyman herself, who gave a wonderful prolongation to the last syllable, on a very high key, not unlike the crowing of a cock in the morning. Indeed, several of the fowls from the neighboring roosts, through mistake, answered the call, believing it to be the regular signal for day-break. These mingled cries waked up innumerable echoes round among the hills, and the echoes waked up Jonathan Rriggs and his wife, who had been a good half hour asleep in their little hovel, that stood in a little quiet valley between two of the aforesaid hills. Jonathan's residence was not on the main road, but was reached through a lane that went across lots, and stood about a quarter of a mile from Wyman's.

"I say, Darkis, did you hear that are?" said Jonathan, applying his elbow with considerable precipitation against the side of his better half; and we might in truth say, longer half, too, for Jonathan reached but six feet in height, while Dorcas went one notch, or about half an inch, above it.

"Hear it? yes," said Dorcas, with a little asperity in her tone, "but you needn't punch my ribs out."

"Nobody don't want to punch your ribs out," said Jonathan, gruffly, at the same time raising up his head.

"There 'tis ag'in," said he; "what do you 'spose 'tis, Darkis?"

"Why, it's the old rooster," said Dorcas, "over to Mr. Wyman's or Mr. Sumner's; I've hearn it two or three times; why cant you lay down and go to sleep?"

"No 'taint the old rooster," said Jonathan. "I heard the rooster, but there's somebody else hollerin', too."

With that, Jonathan drew himself up and left the bed. He walked across the floor, and would have looked out of the window, had there been such a commodity in the house, but as there was not, he opened the door and looked out at that.

"I say, Darkis," said Jonathan, "there's a light looks like a lantern moving about over towards Mr. Wyman's. What do you 'spose 'tis?"

"Well, I 'spos '*tis* a lantern," said Dorcas. "Do pray come to bed, and not be botherin' about the roosters and the lanterns."

At that moment the shrill sound of Mrs. Wyman's voice came rolling across the fields, bearing in prolonged notes the burden of Lottee-ee-e.

"There, by gracious," said Jonathan, "do you call that a rooster?"

"Yes, I do," said Dorcas; "Mr. Sumner's got one that crows jest in that way, exactly."

"So's your granny a rooster," said Jonathan, indignantly. "I tell ye, Darkis, 'tis Miss Wyman a calling Lotty; and the child's lost; come, get up."

"Gracious me," said Dorcas, "there's something or other always happening to that are boy; what an onlucky little toad he is."

Saying this, Dorcas gathered up her long limbs and came to the door and looked over Jonathan's shoulder. Just then the sound came again with a loudness and a distinctness that left no room for mistake.

"So 'tis," said Dorcas; "'tis Miss Wyman; less go over and see what's the matter."

They accordingly put on their clothes, and went down the lane and across the field toward Mr. Wyman's house. As they approached the door-yard, where parson Brown had just returned with his lantern, followed by Mrs. Wyman and Abigail, the parson chanced to raise his eyes in the direction where they were coming. They were on a little rising ground, and the obscure view he had of them, as he raised the lantern above his eyes, and looked from beneath it, seemed to give them the appearance of being ten feet in height, instead of six.

"Bless me! what is that?" said parson Brown, retreating hastily toward the door.

"It's only I and Darkis," said Jonathan; "don't be skeered."

"Oh, is that you, Jonathan?" said Mrs. Wyman, recovering from the little panic into which the sudden start of parson Brown had thrown her. "I'm so glad you've come, Jonathan; we've lost our little Lotty, and we've looked every where, and can't find him."

"No you haint looked every where," said Jonathan, "'cause you haint looked where he is."

"The Rev. Mr. Brown, Jonathan," said Mrs. Wyman, seeing him staring at the parson very hard with a couple of large white eyes from beneath a pair of sandy, shaggy eyebrows. "And this is Miss Riggs," she continued, addressing parson Brown, and pointing to the tall figure that now stood beside her.

The parson shook hands with them both, and said he hoped they had come to help search for their young friend who was missing.

"Oh, yes," said Jonathan.

"Yes," said Dorcas, "that's what we come for."

"Aint you the gentleman," said Jonathan, "that I see on the hill this afternoon with Mr. Wyman?"

"Undoubtedly," said parson Brown; "we were there together."

"I thought so, by that Cap'n's hat you've got on," said Jonathan. "I like that are, it looks so much like gineral muster."

"Hush, Jonathan," said Dorcas, in a half whisper,

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and touching him with her elbow; "I should be ashamed; yo haint got no more manners than a hoss."

"We wont stop to be ceremonious," said Parson Brown, "'till the little boy is found; where *can* we look next?"

"I always look in the worst places fust," said Jonathan; "have you looked in the well?"

"Bless me," said Parson Brown, "we never thought of the well; it can't be possible he has fallen into the well; where is it?"

"This way," said Jonathan, taking half a dozen giant strides, which brought him to the well-curb.

Parson Brown was instantly by his side with the lantern, and holding it over the curb, they were both peering down into the darkness. In another instant the three females were upon the other side of the curb, and five heads were bending over the well.

"It is impossible to see any thing here," said Parson Brown; "it is dark as Egypt; how deep is it?"

"About twenty feet," said Jonathan.

"And how much water?" said Parson Brown.

"Oh, may be four feet," said Jonathan.

"Quite enough to drown him," said Parson Brown, "if he has fallen in. I am really concerned about this well. Let us see if we cant tie the lantern to the pole, and lower it down so we can see to the bottom. Come, now, where's a string?"

Mrs. Wyman was a lady who always had her thoughts as well as some other things about her, and stooping down a little behind the curb, she rose again in a moment, and handing Parson Brown something in the shape of a ribbon, about a yard in length and an inch in breadth, asked him if that would do.

"Just the thing," said Parson Brown; "now where's the pole?"

Jonathan had the pole already in his hand, and the parson soon fastened the lantern to it, and lowered it slowly and carefully into the well, 'till it touched the water. Still it only seemed to render the darkness more visible. The small ripple of the water reflected back a little of the light from the lantern; but still the surface was indistinct and dark, and it was evident that if a half a dozen heads were floating there, they might not be able to see them.

"It is of no use," said Parson Brown, drawing up the lantern.

"Give it to me," said Jonathan; "I'll go down myself."

So, hastily untying the lantern, he took it in his left hand, and stepped into the well. Bracing his feet against the rough stones on the opposite sides, and steadying himself by his right hand, he descended step by step 'till he came to the surface of the water.

"Do you see any thing of him," cried Parson Brown, leaning over the well-curb.

"No, nothin' at all," said Jonathan, "but you better hand me down the pole, and I'll stir about in the water a little."

"By all means," said Parson Brown, "make a thorough search of it now you are down there."

The pole was accordingly lowered down, and Jonathan took hold of it and sunk it to the bottom, and moved it about from side to side, and in every direction, 'till he was satisfied the boy was not there.

"Do you feel any thing?" said Parson Brown.

"No, there isn't nothin' at all here but water," said Jonathan.

"Then I think you had better come up," said Parson Brown, "for it's evident the boy is not there."

The pole was drawn up, and Jonathan attempted to follow. He took one ascending step, when, placing his foot on a stone that was a little loose, he slipped and plunged feet foremost to the bottom of the well.

"There, by gracious, here I am," said Jonathan, when he found his feet were firmly placed on the bottom, and his head was above water.

The sound of the plashing was heard at the top of the well.

"Oh, mercy," said Mrs. Wyman, "Jonathan has fell, and he'll be drowned."

"Don't you never fear that," said Dorcas; "there aint no well in this neighborhood deep enough to drown Jonathan, I know."

"Mr. Riggs, did you fall?" said Parson Brown.

"Yes, a confounded stone was loose, and made me slip," said Jonathan.

"Are you hurt?" said Parson Brown.

"No," said Jonathan, "only got a mighty wettin'."

"Where's your lantern?" said the parson.

"Here 'tis," said Jonathan, "I've got safe hold on it, but the candle's gone out. Howsomever, I can find my way up by feelin."

At this moment Mr. Wyman, who was just returning from the neighbors, and was near enough to hear Mrs. Wyman make some exclamation about drowning, came running up in great haste, and calling out while some yards distant, "For Heaven's sake he isn't in the well, is he? Where's the light? let me go down."

As he was about stepping over the well-curb, Parson Brown seized him by the arm, and held him long enough to make him understand that it was not Lot, but Jonathan Riggs, who was in the well, and that he was in a fair way of getting out again. By the time the explanation was fairly over, Mr. Peter Wyman and Mr. Jacob Sumner arrived upon the ground; and by the time that Jonathan had emerged from the well, and Mrs. Wyman had taken the lantern to the house, and returned with a lighted candle in it, Mr. Peter Wyman's wife, and Mr. Jacob Sumner's wife were seen coming up the lane, each with a little blanket tied over her head, and in a few minutes more old Mrs. Green came hobbling along upon her staff, accompanied by her son, Ephraim.

A general consultation was now held as to what could have become of the boy, and what measures should be adopted in continuing the search. Mr. Wyman had been to all the neighbors for nearly a mile round, and Mrs. Wyman said they had searched every place about home two or three times over. As she said this, she looked much distressed, and tears came into her eyes.

"Don't despair," said old Mrs. Green, with a benevolent tone that always carried consolation to the

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heart wherever it was heard; "I tell ye the child will be found yet, safe and sound; I'm jest as sure of it as if I could see him now."

"It's very strange," said Mr. Sumner, "what could a made the child go off so. What time did you miss him?"

"A little after dark," said Mr. Wyman; "may be near nine o'clock. My wife, ye see, told him he must sleep with the Rev. Mr. Brown—this is the Rev. Mr. Brown, Mr. Sumner"—Parson Brown slightly raised his three cornered beaver, and stepped up and shook hands with Mr. Sumner—"and this is my brother, Peter," he continued; whereupon Parson Brown and Mr. Peter Wyman shook hands—"And ye see, the boy was bashful, and told his mother he didn't want to. But she told him he should; and pretty soon he went out of the room, and we thought he was in the kitchen 'till we come to go to bed, but Abigail said he went right out of doors, and we haint seen him since."

"Oh, I'll lay any thing the boy has crept away somewhere," said Mr. Jacob Sumner, "and gone to sleep. Have you looked every where?"

"Yes, every where," said Mr. Wyman.

"I should think the barn would be the most likely place," said Mr. Sumner; "a boy would as lives sleep in the barn among the new hay, this kind of weather, as in the house. Have you looked the barn all over?"

"Yes, all over," said Mr. Wyman; "the bay, and the scaffold, and the mangers, and all round, and called him ever so many times."

"I don't think much of the calling," said Mrs. Wyman, "if he's asleep; for he always sleeps so sound you have to give him half a dozen shakes before you can wake him."

"Well, I think we had better take another thorough look in the barn," said Mr. Sumner.

"I think so, too," said Parson Brown; "come, let us stir ourselves."

The whole party immediately repaired to the barn, and commenced another search.

"Now look careful," said Mr. Sumner; "feel into every little hole about the mow, big enough for a hen to creep into. Look into the tie-up, and the manger, and the horse-crib, and all round."

After examining every thing upon the lower floor, Mr. Wyman, with the lantern in his hand, began to ascend the ladder to go on to the mow. Parson Brown followed close behind him, and he was immediately succeded by Mr. Sumner.

"Not too many at once," said Mr. Wyman; "this ladder's none of the strongest, and it's got a bit of a crack on one side."

Whereupon Mr. Sumner stepped back and waited 'till the others had got on to the mow, and then he and Peter Wyman went up, while Jonathan Riggs steadied the ladder; and then Jonathan Riggs went up himself. The whole mow was soon explored from side to side, and corner to corner, without any success. The party then descended the ladder, and turned it about against the long scaffold over the tie-up, and then they all went up and performed a like operation upon that.

"I told ye he wasn't here," said Mr. Wyman, as some of the party began to descend again to the floor; I looked over both of these mows before I went to call any of you."

"Well, have you been up on that little cross scaffold over the end of the thrashing floor?" said Mr. Sumner.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Wyman; "the child would never think of clambering up there. He would hardly do it in the day time, much more in the night."

"I don't know," said Mr. Sumner, "boys'll climb sometimes where you wouldn't hardly expect 'em to. If Lot was afraid you would come out and look for him, he would be more likely to get up there than he would to stop on the mow. I insist upon searching that scaffold."

"Well," said Mr. Wyman, "it would be unnecessary for any more than one to go up; I'll go and take a look there, and you can be a getting down."

Accordingly Mr. Wyman clambered up on to the scaffold, which he found rather a difficult task with the lantern in his hand; and the whole party below were looking up to him from the floor, lighted by another candle which Abigail had brought from the house. He crept carefully along, stooping to avoid the rafters and collar-beams, for the hay was piled almost to the roof of the barn, 'till he had passed about half way across, and was nearly over the centre of the barn floor, when he discovered Lot lying right before him, fast asleep. In the momentary impulse of feeling, he called out very loud to those below, "Ah, here's Lot."

It is undoubtedly true, that persons, going to sleep either in the hope or fear of the immediate occurrence of any interesting or important event, wake far more easily than those who fall to sleep with feelings calm and composed. Whether the present was an instance of this law of our nature or not, it is not necessary to decide; but certain it is that Lot sprang at the sound of his name, as though he had received a severe electrical shock. He was lying rather near the edge of the mow, so that his feet were a little on the slope, and that slope was rendered a little more sloping by the pressure of Mr. Wyman's weight upon the hay; and the impetus the boy received, as he involuntarily attempted to spring to his feet, carried him off the mow before Mr. Wyman could have time to lay hands on him. In falling, his lower limbs were a little drawn up, and spread somwhat apart, and as the most astonishing good luck would have it, Jonathan Riggs was at that moment standing in the perpendicular line of the boy's descent; so that one leg of the boy came down on one side of Jonathan's head, and the other leg upon the other side of his head, and the result was, that little Lot, after falling about twenty feet, rested pat upon Jonathan Riggs' shoulders.

Jonathan staggered considerably under the first impulse of the blow, but recovered himself immediately, and seizing Lot by the legs, exclaimed, "Now, you little rascal, I've got you."

"Well, I aint agoin to sleep with the Rev. Mr. Brown, so there, now," said Lot, clasping his arms about Jonathan's head.

"No you shant," said Parson Brown; "you shall

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sleep in the bed alone, and I'll sit up all night and watch over you, and pray over you, and return thanks for your safety."

"Yes," said Mrs. Wyman, beginning to weep, "how thankful we ought to be that his life is spared. If he had fell on the floor, it would at least broke some of his bones, if it hadn't a killed him."

"How amazin' lucky it was," said Jonathan, "that I happened to be standing there."

"The most wonderful providential escape," said Parson Brown, "that I ever knew. These things are all meant for our good in some way or other. They are wonderfully designed by a merciful providence to bring out the better feelings of our nature, and indeed to add to our happiness. We shall all feel more joy over this little one that was lost and is found, than we should over ninety and nine that went not astray."

"Accordin' to that," said old Mrs. Green, leaning on her staff, and slightly courtesying to the parson, "accordin' to that, sir, that child will make folks happy a great many times, if he lives; for he was born to pass through a great many narrow chances, and to have a great many ups and downs in life.

CHAPTER V.

Which discourseth somewhat of fishing.

When Parson Brown awoke the next morning, the sun was shining brightly into the windows of the little "fore room," where he had slept; for notwithstanding his earnest solicitations that little Lot should occupy the bed, and let him sit up the remainder of the night, Mrs. Wyman had resolutely refused, and having made a couch for Lot upon the floor in her own room, she had at last prevailed upon her old pastor to return to his bed and try to get some repose. It was about midnight before the search for Lot had been brought to a successful termination, and then it took a quarter of an hour to talk the matter over, and to introduce old Mrs. Green to Parson Brown, who had whispered in Mr. Wyman's ear that he was very desirous of having an introduction. And then some minutes were spent in kind inquiries about the health of old Mr. Green, and in sending the Rev. Mr. Brown's compliments and respects to him, and expressing a hope that they might be able to meet and see each other the next day. And then the friendly altercations about sleeping, that occurred in the house after the company had gone, consumed some more time, so that when Parson Brown turned over the pillow and looked at his watch, which had been placed under his head when he had before retired to rest, he was surprized to perceive that it was past one o'clock. And besides, the fatigues of the day, and the excitements of the evening, had produced a nervousness in the old gentleman, that kept him awake a good hour after his head was reclining on his pillow.

It will not, therefore, be regarded as very wonderful, that Parson Brown, after his nerves had become quiet, and a deep sleep had fallen upon him, should have slept rather late in the morning. Nor is it strange that Mrs. Wyman should have refrained from tapping at his door 'till a late hour to call him to breakfast. It was precisely what a considerate woman like Mrs. Wyman would have been expected to do. Once, it is true, Mr. Wyman had cautiously peeped in at one corner of the window to ascertain if any thing was the matter, or if the Rev. gentleman was quietly sleeping, and having satisfied himself on that point, he commanded Lot to step lightly in going in and out, and not to slam the doors.

When, at last, Parson Brown did awake, and looked at the window, and observed what a large angle the rays of the sun made with the horizontal portions of the sash, the conviction flashed upon him that he had over-slept himself. He hastened out of bed and stepped to the window, where a glance at the sun convinced him that that untiring traveller had been full two hours on his day's journey. As he was about to turn away in order to dress himself, he caught a glimpse of Lot in a little grass field a few rods in front of the house, exhibiting such singular movements, that the parson paused a minute to observe him. The boy was stepping about with great activity, first running two or three steps forward, then turning to the right, and then to the left, and skipping here and there, and stooping down at almost every step and striking his hand down upon the ground. At first, Parson Brown was a little puzzled to account for the singularity of these manoeuvres, but observing that Lot carried a little covered box in his left hand, into which from time to time he seemed to drop something that he took from the ground, he at last came to the conclusion that he was catching grasshoppers. This opinion was confirmed in a moment more by seeing Mr. Wyman come round the corner of the house with a couple of long slender fishing rods in his hand, with the lines and hooks all attached, which he placed against a tree that stood in front of the house. As Mr. Wyman turned, he observed Parson Brown at the window and nodded to him, and Parson Brown nodded to him in return, and then hastened to dress himself. It was but a very few minutes before he made his appearance in the other room, for the sight of the fishing poles and the boy running for grasshoppers, had produced in him an exhilaration of spirits that he had hardly felt before for years. As breakfast had been sometime in waiting, as soon as the salutations of the morning were over, they all seated themselves at the table.

"I saw somethiug out at your door just now," said Parson Brown, "that interested me exceedingly."

"What was that, sir?" said Mr. Wyman.

"I saw," said Parson Brown, turning to Lot, who was sitting by his side, and patting him gently on the head, "I saw my little lost sheep here, that was lost and is found, busily employed in catching grasshoppers, and I saw a couple of nice fishing poles, with hooks and lines all on, leaning against a tree at the door. Are you preparing for fishing this morning?"

"Well, I was thinking this morning," said Mr. Wyman, "as it's kind of between hay and grass with us about victuals at this time of year, may be you'd relish a mess of fresh fish for dinner, and so I thought I'd take Lot with me and go and catch a mess."

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"I don't know of but one thing that I should relish better," said Parson Brown.

"And what is that?" said Mr. Wyman, "for if it is any thing that is to had about here, I would like to get that too."

"To go and help catch them," said Parson Brown, with a bright smile of animation. "That is what I should relish more than any thing else I know of."

"Then you like fishin', don't you?" said Mr. Wyman.

"Oh, exceedingly fond of it," said Parson Brown.

"But I don't remember," said Mrs. Wyman, "as I ever see you go a fishing when I lived in Brownville."

"Well, no, I don't suppose you ever did, child," said Parson Brown; "those were my most busy and active clerical days, and I used to do but little besides look after my flock. The engrossing cares of my profession were enough to occupy my time, and my worldly prosperity was such as to afford me ease and comfort. But the world is changed with me now; my parish broken up, and most of its members gathered into strange folds, and the chill hand of poverty almost pressing upon me, I feel sad; I feel that I want more employment, a field where I can again be useful. The path of life looks cheerless to me now, and when any thing brings up fresh the scenes and amusements of my childhood, as these fishing rods did just now—I know it is a weakness," continued the parson, rubbing his eyes with his hankerchief, "but the tears will come into my eyes. and I feel a strong desire to run back to the pleasant fields that come up so vividly before me."

"Then it was in your younger days," said Mr. Wyman, "that you used to go a fishing so much."

"Yes, when I was a boy," said Parson Brown; "I've done but very little at it since I was made, as I trust, a fisher of men. But when I was a boy, my father lived by a beautiful brook, that came out from the dark woods, and wound round through a green meadow, and among the thick alders, sometimes breaking into a little bright cascade, and sometimes sleeping as it were in a dark deep pool. This brook, Mr. Wyman, was full of the most beautiful trout that you ever saw. At first, when I was a small boy, I used to go round with my father and carry the basket while he caught the fish and put into it. And after I grew up a little larger, I used to go and fish myself, day after day, and month after month, and for years it was the greatest delight of my life to catch the bright spotted trout of that beautiful brook. Are you fond of fishing, Mr. Wyman?"

"Why, yes, I like very well to go and catch a mess once in a while," said Mr. Wyman, "they are such good eating."

"I am sorry," said Parson Brown with a half smile, "to hear the reason implied in your answer for your fondness of the art. It would seem to indicate that you are yet a stranger to the true pleasures of fishing. Do you never feel a peaceful, calm, almost holy delight, in the simple act of fishing, entirely independent of the fish that you are to obtain by that act?"

"Well, as to that," said Mr. Wyman, "I believe I look upon it about in the same light as I do diggin' potatoes or pickin' blackberries. When I can get a good mess in a short time I feel as though it was pretty good fun."

"I wish you could regard the enjoyment in a more elevated point of view," said Parson Brown. "Did you ever read Isaac Walton?"

"No, I believe not," said Mr. Wyman, "I don't know as I ever heard of him."

"Oh, you ought to read it," said Parson Brown; "I have it at home in my little library, and I wish I had taken it with me. When I come this way again, whether I settle here or not, I shall certainly bring it to you. But what sort of a brook have you here for fishing?"

"We have no brook near here," said Mr. Wyman, "that's worth much for fishing; we catch our fish in Bear Pond."

"Ah, well, that's different from what I used to be accustomed to," said Parson Brown. "I should like to see how it is done. You go in a boat, I suppose."

"Yes," said Mr. Wyman, "it's a little kind of a wherry, made of boards, large enough to carry three or four persons."

"Well, I should really like to go with you," said Parson Brown, "if you are going out this morning. It seems to me it would almost bring back my youth again for a little while."

"Well, then," said Mr. Wyman, "we'll be off at once. Come Lot, is your bait ready?"

"I've got the box full of grasshoppers," said Lot.

"And the pork?" said Mr. Wyman.

"No, sir, I havn't got no pork," said Lot.

"Well, Betsey, jest bring us about a half a pound of clear pork," said Mr. Wyman, addressing his wife.

"What sort of fish do you get in the pond," said Parson Brown. "Any trout?"

"We don't get many trout at this time of the year," said Mr. Wyman; "we get more of them in the spring. But we can always get a plenty of perch, and chubs, and pickerel."

"All very fine fish," said Parson Brown, "but not equal to trout. I wish you had a plenty of trout here now; I should like very much to try my hand at trout fishing again, for although I have not caught one, I believe, for twenty years, and perhaps not half a dozen for forty years, I flatter myself I could show you better sport than you have often seen in that way."

"Before we go," said Mr. Wyman, "I ought to tell you what I have done this morning."

"Nothing wrong, I am sure," said Parson Brown, "but still I would like to know what it is; please to say on."

"Well," said Mr. Wyman, "I have invited some company here this afternoon to see you; but I don't think that need to hinder your taking this little fishin' jaunt with us, if you like to, for we shall get back by one or two o'clock, and the company wont get here 'till four. But still, you know best if you want any more time to fix, or to get ready to see 'em."

"What company is it?" said Parson Brown.

"Well," said Mr. Wyman, "I saw Mr. Jacob Sumner

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going by here this morning, and as he belongs to your persuasion, that is, he is of your way of thinking, but I don't know as he ever joined any society, so I asked him to call and speak to old Mr. Green about it, and to get the old gentleman and two or three others of your denomination to come up this afternoon about four o'clock, and talk the matter over about gettin' a society for you here."

During this explanation of Mr. Wyman, Parson Brown walked several times rather hastily across the floor, and stepped to the window, and applied his pocket-handkerchief to his eyes. Presently he turned and took Mr. Wyman by the hand, and said very earnestly, and in a voice somewhat tremulous with emotion,

"Verily, my friend, you will have your reward. Did not the Saviour say, 'inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my disciples, ye have done it unto me?' Why, Mr. Wyman, you are teaching me a new lesson in life. I had almost despaired of finding friends, even among my own denomination, who would interest themselves much for me; and here I am meeting with the magnanimity of an ardent friend, and the kindness of a brother from one entirely opposed to me in sentiment; from one, belonging to a denomination that I have done my utmost to put down; a denomination that I am afraid I may have judged too harshly."

"Well, accordin' to my way of thinkin', "said Mr. Wyman, "all mankind belong to one great family, and are all going the same journey, though they may take different roads; and I think it is the duty of every man to help his brother man along, and give him a lift when he sees him stuck by the way, whether he's travellin' exactly the same road with himself or not. But we can talk these things over as we go along; it's time we was off if we're going."

Parson Brown took out his watch and looked at it.

"You are sure we shall be back by two o'clock," said he.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Wyman, "it isn't ten yet, and three hours will be long enough to get what fish we shall want."

"Well, then I think I shall venture to go," said Parson Brown; "I should like a couple of hours after we get back, to rest myself and collect my thoughts before entering into conversation with the company; so if we get back by two it will do."

As they were about leaving the house, Mr. Wyman glanced at Parson Brown's feet.

"Now, Mr. Brown," said he, "I think you had better take off them are thin shoes of your'n, and put on a pair of my thick ones; for the boat's kind of sloppy sometimes, especially when there's live fish hopping about in it; and I'm afraid you may get your feet wet."

"With many thanks for the suggestion," said Parson Brown, "I will accept your offer."

Had an indifferent observer been looking on at the time, he would have seen satisfactory reasons for the friendly offer of Mr. Wyman, and the ready acceptance of Parson Brown; for the shoes, besides being originally thin, exhibited such indubitable signs of wear as to render it doubtful whether they would stand a walk through the woods far enough to reach the pond; and if they should, it was pretty certain that a few slops in the boat would render them unfit for service for ever more. When Parson Brown had exchanged his shoes, and Lot had got his half pound of pork rolled in a piece of paper with his box of grasshoppers, Mr. Wyman took one of the fishing poles across his shoulder, and Parson Brown with an air that showed how much he was at home, and how perfectly he understood his business, took the other pole and flung it across his shoulder, the party commenced their walk to Bear Pond. They passed within a few rods of Mr. Jacob Sumner's house. Mr. Sumner was not at home at the time, but Mrs. Sumner stood looking out of the window, and her daughter Polly and all the children stood at the door and watched with great earnestness the strange man with the three cornered hat and white wig, and a fishing pole over his shoulder, 'till he was entirely out of sight. As they were passing the house, however, Parson Brown, who already began to feel a good degree of pastoral interest for the family of Mr. Sumner, asked if that lady at the window was Mrs. Sumner, and being assured by Mr. Wyman that it was, the Rev. gentleman raised his three cornered beaver, and made toward the window a very respectful bow. Whereupon Mrs. Sumner colored and drew her head away from the window, and the children at the door laughed and giggled and dodged into the entry for a minute, and then returned and gazed with more eagerness than before.

"A fine cheerful looking family," said Parson Brown, when they had gone a little by. "And did you observe how embarrassed Mrs. Sumner seemed to be when I bowed to her? Poor good woman, she needn't be at all, and if she only knew how much I always place myself on equal terms with all my parishioners, she would feel perfectly at ease in my presence."

"I don't doubt it in the least," said Mr. Wyman.

"And whose very humble looking abode is that?" said Parson Brown, as they came round the side of the hill.

"That," said Mr. Wyman, "is where Jonathan Riggs lives; and there is Jonathan now, setting on a log before the door and smokin' his pipe."

Had any one at this moment been sitting by the side of Jonathan Riggs, he might have heard the counterpart to these last remarks, very nearly as follows:

"I say, Darkis, come here."

"I can't leave my dishes to come out there now," said Dorcas; "if you want any thing come into the house."

"I say, Darkis, come here, will ye," repeated Jonathan, with more emphasis than before.

"What is it you are fussing about now," said Dorcas, at the same time emerging from the door.

"Do you see that are, Darkis?" said Jonathan, pointing to the side of the hill. "If that old cocked-hat continentler, that we see last night, isn't a goin' off to Bear Pond with a fishin' pole on his shoulder, with Mr. Wyman, then I'm a Dutchman and no Yankee. By jings, if I haint as good a mind as ever I had to eat,

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to take my fish pole and follow round the shore jest to see how the old feller goes it. 'Twould be worth going half a mile to see his old white wig shake, when a stout pickerel jumped at his hook. By jings, I'll go."

So saying, he seized his fishing pole, which was leaning against the corner of his hut, and started off upon a long trot in a cross-path leading through the woods, which would enable him to reach the pond some minutes before the party who were following the road.

(*To be continued.*)

Original.

ELLEN ARDELLE.

A SONG.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

I.

THERE were music and mirth in the lighted saloon;
The measure was merry,—our hearts were in tune,—
While hand linked with hand, in the graceful quadrille,
Bright joy crowned the dance, like the sun on the rill,
And beamed in the dark eyes of many a belle;
But the star of the ball-room was Ellen Ardelle!

II.

She tripped with the grace of a wild forest-fawn,
Her locks wore the soft amber glow of the dawn,
Her cheek, the rich flush of a sunset in May,
And pure,—like the star-light—her eyes' azure ray;
Light, light as a feather her fairy foot fell;
Oh! vision of lovelines! Ellen Ardelle!

III.

There are hundreds as brilliant, as graceful and fair;
But who, with so touching, so winning an air?
When softly she raises those eyes of deep blue,
What soul can resist them?—I cannot,—can you?
Ah! light heart! beware of the magic,—the spell,
That lurks 'neath the lashes of Ellen Ardelle!

IV.

No jewel she needs, her young beauty, to light;
Her glance would out-glow it, if ever so bright.
Her blush is all feeling,—her smile is all love;
She is tender and faithful and pure as the dove;
But timid and wild, like a mountain gazelle,—
What fond hand shall tame her,—Young Ellen Ardelle?

AN early habit of submission, and a strict observance of the rules laid down for his guidance, should be enforced by those charged with the education of any young man.

GOTHIC CHURCH, NEW-HAVEN, CONN.

THE principal feature of our second engraving, is the Gothic Church of New Haven, built within this half century, and one of the prettiest specimens of this style of architecture to be found in the United States, the city is situated on a bay of Long Island Sound, about thirty miles from Hartford, and seventy-six from New York, and stands in the centre of an extensive plain, surrounded by hills and rocky eminences, forming a grand natural amphitheatre. Two of the most curious objects in the neighborhood, are the East and West Rocks, at nearly equal distances from the city, rising to a height of three hundred and fifty feet, apparently from geological evidences, the remains of some great convulsion of nature. From the summit of the former, in a clear day, the shores of Long Island can be easily descried, with a view of the Sound, the numerous villages, and the East and West Rivers. The city is perfectly regular in its form, being an exact square. The streets intersect each other at right angles, and are ornamented with beautiful trees. The buildings, for the most part, are of wood, but the principal edifices are of brick and stone. The State House, or Capitol, is a magnificent structure, composed entirely of stone, of the pure Doric order, standing in the centre of a beautiful parade, or green, surrounded by several churches of different styles and elegant construction. It is here, that one of the oldest and best seats of learning in the United States is situated, Yale College, founded in the year 1700, and, although it has had severe struggles from opposition and pecuniary difficulties to sustain its position in the world of education, yet of late years it has boasted a larger number of students than any similar institution in America. The library of the University is one of the most valuable; numbering upwards of twenty thousand volumes. There are also a splendid anatomical museum, a cabinet of minerals, and other valuable collections for the use of the students. Schools of divinity, law, and medicine, are likewise under the superintendence of able professors. The various buildings of the college amount to about twelve in number, among them are the medical college, the laboratory, the recitation halls, the chapel and the residences of the under-graduates. Several excellent periodicals, are here issued, which have been greatly the means of bringing the talent of some of our best American writers into action. The harbor, one of the principal objects, is nearly four miles in length, and two in breadth, but is ill adapted for vessels of large burden, owing to the vast quantities of sand which accumulate upon the shores, rendering the approach difficult and dangerous. To a great extent, however, this has been remedied by the construction of a pier of nearly three quarters of a mile in length. The Farmington canal, which within a few years has been completed, has proved of considerable advantage to the city and interior of the state, extending for upwards of one hundred miles from New Haven to the Connecticut river at Northampton, Massachusetts. The population of the city was estimated in 1840 at 13,960, but has since been rapidly increasing.

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Original.

THE LAST DAYS OF PRINCES.

BY A. D. PATERSON.

In applying the trite but forcible apothegm that "History is Philosophy teaching by example," it will perhaps be found that the last days of princes afford more ample scope for meditation, and yield more useful instruction in that department of philosophy, than are to be gathered from all the preceding events of their reigns as they are successively called up by the memory, and in a language that could not be derived from the lives of any other class of mankind. It is at such a juncture that the mind pauses, to take a review of the life and conduct of the departing great one of the earth; it is here that we feel impelled to calculate the real amount of the good or evil, which has been either the effectof his promptings or the result of his actions. We are irresistibly moved, at such a time, to investigate *motives* as well as consequences, and, while we attempt to trace the progress of events, we endeavor to ascertain whether they have terminated according to the true intent of the mover, or whether they have brought about a state of things which he neither expected nor desired.

In examinations like these, we may not unfrequently discover, on the one hand, that benevolence of motive and wisdom of design have, through an adverse concurrence of circumstances, not only turned to misfortune in the result, but have fixed an undeserved and lasting stigma on the character of their possessor; and that they have frequently embittered the latter days of those whose evening of life ought, in worldly justice, to have been peace and tranquillity. On the other hand, it is no unusual thing to find that projects, which have had their origin in no nobler source than vanity or ambition, or which may even have had still more sordid motives, have nevertheless terminated in glory, have set a halo round the head where real desert was wanting, and have induced, even in the individual himself, a false estimate of his own qualifications, intentions, and actions.

But the death-bed, with the consciousness that in all human probability it is such, is a wonderful illuminator of the soul. However mankind may deceive others, however they may deceive themselves, while in the glow of health, and in the vigor of action, *here* are the hour and the scene that will compel the presence of truth, and cause us to know ourselves as we really are. Not that to those around, even at such moments, is the true state of the heart always displayed, for the hardest mortal task, to the vain and obstinate heart of man, is the confession of error and the acknowledgment of wrong. We may, like the cardinal, "Die and make no sign;" but, if the reflective and reasoning faculties have not forsaken their seats, the tide of retrospection will force its flood upon us, and well is it if it do not sweep away our hopes and our strongest dependencies.

Without violating the truth of history, then, we may place before us, as in a moving picture, any prince who has swayed the sceptre of power on earth; and, in moments such as we have here assumed, we may call up the principal events in his career, arraign his life, actions, and disposition, try him by the evidence of fact, enter into his secret soul, and pluck from thence such lessons of wisdom, humility, and varieties of conscious feeling, as may be salutary to any condition of human existence;—remembering always, that human nature is the same in all conditions, and that the virtues and the vices of the great differ not from those of the humbler classes of society, save only as they may be modified from the effect of mental and moral education, or the power of volition, and of action.

NO. I.—WILLIAM, THE CONQUEROR.

——————"Within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court; and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be feared, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable;—and, humoured thus,
Comes at the last, and, with a little pin,
Bores through his castle-wall, and—farewell, king!"
Shakspeare.

The carnage had ceased, and the thunder of battle was hushed. The town of Mantes was a prey to the devouring element, which in various parts still blazed with uncontrolled fury, whilst in others, the smouldering embers cast forth occasionally a flickering light, as if emulous of the glare which was spread in so many directions. The soldiers in both the adverse hosts, and the people of the devoted city, were busily engaged; alas! how differently! The martialists according to the position in which the result of the day's action had severally placed them, the citizens in melancholy and heart-rending duties. All the horrors of war were at this moment experienced by the latter; and the spectacle which they exhibited, might have furnished an indelible lesson, to any but the prince and half barbarous people who at once executed and were the subjects of the picture.

Here, a party of sufferers were eagerly engaged in subduing the darting fires which were rapidly consuming their dwellings and their little all of possession;—there, were anxious relatives traversing the streets, earnestly prying over the defaced countenances of the dead and the dying, in order to discover their own lost ones; their hearts sickening over the distress and pain which they beheld, ever expecting also that the next examination of prostrate suffering would repay their search, by enabling them to give the rites of sepulture to their own beloved slain; yet, with an unconscious hope that their labors might be in vain, and that those for whom they sought might be still in life and health, even although in captivity. Other groups presented parents weeping over their children, children lamenting the loss of their parents, wives prostrated in momentary forgetfulness over the bodies of their husbands; the accents of despair, of sorrow, and occasionally of holy resignation mingled with grief, were heard in every direction. The stern effort at composure was manifested in the countenance of the wounded and helpless soldier, as though he felt that to betray the pain of his wounds was unworthy of his manhood; yet the mangled carcasses and broken limbs of some were productive of agony too

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excruciating to admit of that stoic deportment, and they writhed and yelled in excess of agonized torture. The deep and sonorous groans of the wounded or dying war-horse added horror to these discordant sounds, and the eye, the ear, and the heart were smitten by the contemplation of these dread effects of war, these awful consequences of turbulent ambition, wounded vanity, or sordid thirst of acquisition.

But there were other sounds mingling with these, as if to complete the horrid whole, and to convey a picture of very demons let loose on earth. The licentious soldiery of the victor roamed likewise through those streets, some in quest of booty, others for more barbarous and wicked objects.—Listen to the menaces of the insolent ruffian, as he demands to be conducted to unknown or hidden treasure! Hear the shrieks of the defenceless female, as she falls within the grasp of the brutal and powerful assailant, who, in the unbridled licentiousness of the hour, and the horrid scope and immunity given to victors in those days, was bent on his own degraded gratification, at the expense of all that is noble to the manly heart, and all that is held valuable in that of the feebler sex! *Hell, is indeed let loose,* in a sacked city; and all the enormities which expelled her legions from the seats of immortal happiness, are for the time committed in horrid triumph.

And whence arose the war which produced such devastating consequences? Was it to procure the restitution of rights?—Was it for the redress of injuries done to weaker powers? Was it in revenge of wrongs received? Was it in self-defence, or for the assistance of the defenceless?—Was there a holy, just, or even a worldly-important purpose to serve, in this wide and cruel destruction of life, property, and honor?—*It was caused by a jest!*

The kings of France and England were mutually jealous of the growing power of each other. The former was imperceptibly, but gradually and surely, advancing, from the condition of a mere nominal *suzerain* over many small principalities, towards that of the real sovereign of a large and powerful kingdom; —the latter, who was but a few steps in descent from a successful Danish marauder, and was himself under the stigma of illegitimacy, had, from a French vassal, become fully an equal to the monarch of France, and was able to demand concessions and territories, in a style that wounded the pride of the Gallic monarch. At this period there were dominions in dispute between William of England, now surnamed the Conqueror, and Philip of France; but these were under peaceable discussion and might have been peaceably adjusted, had it not been for —a jest!

Philip has had his *jest.* A biting one! It has thrown his rival into a towering passion, it has caused him to call up his barons and their vassals, a numerous host, to cross the sea, and endure all the hardships of war; it has cost both the contending parties the entire loss of the town in dispute between them, together with that of thousands of lives, and of much private property; it has inflicted distress, privation, and dishonor, among those who knew neither the jest nor its foundation, and it has produced a wide extent of grief, mingled with execration of the heartless princes who thus trifle with the property, happiness, and lives, of those whom it is their duty to protect. And the King of France and his courtiers laugh heartily at the excitement produced by so biting a jest,—*which is so fearfully avenged.*

And the Avenger,—where is he? William, the Conqueror of England, the terror and scourge of France, how does he enjoy the punishment which he has inflicted upon his haughty and insolent rival? Does he fill high the wine-cup, and celebrate, with his warriors, the glorious exploit which he has just achieved? Does he threaten to advance onward with his victorious arms, and crush the arrogant King, who has dared thus to jest at his expense? Does he revel in the foretaste of enlarged dominion, and in anticipated vengeance for his outraged feelings?—Is he in the bustle of preparation for another attack on his army?—*He is on his death-bed!*

On that bed from which he was never to be removed in life, lay the most powerful monarch of his time; and—there is good historical authority for adding—with all the principal actions of his eventful life in full array before him; producing the opposed sensations of exultation for sated vengeance, remorse for crime and cruelty, pride for the extent of his conquest and dominion, and a humiliating sense of the vanity of all earthly greatness. A whole life, spent in quelling faction, in humbling his enemies, in increasing his power, and in rewarding his adherents, now produced in him no consolations to set against his deep compunction and his humbled pride; and there he lay, writhing in agonies fully as great as he had that day been the means of pouring forth on the thousands near him, and a monumental proof of the impotence of kings, when it pleases the King of kings to lay his almighty hand upon them!

But the train of events in which William had so conspicuously figured, and which now caused such conflicting emotions within him, must be traced considerably back, to be fully understood; and indeed, without this, it will be impossible fairly to contemplate the awful lesson presented by the last hours of the expiring monarch.

The Anglo-Saxon government had become distracted and corrupted; partly through the Danish influence which had been gradually infused in it, and from which it had just become disenthralled by the accession of Edward, the Confessor; partly through the all-but-extinct state of the Saxon royal blood; and partly through the accumulated wealth and power of a very few Saxon nobles. Edward was the nephew, and William the natural son, of Robert, Duke of Normandy. Edward had been educated at the ducal court of his uncle, where his family were refugees from the Anglo-Danish power, and had acquired its language and manners; he was, moreover,—and hence the pivot upon which the future Norman conquest turned—deeply prepossessed in favor of that people. In the course of time, the Norman power greatly tended to establish Edward on the throne of his ancestors, and he filled his court and the land with Normans, to the

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prejudice of the native Anglo-Saxons. William, who was usually styled "The Bastard," possessed the ducal throne of Normandy at the period of Edward's elevation; it is believed that gratitude towards a house which had protected himself and his family during the many years of their adversity, determined him to make the Duke of Normandy his successor, and that hence was the reason for the introduction of so many Normans into the British court during his reign. If this were so, it was managed with much impolicy, inasmuch as the insolence and arrogance of the foreigners stirred up the indignation of the Saxon nobles; and the strangers were at one time nearly all driven out of the country by Godwin and his sons, powerful earls, of the Saxon race. These, and a few others of the old blood, evinced a strong determination to keep out all foreign dominion; in which resolution patriotism had probably some share, and their own ambitious hopes still more.

At the death of Edward, the candidates for the crown were William, the Norman, and Harold, the Saxon; neither of whom, if the now-existing law of succession had been then of much force, had the slightest legal claim to it; nor, in fact, was there a legal claimant in the world, for Edgar, the Atheling, although acknowledged to be the nearest in blood, was but the grand-son of King Edward Ironside, *natural* son of Ethelred II., and the Atheling, himself, was all but an idiot, besides. The sovereignty of England, therefore, was open to the person who could achieve it. The law of legitimacy was a dead letter in the eyes of William, who, himself a bastard successor, could point to numerous instances in his own period, of similar cases; and, as many a hero both before and since has declared, he conceived that "might makes right," and he determined to make himself master of the "sea-girt" England. He did make a conquest of it, and, under a cool consideration of all the bearings of the case, it is probable that a conclusion will be induced, that although neither of the conflicting parties could fairly vindicate its own cause, yet, on the whole, that of William bore quite as plausible a face as the pretension of Harold. So that here, at least, the character of *King* William was not deeply reproachable, particularly when the fierce and warlike dispositions of both the claimants and their followers are considered, and still further when we remember that the greatest virtue of the period was valor, and its most appropriate reward was acquisition.

William was "an iron man," such as the martial and semi-barbarous spirit of his age was calculated to produce. Constitutionally courageous, called to command at a period of early boyhood, and almost incessantly in arms, it is hardly to be wondered at that he should have become a man of decision and of energy. It is not improbable that he sincerely believed the promise, followed up by the will of Edward, the Confessor, as conveying something like a *right* to the throne of England, that he was, at least, conscious of as good a claim in right of blood as Harold could set up, and that he was justified by the usage of the times, in strengthening himself by artifice and imposition, such as he applied to Harold when the latter was thrown upon his coast during the Confessor's life-time. But there was one great consideration which either seems never to have occurred to William, or else seems to have been disregarded as unworthy his ambitious spirit. This was, the affectionate regard which the English people had for their Saxon monarchs and for the Saxon race.

That race had now been settled in the island six hundred years; and, except from the incursions of the Danes within the last two centuries of that period, they had enjoyed undisputed possession and authority. England had become essentially and entirely Anglo-Saxon, and her history of that time, although it be the history of a barbarous people, is that of undeviating love and loyalty toward her native monarchs. And although they were obliged for a while to succumb to Danish prowess and numbers, while they were under the government of the weak and worthless Ethelred, and continued impatiently to bend under Danish rule for the space of thirty years, yet the accession of a native prince once more, in the person of Edward, the Confessor, was greeted with such ardent expressions of satisfaction, as must have convinced the world of their attachment to native blood. For two hundred years had the Northmen been as thorns in the sides of Saxons, it might therefore well be judged what would be their feelings on the probability of a Norman rule, the Normans being in direct descent from that hated people from whose dominion they had so recently become emancipated. Nor were their feelings softened by the deportment of those foreigners at the English court, to which they had flocked in such numbers, at the invitation, and through the misjudging gratitude of Edward.

The recollection of all these circumstances, though it might not control his ambition, nor prevent his carrying into effect his determination to make a conquest of England and to sway the English sceptre, should at least have had effect enough to render him merciful and magnanimous towards a people whose fidelity deserved admiration; and good policy might have taught him that under judicious training he might gradually turn that fidelity and affection towards himself and his government. But William was a *hard* man. Prompt and decided in his determinations, constant and immoveable in carrying them out, reckless of blood, irascible in temper, impracticable of contradiction, arbitrary in command, impatient against remonstrance, and furious against active opposition. This was the man who at once controlled the destinies of the subdued English, punished the refractory nobles and adventurers of his native Normandy, fulminated his thunders against the power and force of the French monarchy, and kept in check even the Papal authority, which every where else was becoming all but despotic. One cause for the course of action pursued by this prince, might possibly be the idea that it was the mildness of the Danish kings of England which had partly tended to the termination of that line; and that he was thereby stimulated to additional severity, that he might crush at once and for ever all the hopes of English emancipation from the Norman authority.

But whatsoever might have been the maxims of his

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life, when the passions had their sway in at least as ample a degree as reason and prudence, he has now reached the goal of his career; wounded, bruised, helpless; tortured by pain, goaded by the thousand reflections which had so long remained dormant in his mind, and conscious that his thread of life was almost spun out, here he is! Lingering between life and death, what a variety of horrid images are conjured up to his mental vision; what a legend do the annals of his life present to his perusal!

To a coarse and brutal jest on his corpulency, uttered by the King of France, the style of which was conformable enough to the manners of the period, William replied in the same strain, and bitterly promised to illuminate all France on his recovery. Little did he anticipate how the *churching* solemnity would be concluded, nor his own particular part therein! They are now nearly at an end; let us draw nigh and observe how the King performs the important remainder of the part which he had allotted to himself, and ask ourselves whether this catastrophe be not in keeping with the conduct of the great living drama which it concludes.

In the abbey of St. Gervais, near Rouen, on the pallet which was to be his last in life, lay the scourge of England and France; in agony both of soul and of body; the whole of his past life brought in fearful array before him, in hues and complexion very different from those which they wore in the times of action. He was surrounded by prelates and priests, by barons and knights, by physicians and attendants; his sons, William and Henry, were by his side, and all, according to their several vocations and capacities were endeavoring to alleviate his sufferings, all were earnestly striving to ingratiate themselves in his favor, and to derive some advantage from his present position. But vain were the consolations of the churchmen; they rang too hollow on his ear and on his perceptions, and conscience told him that he had used their sophistries and the sanctions of religion to the worst purposes of ambition; vain were the boasts of his warriors and the assurance of power by his courtiers, for he perceived that his victories and his dominion were to him fast fading into the oblivion of death; vain was the skill of the leeches to one who felt that mass of inward wound which was far beyond the craft of their calling; nay, vain were even the attentions of his children, for the observant father knew too well the duplicity of their souls, the absence of filial affection from their hearts. He closed his eyes, as if to shut out external objects, yet did he thereby only increase the crowd within. How rapidly does the soul glance over the past, throwing into the compass of a moment the events of many years, yet giving to each its clear identity and its full details!

Now arose to his admiring, yet heart-stricken recollection, the brave and unconquered Harold, the people's choice, their native prince, who nobly perished in the field of Hastings. Now appeared to his distracted view the Saxon earls, Edwin, Morcar, and Waltheof, the defenders of Saxon liberty, who had so severely suffered by his fury and his injustice. The wholesale robberies which he had perpetrated upon a brave but helpless people, in order to satisfy the extortionate demands of his own followers, now gnawed upon his heart, and the tortures thence derived were farther augmented by the reflection that even they to whom he had given so much, turned traitors when there was no more to give. How did his heart echo to the "curses, not loud but deep," which from every nook of England heaped their weight upon his head, for lands abstracted, for towns made desolate, for freemen made serfs, for the degradation with insult added thereto under which a whole nation groaned incessantly.

As his memory glanced over the once fair plains and fertile districts of England, how did his heart recoil at the devastation from Humber to Tyne, and nearly from sea to sea; three thousand square miles laid bare, the inhabitants of which, after enduring famine and misery in their most frightful forms, were finally obliged to prey, as brigands and as pirates, upon their own countrymen and fellow-sufferers, urged by that most desperate and goading of reasons, "Necessitas non habet legme." From thence he turns to the south, and what meets he there? The New Forest! Not ravaged and desolated through the fury of the soldier, but turned into a wilderness for the mere gratification of his pleasure. Thirty miles in extent in each direction does the barbarian lay waste that he may in solitude or with his satellites enjoy the sports of the chase; thirty churches are demolished, the priests and the people driven forth like brute beasts, that the four-footed beasts might have the larger range; and however pressing the hunger of a man, the killing of a buck was at the cost of sight or perhaps of life to himself.

Has memory yet run over all her maddening relations? Alas, no! Her list is inexhaustible. A direful minister of his tyranny and extortion is now conjured up. Hugo, his Earl of Chester,—too appropriately surnamed the Wolf—together with his inhuman satellites, proclaim more cruelty and oppression in the west; mercenary troops from abroad brought to coerce the unhappy natives, at whose cost they are fed and maintained; the tax, odious above all other, of the Danegelt, revived and insisted upon, from wretches who cannot procure the necessaries of life; the native priesthood cast forth, deprived of their sacred functions, and suffered to starve or to gather a precarious subsistence from the piety of their bereaved and heart-broken countrymen; the shrines of the national saints disinterred and exposed; their very language condemned to obloquy and disuse, and the utterers made the butts of insolent mirth, or the subjects of Norman scorn. All these and the victims of thousands, ay, of *numberless* other oppressions, as with one voice and with myriads of uplifted hands, confound his senses, and make him writhe with tortures inexpressible.

Whilst thus he feels the first pangs of retributive justice, and rolls his eyes about distractingly, his glances fall upon his sons who hover round his bed. Does this sight bring consolation to his heart? No, not even this! He sees on one side Rufus, more rapacious, more blasphemous, more false than himself; rebellious in nature, treacherous, and remorseless in evil, yet to whom—

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obdurate and inexorable father that he is—he bequeaths the crown of England, in preference to the claim of his eldest but equally rebellious son, Robert. On the other side he sees Henry, his youngest son, cold, calculating, wise, and sagacious, but utterly without one spark of affection for his dying parent. Nature can no more, and amidst the mighty conflict of his feelings, and sufferings, he faints.

And these are the trophies of William, *the Conqueror!* "To this complexion *he* must come at last!" No solace from without, no hope from within! A mightier conqueror than he, is close upon him, and he finds, indeed, that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit." Recovering for a space, he hastily endeavors to make atonement, by trifling restitutions, which cost him little or nothing, and which yield him no relief. He orders money to be sent to be employed in rebuilding the churches of Mantes, the devastation of which had placed him in this fearful condition; he sends alms to the convents and to the suffering poor in England, in the vain hope that the works of the moment may atone for the sins of years; he releases many of his Saxon prisoners of distinction, but all this brings no real balm to his soul; and he——*dies!*

And now, perhaps, that the spirit has passed to the judgment, the frail tenement in which it had lodged, will be honored with worldly pomp, and gorgeous display, in its way to the last abode of mortality. No, the strongest lesson to human vanity and fancied greatness, is yet to be read! Rufus has hastened across the sea to receive his succession; Henry with equal haste, has gone to seize his bequest of money; the attendants have poured in, and have ransacked every hole and corner to possess themselves of the clothes, arms, jewels, and moveables, which so lately were the property of *the conqueror;* and the body of the King, stripped literally naked, lies neglected for two whole days upon some deal boards. The people of the neighborhood for a time are in amazement, dread, and confusion; but at length awake to some sense of their disorder. A poor peasant of Normandy, takes upon himself the expense of the funeral obsequies of his monarch, and William, unattended by one of his own house or family, without one to grieve for him, is taken to Caen for interment.

His body has arrived at its resting place, and the indignities to which it had been subjected are at end. Not yet! Even here, is one more lesson to mortal greatness. At the place of sepulture, a man stands forth, and forbids the ceremony until the price of the ground be paid to *him*, the lawful owner, who had been unjustly despoiled of it by the deceased. A post mortem retribution is made and——"Farewell, King!"

This story *of facts*, carries its own moral. "He who runs may read" it, and vain would be the utterance of a train of reflections here, to those who cannot suggest them for themselves. But although this be one example of the last days of *Princes*, it has many a modified applicability to human existence in general.

He who lies under the dominion of any one vice, must expect the common effect of it; if lazy, to be poor; if intemperate, to be diseased; if luxurious, to die betimes.—*Anon.*

Original.

THE MYSTERY OF MARIE ROGET.*

A Sequel to "The Murders in the Rue Morgue."

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Es giebt eine Reihe idealischer Begebenheiten, die der Wirklichkeit parallel lauft, Selten fallen sie Zusammen. Menschen und zufalle modificiren gewohnlich die idealische Begebenheit, so dass sie unvollkommen erscheint, und ihre Folgen gleichfalls unvollkommen sind. So bei der Reformation; statt des Protestantismus kam das Lutherthum hervor.

There are ideal series of events which run parallel with the real ones. They rarely coincide. Men and circumstances generally modify the ideal train of events, so that it seems imperfect, and its consequences are equally imperfect. Thus with the Reformation; instead of Protestantism came Lutheranism.—Novalis. Moral Ansichten.

"You will see at once that all argument upon this head should be urged, if at all, against the rule itself; and for this end we must examine the *rationale* of the rule. Now the human body, in general, is neither much lighter nor much heavier than the water of the Seine; that is to say, the specific gravity of the human body, in its natural condition, is about equal to the bulk of fresh water which it displaces. The bodies of fat and fleshy persons, with small bones, and of women, generally, are lighter than those of the lean and large-boned, and of men; and the specific gravity of the water of a river is somewhat influenced by the presence of the tide from sea. But, leaving this tide out of question, it may be said that *very* few human bodies will sink at all, even in fresh water, *of their own accord.* Almost any one, falling into a river, will be enabled to float, if he suffers the specific gravity of the water fairly to be adduced in comparison with his own—that is to say, if he suffers his whole person to be immersed, with as little exception as possible. The proper position for one who cannot swim, is the upright position of the walker on land, with the head thrown fully back, and immersed, the mouth and nostrils alone remaining above the surface. Thus circumstanced, we shall find that we float without difficulty and without exertion. It is evident, however, that the gravities of the body, and of the bulk of water displaced, are very nicely balanced, and that a trifle will cause either to preponderate. An arm, for instance, uplifted from the water, and thus deprived of its support, is an additional weight sufficient to immerse the whole head, while the accidental aid of the smallest piece of timber will enable us to elevate the head so as to look about. Now, in the struggles of one unused to swimming, the arms are invariably thrown upwards, while an attempt is made to keep the head in its usual perpendicular position. The result is the immersion of the mouth and nostrils, and the inception, during efforts to breathe while beneath

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the surface, of water into the lungs. Much is also received into the stomach, and the whole body becomes heavier by the difference between the weight of the air originally distending these cavities, and that of the fluid which now fills them. This difference is sufficient to cause the body to sink, as a general rule; but is insufficient in the cases of individuals with small bones and an abnormal quantity of flaccid or fatty matter. Such individuals float even after drowning.

"The corpse, being supposed at the bottom of the river, will there remain until, by some means, its specific gravity again becomes less than that of the bulk of water which it displaces. This effect is brought about by decomposition, or otherwise. The result of decomposition is the generation of gas, distending the cellular tissues and all the cavities, and giving the *puffed* appearance which is so horrible. When this distension has so far progressed that the bulk of the corpse is materially increased without a corresponding increase of *mass* or weight, its specific gravity becomes less than that of the water displaced, and it forthwith makes its appearance at the surface. But decomposition is modified by innumerable circumstances—is hastened or retarded by innumerable agencies; for example, by the heat or cold of the season, by the mineral impregnation or purity of the water, by its depth or shallowness, by its currency or stagnation, by the temperament of the body, by its infection or freedom from disease before death. Thus it is evident that we can assign no period, with any thing like accuracy, at which the corpse shall rise through decomposition. Under certain conditions this result would be brought about within an hour; under others, it might not take place at all. There are chemical infusions by which the animal frame can be preserved *for ever* from corruption. The Bi-chloride of mercury is one. But, apart from decomposition, there may be, and very usually is, a generation of gas within the stomach, from the acetous fermentation of vegetable matter (or within other cavities from other causes) sufficient to induce a distension which will bring the body to the surface. The effect produced by the firing of a cannon is that of simple vibration. This may either loosen the corpse from the soft mud or ooze in which it is imbedded, thus permitting it to rise when other agencies have already prepared it for so doing; or it may overcome the tenacity of some putrescent portions of the cellular tissue; allowing the cavities to distend under the influence of the gas.

"Having thus before us the whole philosophy of this subject, we can easily test by it the assertions of 'L'Etoile'—'all experience shows,' says this paper, 'that drowned bodies, or bodies thrown into the water, immediately after death, by violence, require from six to ten days for sufficient decomposition to take place to bring them to the top of the water. Even when a cannon is fired over a corpse, and it rises before at least five or six days' immersion, it sinks again if let alone.'

"The whole of this paragraph must now appear a tissue of inconsequence and incoherence. All experience does *not* show that 'drowned bodies' *require* from six to ten days for sufficient decomposition to take place to bring them to the surface. Both science and experience show that the period of their rising is, and necessarily must be, indeterminate. If, moreover, a body has risen to the surface through firing of cannon, it will *not* 'sink again if let alone,' until decomposition has so far progressed as to permit the escape of the generated gas. But I wish to call your attention to the distinction which is made between 'drowned bodies,' and 'bodies thrown into the water immediately after death by violence.' Although the writer admits the distinction, he yet includes them all in the same category. I have shown how it is that the body of a drowning man becomes specifically heavier than its bulk of water, and that he would not sink at all, except for the struggles by which he elevates his arms above the surface, and his gasps for breath while beneath the surface—gasps which supply by water the place of the original air in the lungs. But these struggles and these gasps would not occur in the body thrown into the water immediately after death by violence.' Thus, in the latter instance, *the body would not sink at all*—a fact of which 'L'Etoile' is evidently ignorant. When decomposition had proceeded to a very great extent—when the flesh had in a great measure left the bones—then, indeed, but not *'till* then, should we lose sight of the corpse.

"And now what are we to make of the argument of the journal, that the body found could not be that of Marie Rogêt, because, three days only having elapsed, this body was found floating? No one supposes her to have been drowned; and, dying before being thrown into the river, she might have been found floating at any period afterwards whatever.

"'But,' says 'L'Etoile,' 'if the body had been kept in its mangled state on shore until Tuesday night, some trace would be found on shore of the murderers.' Here it is at first difficult to perceive the intention of the reasoner. He means to anticipate what he imagines would be an objection to his theory—viz: that the body was kept on shore two days, suffering rapid decomposition. He supposes that, had this been the case, it *might* have appeared at the surface on the Wednesday, and thinks that *only* under such circumstances it could so have appeared. He is accordingly in haste to show that it *was not* kept on shore; for, if so, 'some trace would be found on shore of the murderers.' I presume you smile at the *sequitur*. You cannot be made to see how the mere *duration* of the corpse on the shore could operate to *multiply traces* of the assassins. Nor can I.

"'And furthermore it is exceedingly improbable,' continues our journal, 'that any villains who had committed such a murder as is here supposed, would have thrown the body in without weight to sink it, when such a precaution could have so easily been taken.' Observe, here, the laughable confusion of thought! No one—not even L'Etoile—disputes the murder committed *on the body found*. The marks of violence are too obvious. It is our reasoner's object, merely to show that this body is not Marie's. He wishes to prove that *Marie* is not assassinated—not that the corpse was not. Yet his observation proves only the latter point. Here

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is a corpse without weight attached. Murderers, casting it in, would not have failed to attach a weight. Therefore it was not thrown in by murderers. This is all which is proved, if any thing be. The question of identity is not even approached, and L'Etoile has been at great pains merely to gainsay now what it has admitted only a moment before. 'We are perfectly convinced,' it says, 'that the body found was that of a murdered female.'

"Nor is this the sole instance, even in this division of his subject, where our reasoner unwittingly reasons against himself. His evident object is to reduce, as much as possible, the interval between Marie's disappearance and the finding of the corpse. Yet we find him *urging* the point that no person saw the girl from the moment of her leaving her mother's house. 'We have no evidence,' he says, 'that Marie Rogêt was in the land of the living after nine o'clock on Sunday, June the twenty-second.' As his argument is obviously an *ex parte* one, he should, at least, have left this matter out of sight; for had any one been known to see Marie, say on Monday, or on Tuesday, the interval in question would have been much reduced, and, by his own ratiocination, the probability much diminished of the corpse being that of the grisette. It is, nevertheless, amusing to observe that L'Etoile insists upon its point in the full belief of its furthering its general argument.

"Reperuse now that portion of this argument which has reference to the identification of the corpse by Beauvais. In regard to the *hair* upon the arm, our paper has been obviously disingenuous. M. Beauvais, not being an idiot, could never have urged, in identification of the corpse, simply *hair upon its arm.* No arm is *without* hair. The *general* expression of L'Etoile is a mere perversion of the witness' phraseology. He must have spoken of some *peculiarity* in this hair. It was a peculiarity of color, of quantity, of length, or of situation.

"'Her foot,' says the journal, 'was small—so are thousands of feet. Her garter is no proof whatever—nor is her shoe—for shoes and garters are sold in packages. The same may be said of the flowers in her hat. One thing upon which M. Beauvais strongly insists is, that the clasp on the garter found, had been set back to take it in. This amounts to nothing; for most women find it proper to take a pair of garters home and fit them to the size of the limbs they are to encircle, rather than to try them in the store where they purchase. Here it is difficult to suppose the journal in earnest. Had M. Beauvais, in his search for the body of Marie, discovered a corpse corresponding in general size and appearance to the missing girl, he would have been warranted (without reference to the question of habiliment at all) in forming an opinion that his search had been successful. If, in addition to the point of general size and contour, he had found upon the arm a peculiar hairy appearance which he had observed upon the living Marie, his opinion might have been justly strengthened; and the increase of positiveness might well have been in the ratio of the peculiarity, or unusualness, of the hairy mark. If, the feet of Marie being small, those of the corpse were also small, the increase of probability that the body was that of Marie would not be an increase in a ratio merely direct, but in one highly accumulative. Add to all this shoes such as she had been known to wear upon the day of her disappearance, and, although these shoes may be 'sold in packages,' you so far augment the probability as to verge upon the certain. What, of itself, would be no evidence of identity, becomes through its corroborative position, proof most sure. Give us, then, flowers in the hat corresponding to those worn by the missing girl, and we seek for nothing farther. If only *one* flower, we seek for nothing farther—what then if two or three, or more? Each successive one is multiple evidence—proof not *added* to proof, but *multiplied* by hundreds or thousands. Let us now discover, upon the deceased, garters such as the living used, and it is almost folly to proceed. But these garters are found to be tightened, by the setting back of a clasp, in just such a manner as her own had been tightened by Marie, shortly previous to her leaving home. It is now madness or hypocrisy to doubt. What L'Etoile says in respect to this abbreviation of the garter's being an usual occurrence, shows nothing beyond its own pertinacity in error. The elastic nature of the clasp-garter is self-demonstration of the *unusualness* of the abbreviation. What is made to accommodate itself, must of necessity require accommodation but rarely. It must have been by an accident, in its strictest sense, that these garters of Marie needed the tightening described. They alone would have amply established her identity. But it is not that the corpse was found to have the garters of the missing girl, or found to have her shoes, or her bonnet, or the flowers of her bonnet, or her feet, or a peculiar mark upon the arm, or her general size and appearance—it is that the corpse had each, and *all collectively.* Could it be proved that the editor of L'Etoile *really* entertained a doubt, under the circumstances, there would be no need, in his case, of a commission *de lunatico inquirendo.* He had thought it sagacious to echo the small talk of the lawyers, who, for the most part, content themselves with echoing the rectangular precepts of the courts. I would here observe that very much of what is rejected as evidence by a court, is the best of evidence to the intellect. For the court, guiding itself by the general principles of evidence—the recognized and *booked* principles—is averse from swerving at particular instances. And this steadfast adherence to principle, with rigorous disregard of the conflicting exception, is a sure mode of attaining the *maximum* of attainable truth, in any long sequence of time. The practice, *in mass,* is therefore philosophical; but it is not the less certain that it engenders frequently vast individual error.

"In respect to the insinuations levelled at Beauvais, you will be willing to dismiss them in a breath. You have already fathomed the true character of this good gentleman. He is a *busy-body,* with much of romance and little of wit. Any one so constituted will readily so conduct himself, upon occasion of *real* excitement, as to render himself liable to suspicion on the part of the

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over-acute, or the evil-disposed. M. Beauvais (as it appears from your notes) had some personal interviews with the editor of L'Etoile, and offended him by venturing an opinion that the corpse, notwithstanding the theory of the editor, was, in sober fact, that of Marie. 'He persists,' says our journal, 'in asserting the corpse, to be that of Marie, but cannot give a circumstance, in addition to those which we have commented upon, to make others believe.' Now, without re-adverting to the fact that stronger evidence 'to make others believe,' could *never* have been adduced, it may be remarked that a man may very well be understood to believe, in a case of this kind, without the ability to advance a single reason for the belief of a second party. Nothing is more vague than impressions of individual identity. Each man recognizes his neighbor, yet there are few instances in which any one is prepared *to give a reason* for his recognition. The editor of L'Etoile had no right to be offended at M. Beauvais' unreasoning belief.

"The suspicious circumstances which invest him, will be found to tally much better with our hypothesis of *romantic busy-body-ism*, than with the reasoner's suggestion of guilt. Once adopting the more charitable interpretation, we shall find no difficulty in comprehending the rose in the key-hole; the 'Marie' upon the slate; the 'elbowing the male relatives out of the way;' the 'aversion to permitting them to see the body;' the caution given to Madame B——, that she must hold no conversation with the *gendarme* until his return (Beauvais'); and, lastly, his apparent determination 'that no body should have any thing to do with the proceedings except himself.' It seems to me unquestionable that Beauvais was a suitor of Marie's; that she coquetted with him; and that he was ambitious of being thought to enjoy her fullest intimacy and confidence. I shall say nothing more upon this point; and, as the evidence fully rebuts the assertion of L'Etoile, touching the matter of *apathy* on the part of the mother and other relatives—an apathy inconsistent with the supposition of their believing the corpse to be that of the perfumery-girl—we shall now proceed as if the question of *identity* were settled to our perfect satisfaction."

"And what," I here demanded, "do you think of the opinions of Le Commerciel?"

"That, in spirit, they are far more worthy of attention than any which have been promulgated upon the subject. The deductions from the premises are philosophical and acute; but the premises, in two instances, at least, are founded in imperfect observation. Le Commerciel wishes to intimate that Marie was seized by some gang of low ruffians, not far from her mother's door. "It is impossible,' it urges, 'that a person so well known to thousands as this young woman was, should have passed three blocks without some one having seen her.' This is the idea of a man long resident in Paris—a public man—and one whose walks to and fro in the city, have been mostly limited to the vicinity of the public offices. He is aware that he seldom passes so far as a dozen blocks from his own *bureau*, without being recognized and accosted. And, knowing the extent of his personal acquaintance with others, and of others with him, he compares his notoriety with that of the perfumery-girl, finds no great difference between them, and reaches at once the conclusion that she, in her walks, would be equally liable to recognition with himself. This could only be the case were her walks of the same unvarying, methodical character, and within the same *species* of limited region as are his own. He passes to and fro, at regular intervals, within a confined periphery, abounding in individuals who are led to observation of his person through interest in the kindred nature of his occupation with their own. But the walks of Marie may, in general, be supposed discursive. In this particular instance, it will be understood as most probable, that she proceeded upon a route of more than average diversity from her accustomed ones. The parallel which we imagine to have existed in the mind of Le Commerciel would only be sustained in the event of the two individuals' traversing the whole city. In this case, granting the personal acquaintances to be equal, the chances would be also equal that an equal number of personal rencounters would be made. For my own part, I should hold it not only as possible, but as very far more than probable, that Marie might have proceeded, at any given period, by any one of the many routes between her own residence and that of her aunt, without meeting a single individual whom she knew, or by whom she was known. In viewing this question in its full and proper light, we must hold steadily in mind the great disproportion between the personal acquaintances of even the most noted individual in Paris, and the entire population of Paris itself.

"But whatever force there may still appear to be in the suggestion of Le Commerciel, will be much diminished when we take into consideration *the hour* at which the girl went abroad. 'It was when the streets were full of people,' says Le Commerciel, 'that she went out.' But not so. It was at nine o'clock in the morning. Now at nine o'clock of every morning in the week, *with the exception of Sunday*, the streets of the city are, it is true, thronged with people. At nine on Sunday, the populace are chiefly within doors *preparing for church*. No one of observation, can have failed to notice the peculiarly deserted air of the town, from about eight until ten on the morning of every Sabbath. Between ten and eleven the streets are thronged, but not at so early a period as that designated.

"There is another point at which there seems a deficiency of *observation* on the part of Le Commerciel. 'A piece,' it says, 'of one of the unfortunate girl's petticoats, two feet long, and one foot wide, was torn out and tied under her chin, and around the back of her head, probably to prevent screams. This was done by fellows who had no pocket-handkerchiefs.' Whether this idea is, or is not well founded, we will endeavor to see hereafter; but by 'fellows who have no pocket-handkerchiefs,' the editor intends the lowest class of ruffians. These, however, are the very description of people who will always be found to have handkerchiefs even when destitute of shirts. You must have had occasion to observe how absolutely indispensable, of

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late years, to the thorough blackguard, has become the pocket-handkerchief."

"And what are we to think," I asked, "of the article in 'Le Soleil?'"

"That it is a vast pity that its inditer was not more minute. It is easy to surmise, and as easy to assert. He has merely repeated what others have done, (without establishing any incontrovertible proofs) the individual items of the already published opinion; collecting them, with a laudable industry, from this paper and from that. 'The things had all *evidently* been there,' he says, 'at least, three or four weeks, and there can be *no doubt* that the spot of this appalling outrage has been discovered.' Here, again, he speaks but from suspicion, and brings nothing to bear conclusively upon the matter. The facts here re-stated by Le Soleil, are very far indeed from removing my own doubts upon this subject, and we will examine them more particularly hereafter in connexion with another division of the theme.

"At present we must occupy ourselves with other investigations. You cannot fail to have remarked the extreme laxity of the examination of the corpse. To be sure, the question of identity was readily determined, or should have been; but there were other points to be ascertained. Had the body been in any respect *despoiled?* Had the deceased any articles of jewelry about her person upon leaving home? if so, had she any when found? These are important questions utterly untouched by the evidence; and there are others of equal moment, which have met with no attention. We must endeavor to satisfy ourselves by personal inquiry. The case of Saint Eustache must be re-examined. I have no suspicion of this person; but let us proceed methodically. We will ascertain beyond a doubt the validity of the *affidavits* in regard to his whereabouts on the Sunday. Affidavits of this character are readily made matter of mystification. Should there be nothing wrong here, however, we will dismiss Saint Eustache from our investigations. His suicide, however, corroborative of suspicion, were there found to be deceit in the affidavits, is, without such deceit, in no respect an unaccountable circumstance, or one which need cause us to deflect from the line of ordinary analysis.

"In the analysis which I now propose, we will discard the *interior* points of this tragedy, and concentrate our attention upon its *outskirts*. Not the least usual error, in investigations such as this, is the limiting of inquiry to the immediate, with total disregard of the collateral or *circumstantial* events. It is the mal-practice of the courts to confine evidence and discussion to the bounds of apparent *relevancy*. Yet experience has shown, and a true philosophy will always show, that a vast, perhaps the larger portion of truth arises from the seemingly irrelevant. It is through the spirit of this principle, if not precisely through its letter, that modern science has resolved to *calculate upon the unforeseen*. But perhaps you do not comprehend me. The history of human knowledge has so uninterruptedly shown that to collateral, or incidental, or accidental events we are indebted for the most numerous and most valuable discoveries, that it has at length become necessary, in any prospective view of improvement, to make not only large, but the largest allowances for inventions that shall arise by chance, and quite out of the range of ordinary expectation. It is no longer philosophical to base, upon what has been, a vision of what is to be. *Accident* is admitted as a portion of the subtructure. We make chance a matter of absolute certainty. We subject the unlooked for and unimagined, to the mathematical *formulae* of the schools.

"I repeat that it is no more than fact, that the *larger* proportion of all truth has sprung from the collateral; and it is but in accordance with the spirit of the principle involved in this fact, that I would divert inquiry, in the present case, from the trodden and hitherto unfruitful ground of the event itself, to the cotemporary circumstances which surround it. While you ascertain the validity of the affidavits, I will examine the newspapers more generally than you have as yet done. So far, we have only reconnoitred the field of investigation; but it will be strange indeed if a comprehensive survey, such as I propose of the public prints, will not afford us some minute points which shall establish a *direction* for inquiry."

In pursuance of Dupin's suggestion, I made scrupulous examination of the affair of the affidavits. The result was a firm conviction of their validity, and of the consequent innocence of Saint Eustache. In the meantime my friend occupied himself, with what seemed to me a minuteness altogether objectless, in a scrutiny of the various newspaper files. At the end of a week he placed before me the following extracts:

"Two or three years since, a disturbance very similar to the present, was caused by the disappearance of this same Marie Rogêt from the *parfumerie* of Monsieur Le Blanc, in the Palais Royal. At the end of a week, however, she re-appeared at her customary *comptoir*, as well as ever, with the exception of a slight paleness not altogether usual. It was given out by Monsieur Le Blanc and her mother, that she had merely been on a visit to some friend in the country; and the affair was speedily hushed up. We presume that the present absence is a freak of the same nature, and that, at the expiration of a week, or perhaps of a month, we shall have her among us again." *Evening Paper—Monday, June* 23.

"An evening journal of yesterday, refers to a former mysterious disappearance of Mademoiselle Rogêt. It is well known that, during the week of her absence from Le Blanc's *parfumerie*, she was in the company of a young naval officer, much noted for his debaucheries. A quarrel, it is supposed providentially led to her return home. We have the name of the Lothario in question, who is, at present, stationed in Paris, but, for obvious reasons, forbear to make it public." *Le Mercurie—Tuesday Morning, June* 24.

"An outrage of the most atrocious character was perpetrated near this city the day before yesterday. A gentleman, with his wife and daughter, engaged, about dusk, the services of six young men, who were idly rowing a boat to and fro near the banks of the Seine, to convey him across the river. Upon reaching the opposite shore, the three passengers stepped out, and had proceeded so far as to be beyond the view of the boat, when the daughter discovered that she had left in it her parasol. She returned for it, was seized by the gang, carried out into the stream, gagged, brutally treated, and finally taken to the shore at a point not far from that at which she had originally entered the boat with her parents. The villains have escaped for the time, but the police are upon their trail, and some of them will soon be taken.—*Morning Paper—June* 25.

"We have received one or two communications, the object of which, is to fasten the crime of the late atrocity upon Mennais; but as this gentleman has been fully exonerated by a legal inquiry, and as the arguments of our several correspondents appear to be more zealous than profound, we do not think it advisable to make them public."—*Morning Paper—June* 28.

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"We have received several forcibly written communications, apparently from various sources, and which go far to render it a matter of certainty that the unfortunate Marie Rogêt has become a victim of one of the numerous bands of blackguards which infest the vicinity of the city upon Sunday. Our own opinion is decidedly in favor of this supposition. We shall endeavor to make room for some of these arguments hereafter." —*Evening Paper—Tuesday, June* 31.

"On Monday, one of the bargemen connected with the revenue service, saw an empty boat floating down the Seine. Sails were lying in the bottom of the boat. The bargeman towed it under the barge office. The next morning it was taken from thence, without the knowledge of any of the officers. The rudder is now at the barge office."—*Le Diligence—Thursday, June* 26.

Upon reading these various extracts, they not only seemed to me irrelevant, but I could perceive no mode in which any one of them could be brought to bear upon the matter in hand. I waited for some explanation from Dupin.

"It is not my design," he said, "to *dwell* upon the first and second of these extracts. I have copied them chiefly to show you the extreme remissness of the police, who, as far as I can understand from the Prefect, have not troubled themselves, in any respect, with an examination of the naval officer alluded to. Yet it is mere folly to say that between the first and second disappearance of Marie, there is no *supposable* connection. Let us admit the first elopement to have resulted in a quarrel between the lovers, and the return home of the betrayed. We are now prepared to view a second *elopement* (if we *know* that an elopement has again taken place) as indicating a renewal of the betrayer's advances, rather than as the result of new proposals by a second individual—we are prepared to regard it as a 'making up' of the old *amour*, rather than as the commencement of a new one. The chances are ten thousand to one, that he who had once eloped with Marie, would again propose an elopement, rather than that she to whom proposals of elopement had been made by one individual, should have them made to her by another. And here let me call your attention to the fact, that the time elapsing between the first ascertained, and the second supposed elopement, is precisely the general period of the cruises of our men-of-war. Had the lover been interrupted in his first villany by the necessity of departure to sea, and had he seized the first moment of his return to renew the base designs not yet altogether accomplished? Of all these things we know nothing.

"You will say however, that, in the second instance, there was *no* elopement as imagined. Certainly not—but are we prepared to say that there was not the frustrated design? Beyond Saint Eustache, and perhaps Beauvais, we find no recognized, no open, no honorable suitors of Marie. Of none other is there any thing said. Who, then, is the secret lover, of whom the relatives (*at least most of them*) know nothing, but whom Marie meets upon the morning of Sunday, and who is so deeply in her confidence, that she hesitates not to remain with him, until the shades of the evening descend, amid the solitary groves of the Barrière du Roule? Who is that secret lover, I ask, of whom, at least, *most* of the relatives know nothing? And what means the singular prophecy of Madame Rogêt on the morning of Marie's departure?—'I fear that I shall never see Marie again.'

"But if we cannot imagine Madame Rogêt privy to the design of elopement, may we not at least suppose this design entertained by the girl? Upon quitting home, she gave it to be understood that she was about to visit her aunt in the Rue des Drômes, and Saint Eustache was requested to call for her at dark. Now, at first glance, this fact strongly militates against my suggestion;—but let us reflect. That she *did* meet with some companion, and proceed with him across the river, reaching the Barrière du Roule atso late an hour as three o'clock in the afternoon, is known. But in consenting so to accompany this individual, she must have thought of her expressed intention when leaving home, and of the surprize and suspicion aroused in the bosom of her affianced suitor, Saint Eustache, when, calling for her, at the hour appointed, in the Rue des Drômes, he should find that she had not been there, and when, moreover, upon returning to the *pension* with this alarming intelligence, he should become aware of her continued absence from home. She must have thought of these things, I say. She must have foreseen the chagrin of Saint Eustache, the suspicion of all. She could not have thought of returning to brave this suspicion; but the suspicion becomes a point of trivial importance to her, if we suppose her *not* intending to return.

"We may imagine her thinking thus—'I am to meet a certain person for the purpose of elopement. It is necessary that there be no chance of interruption—there must be sufficient time given us to elude pursuit—I will give it to be understood that I shall visit and spend the day with my aunt at the Rue des Drômes—I will tell Saint Eustache not to call for me until dark—in this way, my absence from home for the longest possible period, without causing suspicion or anxiety, will be accounted for, and I shall gain more time than in any other manner. If I bid Saint Eustache call for me at dark, he will be sure not to call before; but, if I wholly neglect to bid him call, my time for escape will be diminished, since it will be expected that I return the earlier, and my absence will the sooner excite anxiety. Now, if it were my design to return *at all*—if I had in contemplation merely a stroll with the individual in question—it would not be my policy to bid Saint Eustache call; for, calling, he will be *sure* to ascertain that I have played him false—a fact of which I might keep him for ever in ignorance, by leaving home without notifying him of my intention, by returning before dark, and by then stating that I had been to visit my aunt in the Rue des Drômes. But, as it is my design *never* to return, the gaining of time is the only point about which I need give myself any concern.'

"Such thoughts as these we may *imagine* to have passed through the mind of Marie, but the point is one upon which I consider it necessary now to insist. I have reasoned thus, merely to call attention, as I said a minute ago, to the culpable remissness of the police.

"You have observed, in your notes, that the most general opinion in relation to this sad affair, is and was from the first, that the girl had been the victim of *a gang* of blackguards. Now, the popular opinion, under certain conditions, is not to be disregarded. When arising of itself—when manifesting itself in a strictly

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spontaneous manner—we should look upon it as analogous with that *intuition* which is the idiosyncrasy of the individual man of genius. In ninety-nine cases from the hundred I would abide by its decision. But it is important that we find no palpable traces of *suggestion*. The opinion must be rigorously *the public's own;* and the distinction is often exceedingly difficult to perceive and to maintain. In the present instance, it appears to me that this 'public opinion,' in respect to *a gang*, has been superinduced by the collateral event which is detailed in the third of my extracts. All Paris is excited by the discovered corpse of Marie, a girl young, beautiful and notorious. The corpse is found, bearing marks of violence, and floating in the river. But it is now made known that, at the very period, or about the very period, in which it is supposed that the girl was assassinated, an outrage similar in nature, to that endured by the deceased, although less in extent, was perpetrated, by a gang of young ruffians, upon the person of a second young female. Is it wonderful that the one known atrocity should influence the popular judgment in regard to the other unknown? This judgment awaited direction, and the known outrage seemed so opportunely to afford it! Marie, too, was found in the river; and upon this very river was this known outrage committed. The connexion of the two events had about it so much of the palpable, that the true wonder would have been a *failure* of the populace to appreciate and to seize it. But, to the philosophical, the one atrocity, known to be so committed, is, if any thing, evidence that the other, committed at a time nearly coincident, was *not* so committed. It would have been a miracle indeed, if, while a gang of ruffians were perpetrating, at a given locality, a most unheard of wrong, there should have been another similar gang, in a similar locality, in the same city, under the same circumstances, with the same means and appliances, engaged in a wrong of precisely the same aspect, at precisely the same period of time! Yet in what, if not in this marvellous train of coincidence, does the accidentally *suggested* opinion of the populace call upon us to believe?

[*To be continued.*]

Original.

SACRAMENTAL.

"And he said unto him, Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee."—JOHN, XXI, 17.

One speaks for all!—when Peter thus
Speaks for himself, he speaks for us;
And we, who love the Saviour's name,
Love him with Peter's earnest flame.
Come ye who such appeal can make,
Who love him for his own dear sake,
Come!—in his arms of grace recline,
And feast with him on bread and wine.
A royal table! royal cheer!
Haste, hungry, thirsty, fainting here!
Sweet Mercy o'er the feast folds wings,
And with us sits the King of kings.
Emblem of Heaven's fruition this!
And hark, a voice comes on our bliss
To each, to all—"*Say, lov'st thou me?*"
Thou *knowest*, Lord, that we love thee!

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

Original.

THE CHANGING OF THE MOON.

BY MISS MARY ANN BROWNE.

She comes with a feeble silvery ray,
Traced faintly 'midst the blue;
She hangs above the dying day,
A thing of air and dew.
The stars flash brightly o'er her path,
With wilder light than her's,
No power or majesty she hath,
No glory she confers—
She seems so frail a child of space,
That the zephyr, rising now,
Might almost shake her from her place,
Like a dew-drop from the bough.
She comes again, and clear, and strong,
Her lustre floweth wide,
And its golden track is borne along
Upon the rippling tide,
The smaller stars have hid their heads,
The larger seem to fade,
A glorious radiance now she sheds
On the forest's solemn shade
A lovely crescent now she gleams,
No longer pale and weak,
And scarcely of a kindred seems,
With that first silvery streak;
But, lo, her regal hour hath come!
She reigns triumphant now,
And all the light of Heaven's wide dome,
Seems from her fount to flow.
Thro' the thick wood her searching eye,
Sendeth its glances bright;
There's not a cloud upon the sky,
She cannot turn to light;
It is her hour of pomp and pride,
In this fair night of June,
What starry orb unveiled may ride
Beside the queenly moon?
Again she comes, but late and drear
Is her red rising now.
No more with face of smiling cheer,
She climbs the mountain's brow;
She seems despoiled of half her state,
And comes as one might come
Whose widowed heart is desolate,
To watch beside a tomb.
She tarrieth still altho' away
Hath past the starry host,
And in the early light of day
She lingers like a ghost;
Oh, learn a lesson, Vanity!
Thou canst not learn too soon,
How beauty's charms wax, wane, and die,
Like the changing of the moon.

Liverpool, England.

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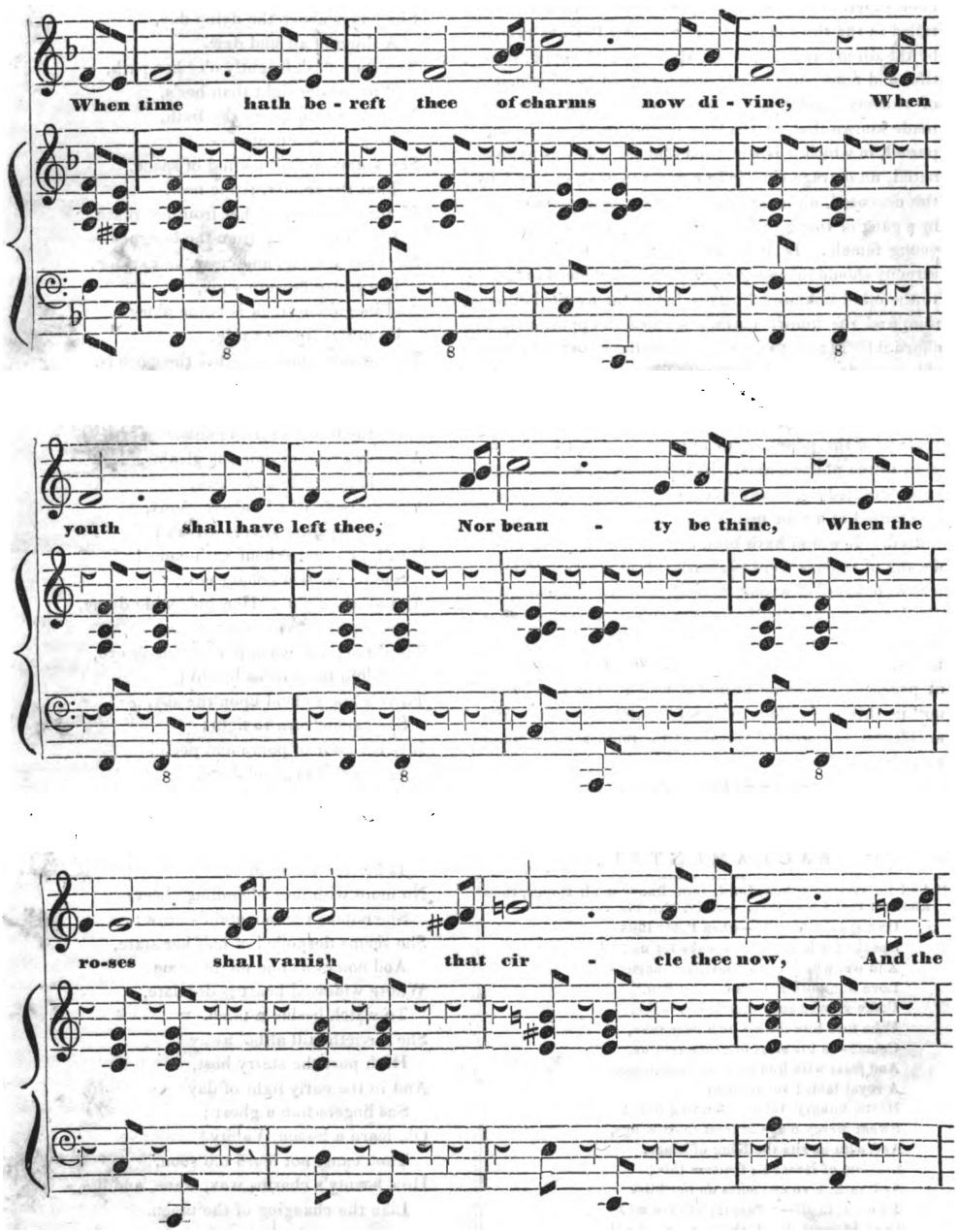
WHEN TIME HATH BEREFT THEE!

AS SUNG BY HENRY RUSSELL.



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thorn thou would'st ba-nish Shall press on thy brow; In the hour of thy

sadness Then think upon me, And that tho't shall be madness,

That tho't shall be madness, That tho't shall be madness, De-cei-ver, to thee, That

thought shall be madness, De - cei - ver to thee.

p

II.

When he who could turn thee
From virtue and fame,
Shall leave thee and spurn thee,
To sorrow and shame;
When by him thus requited,
Thy brain shall be stung,
Thy hope shall be blighted,
Thy bosom be wrung;
In the depth of thy sadness,
Then think, &c.

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Original.

THE BLIND SHEPHERD.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

I.

I saw a blind old man, who sat beneath a tree,
Imploring of each traveller a mite of charity,
And a little lad, with rosy cheeks, leant fondly on his knee.

II.

A meek and patient guardian lay crouched beside the pair—
A dog, which they called Autumn-leaf, with coat of shaggy hair—
Which from the little playful lad, received a scanty fare.

III.

"Good morrow, friend!" I frankly said unto the son of age,
"I think the big round falling drops, foretell the tempest's rage,
Had you not better shelter seek, and for thy little page?"

IV.

"It matters not," the old man said, "my day of life's near done,
And I am now a withered leaf—a world without a sun—
But do not think I murmur, sir—the will of Heaven be run!"

V.

And as he spoke, a trickling tear well'd from his sightless eye—
Which, like a sun drained mountain rill, all hollow was, and dry—
And his breast beneath his tattered plaid, heaved with a deep-fetched sigh.

VI.

The lad beheld the falling drop, and with his little hand,
Removed the dewy traveller from off the furrowed land,
And looked upon me with a glance all pitiful and bland.

VII.

The very cur did rouse him up from out his grassy lair,
And on the sons of youth and age, all wistfully did stare,
As though he felt their lonesomeness, and with it part did share.

VIII.

"How comes it, friend, that you are thus plunged in the sea of night—
Was't from thy cradle ever so—beheld'st thou e'er the light?"
I asked the old man. "Oh!" he cried, "with me once all was bright.

IX.

"'Tis now some fifteen years, kind sir, since on the mountains high,
Whose heath-clad summits tow'ring up, are lost within the sky,
That a lone shepherd, with my flock, I day and night did lie.

X.

"Where I have seen the glorious sun, rise from the depths of sea,
Arraying plain and valley wide in all his brilliancy,
And crowning with his golden beams the hills' sublimity.

XI.

"Where days, weeks, months, have o'er me rolled, and on my palsied ear
The sound of human voice ne'er struck—but in the heaven's clear,
The raven's scream was all I heard, midst desolation drear.

XII.

Yet, in these realms of loneliness, midst nature's solemn reign,
My feelings found a happier home than in the fertile plain—
Communing with the elements—cloud, sun and hurricane.

XIII.

And I have seen the lightning's darts, beneath me sport and play,
And heard the thunder's rattling march, die on the ear away,
While I've sat on my mountain throne, amidst a glorious day.

XIV.

"One summer's eve, far in the west, the clouds to sable grew,
And the sun, like to a mighty shield, looked bloody to the view,
And the meteor beams of heaven's arch, o'er earth and ocean flew.

XV.

"A robe of darkness o'er the face of nature fleetly came,
Then roared the thunder awfully, and with the lightning's flame,
Earth, heaven, and e'en the ocean waste, one orb of fire became.

XVI.

"I felt as if a burning brand had flashed across my sight—
I sprang in horror from the ground—I wildly sought the light—
I sought!—oh, God!—it was in vain—I found one endless night!"

XVII.

The old man paused in agony, while heaved his aged breast;
The little lad around him clung, who to his heart he pressed;
And *Autumn-leaf's* low, plaintive whine, was mingled with the rest.

XVIII.

"Thus," said the shepherd, "you behold a man of sixty-three,
With his orphan grandchild by his side, imploring charity—
Have pity, stranger, on us, then—we bow to Heaven's decree!"

NOTE.—The incident recorded in the above lines, actually fell under the observation of the author in Derwent vale, Cumberland, England, in the fall of 1835.

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LITERARY REVIEW.

First Principles of Natural Philosophy: *by James Renwick. L. L. D.; Harper & Brothers.*—The name of the author of this volume is sufficient guarantee of its excellence, a volume which we trust will become a universal text book in our schools and academies. Its plan is simple, yet sound, treating most lucidly on every branch of this delightful science. To render it faultless,—correct and well executed embellishments illustrate the various subjects descanted on, while apart from its inductive qualities, it is admirably suited to instructors not proficient in the science, a set of questions being added, and the answers clearly expounded.

Library of Select Novels: *Harper & Brothers.*—The Last Days of Pompeii, and Rienzi, by Bulwer, forming Nos. 6 and 8, have been received. Their merits need no commendation of ours. Self Devotion, by the author of the Only Daughter, being No. 9, of the same publication, is likewise before us, a work not merely of imagination, but replete with the most valuable lessons to the female generation.

Robinson Crusoe: *Edward C. Biddle.*—This entertaining story appears in a new form, having been revised with special reference to moral tendency, and adapted to the capacity of the young. It abounds with numerous woodcuts, beautifully executed, illustrative of the most particular passages in the life of the hero, and bound in a handsome style. It will be found a very appropriate present for the approaching holidays.

THEATRICALS.

Park.—The operatic spectacle of the Israelites in Egypt, has been produced at the Park, and proved eminently successful. The music is not of the highest order, of Rossini's compositions, and consequently has never maintained an equal stand amongst his other works. Although these are some pieces which have been popular—such as the Duo, "Ah! se puoi, cosi lasciarme," (sung by Mrs. Seguin and Mr. Shrivall,) the Duo "Parlar Spiegar," and the "Preghiera," "Dal tuo stellato soglio," "Mi manca la voce," is a beautiful canon, and esteemed the gem of the opera. When Rossini was attached to the "Academie Royale," he was induced to compose another act, and various pieces for that establishment, where it was prepared as "Moise." The adapter of the present version, has availed himself of nearly the whole of the additional French and original Italian, with two pieces of Handel's—"He gave them hailstones for rain,"—a double chorus,—not decidedly enough given to be so effective, as it might have been, and "Angels ever bright and fair," which he might have omitted to advantage. We understand at Covent Garden, the piece terminated with Handel's magnificent double chorus—"The horse and his rider, hath he thrown into the sea," which from the torrent of voices and exultation, it was given with, inspired the audience with a feeling of enthusiasm, that made the walls ré-echo again with the applause. The spectacle was produced at the Park, with every attention to scenic effect by the management, and the singers acquitted themselves with honor after the first two or three performances, save and except the recitative, which is ever a severe test of the singers' professional execution. English singers seem to have a fear of encountering recitative pieces. It is but to read well. But to read well is the difficulty.

Mrs. Seguin, Mr. Seguin, (and Mrs. Bailey with the very little she had to do,) evinced their superior knowledge and skill, by the manner they gave their portion of the recitative, although it was a little too much sung, ("save the very serious *morceaux*,") to be effective. There is no portion of the drama calculated to display any great vocal effect,—the reason, why, it has never been so popular as many other productions by the same composer. Mrs. Seguin, gave her music with that finish, which none but an educated singer could have given.

Mr. Shrivall, (his first appearance,) the new tenor, possesses a voice of good tone in the lower and middle portions—but the junction with the upper part, is very defective, so much so, as to induce us to conclude he has practised more as a baritone, than a tenor. However, it would be unjust to decide upon his qualities, 'till he has had opportunity in the more direct path of opera; for, to say the truth, we think the combination of vocal talent at present concentrated at the Park, though not so great, as we have had, might have been directed with more judgment—and consequently more effect—in the production of some work, at less expense—and a more sure return of profit, and reputation (musically and scenically,) than in the production of the Israelites in Egypt.

Olympic.—Mr. Mitchell has, up to this time, had a most successful season, indeed we are informed greater than any other which has preceded it. The opera of Amilie, he produced in a masterly manner, and in some parts it was better sustained than on its original production in this city. We understand it is his intention to bring out other musical dramas, in the same style of excellence. We wish him all the success he can wish himself.

Bowery.—A short engagement with Celeste was followed by one with Mr. G. Vandenhoff, who, in conjunction with Mr. Hamblin, appeared in some of the best tragedies of Shakspeare. Of this gentleman's performances, we expressed our opinion in our last issue, and have now to repeat that it remains unchanged. Possessing every personal advantage, with severe study, he may, in some years, take a high standing in his profession, but at present he has much to learn and unlearn. Among the bad habits, he has acquired, is a disposition to tear a passion to tatters, a strangling of his voice, which impairs his enunciation, and an imitation of his father's worst peculiarities. His action is also cramped and unnatural, partaking of the Macready school of gesticulation, with a constant sinking of the left knee, marring all grace and dignity of bearing. Of Mr. Hamblin, we cannot speak too highly. His performance of Othello, exceeded all his former efforts, and without partiality or undue praise, we aver that no living actor in it can excel him. From the moment he enters upon the scene, he becomes imbued with the spirit of the character—there is no assumption of the actor—he resorts to no studied tricks to command applause—there is no "out Heroding Herod," like most representatives of the character, but with consummate skill and judgment, he commingles pathos, passion and feeling, forming one of the most original personations of this difficult character it has ever been our lot to witness. With his Brutus, however, we were not so well satisfied—it was rather too artistical—each scene being a distinct study of itself, resembling the separate portions of a picture without a masterly grouping of the whole; nevertheless it was an excellent performance, as was his King John. Indeed, in several scenes of the latter, he displayed the highest perfection of the art. Among our brief remarks, we must not omit honorable mention of Mr. J. Wallack, Jr. His Macduff and Cassius were correct and vigorous delineations, and with study and attention, he will yet acquire a high position in the theatrical world. When we behold such excellent pictures of the art, as these recent performances at the Bowery, we cannot but regret the apparent decline of the drama, for it is a melancholy fact that the generality of our theatres are forsaken by the public, and unless some resuscitation speedily takes place, the stage will be remembered but "as a thing that was." What is the cause of this woful degeneracy? Is it, that the financial distress of the country has operated injuriously to the interest of theatres? Is it that the mind of the community has been turned into another channel by the prevailing mania for lectures, concerts, and similar matters, or that all love for theatricals has departed from among us? We venture to answer, that from neither of these causes spring the effects which operate so powerfully against the drama. The real and true cause, is the destructive system pursued by certain managers, reducing the stage to a level with the lowest order of exhibitions. In most of our principal cities at this day, we have theatres, or, at least, places so designated, where miserable representations of the drama are given, at prices so low, that it is impossible for

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their proprietors to minister *respectably* and *morally* to the public, from the receipts being inadequate to the sustaining of performers of character and talent; consequently, the refuse of the profession is engaged by managers, to mangle and *mis*-represent the art, thereby disgusting the public. and sapping the foundation of the stage. Apart from this destructive system, such lazar houses are admirably calculated to destroy the morals of our rising generation, the low charges of admission opening the doors to *all*, so that the youthful mind is brought in contact with the veriest outcasts of society,—vice in its most fascinating colors is arrayed before their eyes, and their ears are poisoned with the most lewd and impious expressions. Such, we believe, are the true causes of the fall of the drama, and while such temples of iniquity are licensed by our rulers, the stage can never regain its former high position. This is a subject fraught with v al importance to the good of society, necessary for the investigation of our civic authorities, and one which we trust they will seriously consider, and if in their power amend.

EDITORS' TABLE.

Notes on America by Charles Dickens, Esq.—We have perused this volume in the hope of finding something in it to repay us for our time and trouble, but we find it a volume of common place jargon, and overweaning conceit, exactly what might have been expected from a foreigner ignorant of our country and its institutions. Mr. Dickens, or Boz, or in whatever appellation he delights, the moment he departs from the imaginative path, becomes bewildered, and wanders about in doubt and uncertainty, only extricating himself through the assistance of some quaint remark, or Dick Swivel piece of effrontery. His mind is of too flippant a character to judge deeply, and decide correctly, upon America and its people. One thing alone would render him incompetent to the task—the strong nationality with which he is imbued, and that pervades every page of his volume; and even when he is compelled to acknowledge excellence, he doles it with the most niggardly hand. His rapid career through our country, we are well aware, prevented him from minutely investigating its vital qualities, yet nevertheless he might have displayed a keener observation than he has evinced in his notes, or when any thing approaching to solidity of judgment rises up, it is found to be based only upon public documents or newspaper report, the latter assistant, he, like an ungrateful friend, taking care to vilify most cruelly. The press of America, we know, is, in too many instances debased, but he should have remembered that to no class of people has he been more indebted for his popularity and fortune, and indeed it comes with an ill grace from one who in his progress through our nation, received through their influence every attention and respect. His indignant remarks upon slavery are the effects of education. He had neither time nor judgment to acquire a thorough knowledgde of this important subject, and therefore they may be considered as crude and prejudiced in the extreme. Our agricultural statistics, political and social institutions are altogether by him overlooked. He has written a book every way unworthy of the genius of the author of Master Humphrey's Clock, a book that will do much to lower him in the estimation of our community, and above all defeat the great object of his visit,—the establishing an international copy-right. But we are justly rewarded for the fulsome adulation we rendered to the gentleman; of which, by the way, he, sensibly, says nothing, while we hope it will operate as a lesson in future not to offer to any popular foreigner such homage as was never offered to the immortal father of his country.

Mercantile Library.—The sixteenth annual series of lectures of this excellent institution have commenced under the most brilliant prospects of success. The lecturers are gentlemen of mind and education, and competent masters of the themes on which they severally discourse. We trust that the community will evince a generous support to the institution.

Professor Calvert's Lectures.—We have attended the Lectures on Oratory delivered by Professor Calvert in the Society Library, and cannot in justice withhold the tribute of our testimony to their very unusual style of excellence. The lectures hitherto given on this subject, have been little more than a tissue of readings and recitations, connected together by some brief and common place remarks: these, on the contrary, are profound and eloquent expositions of an important yet much neglected art—the art of impressing the public mind, couched in language remarkable for its strict adaptation to the varying shades of the subject, and delivered in a style of great simplicity and power. We have not space for the particulars of the course, and will not do it the injustice of an imperfect notice. Certainly nothing of the same high character on this subject, or approaching to its excellence, has been given in this city.

New Music.—Pot-pourri, for the piano forte, is a selection of popular negro melodies, arranged and composed by James Maeder, a gentleman well known and justly appreciated by the musical world. Among them we find, "Long time Ago," "Sittin' on a Rail," "Round de corner Sally," "Gumbo Chaff," "Jim Brown," "Clar de Kitchen," and a host of others. They are published by W. H. Oakes, of Boston, in a style of great elegance. "The Bridal Ring," words by J. H. Warland, Esq., and music by the same composer, is likewise beautifully executed, and a composition of unusual merit. "The Pretty Flower Girl," written by Eugene Roche, music by Signor De Begnis, is an exquisite song. It is got up in the usual manner of excellence for which its publishers, Firth & Hall are proverbial, a beautiful vignette adorning the title page, executed by Thayer, of Boston. "My Bonny Kate," by W. C. Peters, a ballad. "I Go my Friends I Go," by Francis H. Brown. "I'd offer thee this hand of mine," by L. T. Chadwick. "Come Dwell with me," arranged as a rondeletta, by Charles Czerney. "El Sapateo de Cadiz," and the "Polski Mazurka," two of Ellsler's popular dances. "La Noçe," by Julius Metz. All of these are published by James L. Hewitt & Co., in a style of great beauty.

Winter, that hoary monarch, has again assumed his crown of icicle, and ascended his throne of storm. The leaves have fallen from the forest—river and streamlet are bound in his chains, hill and meadow are clothed in their mantles of "snowy purity," and no longer the pipe of the robin or the bobbolink are heard in the vale. The last rubies of Autumn hang upon the leafless rose stems—sweet remembrancers of earth's departed beauty, and bright tokens that it will bloom again. Yet, winter, too, has its enjoyments, it is the time when kindred hearts gather closely around the cheerful hearth, commingling intellectual instruction with harmless enjoyment.

Before our next number has appeared, the holidays will be with us. To all, therefore, we wish a merry Christmas, and that among the many blessings a gracious Providence bestows upon them, they will not find the Companion the least contributor to their intellectual tastes or rational amusements.

The Harpers.—We are happy to perceive that this enterprizing firm is publishing the most popular works in a commodious form, and at a price within the reach of every reader. In point of mechanical execution they cannot be surpassed, and must acquire an extensive circulation.

Fashions for December.—*Morning Dress.*—Hat of satin or silk, cottage shape, or with open front, trimmed with silk bows or with feathers. Robe of silk—long body fitting closely to the neck—sleeves half full, and tight at the wrists. Skirt rather full. Velvet mantilla with deep fringe. Hair in ringlets.

Promenade Dress.—Robe of silk or satin—full skirt, with long waist and double tippet—bonnet decorated with flowers—veil. Cashmere and fancy shawls, richly embroidered, are in demand.

Ball Dress.—Robe of white or azure silk, low bosom, short body—sleeves short—skirt very full, with flounces—*negligee* cap. Hair parted on the brow, and falling on each side of the face in ringlets.

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Copley. Jordan & Halpin.

"Lay not thine hand upon the lad."

Engraved for the Ladies' Companion.

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THE BRIDAL WREATH.

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W. Perring. A.L. Dick.

THE BRIDAL WREATH.

Engraved for the Ladies' Companion

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Edward Corbould. A.L. Dick.

THE MAID OF NARNI.

Engraved for the Ladies Companion

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THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, JANUARY, 1843.

ABRAHAM AND ISAAC.

Some months since, we presented to our readers a beautiful scriptural engraving of Hagar in the wilderness, at the same time signifying our intention of occasionally embellishing the Companion with the most interesting scenes and subjects connected with the sacred volume. We now give the second of this series—Abraham about to offer up his son Isaac—from the burnt of Jordan and Halpin, after the magnificent painting by Copley. Of the beauty of the design, and excellence of execution, we need offer no comment.

"And it came to pass after these things, that God did tempt Abraham, and said unto him Abraham; and he said, 'Behold, here I am.' And he said, 'Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of.' And Abraham rose up early in the morning, and saddled his ass, and took two of his young men with him, and clave the wood for the burnt offering, and rose up, and went unto the place of which God had told him. Then on the third day Abraham lifted up his eyes, and saw the place afar off. And Abraham said unto his young men, 'Abide ye here with the ass; and I and the lad will go yonder and worship, and come again to you.' And Abraham took the wood of the burnt offering, and laid it upon Isaac his son; and he took the fire in his hand, and a knife; and they went both of them together. And Isaac spake unto Abraham his father, and said, 'My father:' and he said, 'Here am I, my son.' And he said, 'Behold the fire and the wood: but where is the lamb for a burnt offering?' And Abraham said, 'My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering:' so they went both of them together.

"And they came to the place which God had told him of; and Abraham built an altar there, and laid the wood in order, and bound Isaac, his son, and laid him on the altar upon the wood. And Abraham stretched forth his hand, and took the knife to slay his son. And the angel of the Lord called unto him out of Heaven, and said, 'Abraham, Abraham:' and he said, 'Here am I.' And he said, 'Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou any thing unto him: for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me.' And Abraham lifted up his eyes, and looked, and behold behind him a ram caught in a thicket by his horns: and Abraham went and took the ram, and offered him up for a burnt offering in the stead of his son. And Abraham called the name of that place Jehovah Jireh: as it is said to this day,—In the mount, it shall be seen."—Genesis, 22.

We cannot close these illustrative remarks without calling to the notice of such of our readers as are unacquainted with the name of Copley, that he was one of the most distinguished men America ever produced. He was born in Boston, in the year 1737, and in early life discovered the talent that afterwards exalted him to the highest position in his profession. He was a strict student of nature, shackled by no rules of institutions. In early life, he exercised his talents in the line of portrait painting. In 1774, he left Massachusetts for Italy, where, after sojourning for some time, he went to London, and in a few years was elected a member of the Royal Academy. He now entered upon the study of historical painting, and succeeded most admirably; his pictures of the Death of Lord Chatham, and the Sortie of Gibraltar, establishing at once his reputation. In 1815 he died, leaving behind him a son, the present Lord Lyndhurst, late High Chancellor of England.

THE BRIDAL WREATH.

Rosalissa leaned listlessly against the garden wall, as her fond mother twined around her temples a bridal wreath from the fairest flowers of the garden of Gonsalez, for proud castellan of the plains of Valencia, yet a melancholy expression rested on her fair features, for her heart was not with him. Alasco, the playmate of her youth, and the first object of her affections, was bright in the mirror of her memory, and the joyous gentle and attention of her manner fell like the knell of death upon heart.

And where was Alasco? Why was he not there to rescue her from destruction? Why lingered he so long from his dwelling? Three moons had traversed the vault of heaven, since, with his gallant band, he had breasted the blue waters of the Mediterranean, promising in two little weeks to return and claim his Rosalissa, at the altar—for the time had long passed, and rumor with its poison breath, spoke through the lips of Gonsalez that he had been captured by the Algerines, and doomed to the galleys; but hope yet whispered in her heart he would return, and the maiden was not deceived, for while her fond mother twined the wreath around the daughter's temples and bade her forget Alasco, the lover, with his band, lay in waiting in the deep recesses of a myrtle arbor. Gay and light were their hearts, while Alasco sang the following ditty, [illegible] danger:

"Rose-tree, say child, that wreath again
Dose adorn, my Rosalissa, dear?
A mother of her child is fain
Thy cheek so fair and eyes so clear.
I go bid and see the mother
Deck her child to wed another.
That wreath of blossoms be to [illegible]
Thine locks: but shade low [illegible]
[illegible] for him they deck at [illegible]
Proceed in that Castellan's place,
Silent, still I see my mother
Deck her child to wed another.
Shall Rosalissa be a slave?
Rather never such love may gain!
Her virtue character's on the wave,
Her glory's buried upon the main.
Castellan, tho' thy steeds are [illegible]
My bark is on the billows dancing
Let the Feast prepare the rites;
My Rosalissa knows the sun;
And when the signal gun resounds,
She'll fly to Love and Liberty.
Yes, Thou thinkest her [illegible]
Set little [illegible]

"'Tis Alasco!" [illegible]
where art thou, my [illegible]
"Here!" [illegible]
the next minute [illegible]
cheek. That [illegible]
of Gonsalez, but no bride was there. Far, far upon the bounding main was she with Alasco, his true wife and mistress of a gallant bark and a fearless crew,

"With a hundred bright swords flashing liberty's blaze,
To be drawn at her call to hold her free."

R. R.

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"And they came to the place which God had told him of; and Abraham built an altar there, and laid the wood in order, and bound Isaac, his son, and laid him on the altar upon the wood. And Abraham stretched forth his hand, and took the knife to slay his son. And the angel of the Lord called unto him out of Heaven, and said, "Abraham, Abraham:" and he said, "Here am I." And he said, "Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou any thing unto him: for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son for me." And Abraham lifted up his eyes, and looked, and beheld behind him a ram caught in a thicket by his horns: and Abraham went and took the ram, and offered him up for a burnt offering in the stead of his son. And Abraham called the name of that place Jehovah Jirah: as it is said to this day.—Genesis, 22.

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THE BRIDAL WREATH.

Basalissa leaned listlessly against the garden wall, as her fond mother twined around her temples a bridal wreath from the fairest flowers of the garden of Gonzalez, the proud chieftain of the plains of Valencia, yet a melancholy expression rested on her fair features, for her heart was not with him. Alasco, the playmate of her youth, and the first object of her affections, was bright in the mirror of her memory, and the joyous prattle and attention of her mother fell like the knell of death upon heart.

And where was Alasco? Why was he not there to rescue her from destruction? Why lingered he so long from his dwelling? Three moons had traversed the vault of heaven, since, with his gallant band, he had breasted the blue waters of the Mediterranean, promising in two little weeks to return and claim his Basalissa, at the altar—but the time had long passed, and rumor with its poison breath, spoke through the lips of Gonsalez that he had been captured by the Algerines, and doomed to the galleys, but hope yet whispered in her heart he would return, and the maiden was not deceived, for while her fond mother twined the wreath around the daughter's temples and bade her forget Alasco; the lover, with his band, lay in waiting in the deep recesses of a myrtle arbor. Gay and bold were their hearts, while Alasco sung the following ditty, reckless of danger:

"Now try, my child, that wreath again
Once more, my Basalissa, dear,
A mother of her child is vain
Of brow so fair and eyes so clear.
I lie hid and see the mother
Deck her child to wed another.

That wreath of blossoms be thy pride,
Bind those locks that shade her face,
But not for him thou deck'st the bride,
I'll revel in that Chieftain's place!
Silent, still, I see the mother
Deck her child to wed another.

Shall Basalissa be a slave?
Riches ne'er such love may gain!
Her bridal chamber's on the wave,
Her altar's built upon the main.
Chieftain, tho' thy steeds are prancing,
My bark is on the billows dancing!

Let the Priest prepare the rites;
My Basalissa knows the sea;
And when the signal gun invites,
She'll fly to Love and Liberty.
Yes, thou think'st thy child divine,
But little dream'st her *heart* is mine."

"'Tis Alasco!" exclaimed the maiden. "Where, where art thou, my gallant lover?"

"Here!" cried the manly and faithful Spaniard, and the next minute he imprinted a burning kiss upon her cheek. That night the guests assembled in the chapel of Gonsalez, but no bride was there. Far, far upon the bounding main was she with Alasco, his true wife and mistress of a gallant bark and a fearless crew,

"With a hundred bright swords flashing liberty's blaze,
To be drawn at her call to hold her free."

R. R.

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Original.

POETRY.

BY PROFESSOR F. B. CALVERT.

The subject of this paper, and which may possibly be prosecuted through several succeeding ones, is Poetry, —Poetry, a word which awakens in different minds, according to their several tastes and constitutions, such very opposite feelings: the object of the enthusiasm of one party, of indifference to another, almost of contempt or reprobation to a third. Subject to all this variety of appreciation, it seems only a natural course, and one suggested by that partiality which every writer is supposed to have for the theme of his own adoption, to commence with a brief description and vindication of its character; and yet upon reflection such a proceeding may be deemed almost superfluous. By those who are prepossessed in favor of the subject, what recommendation will be required, with those on the contrary who are prejudiced against it, what vindication will avail? It is in vain that we appeal to tastes and feelings which have no existence; it is in vain that we endeavor to alter the ingrained nature of things, or expect them to respond to us in any voice than their own, however powerful the hand, or cunning the touch to which they may be subjected. No skill in the performer can elicit harmony from discordant strings; no skill in the performer can alter the quality of the instrument, can call forth the deep voice of the violincello, from the lute, or swell the tinkle of the guitar into the loud and lengthened clangors of the trumpet: the most enchanting prospect is a mere blank to the blind, and all the melting soul of harmony will plead in vain at the sealed-up portals of the deaf. In like manner, it would be idle to *paint* to the imagination where there is no imagination to appreciate the pourtraiture, worse than idle to address the language of feeling to that breast, which is a stranger to all the finer and more generous impulses of our nature. Rather, therefore, in compliance with form, and to extend that protection to my subject which it has a right to expect from me, than with any view to reason the callous or indifferent into taste and feeling, shall I briefly advert to its claims and character. What then is that subject, what is Poetry? The word is derived from the Greek verb which signifies *creation* or *invention;* and widely as Poetry has extended its signification, it still retains enough of its primitive character to vindicate the correctness of its derivation. Poetry, indeed, is essentially creative: in its most simple form as the mere description of external nature, it is not a passive mirror idly reflecting objects placed before its eye; even here, it is an active discriminating and to a certain extent, a creative agent. It decomposes existing appearances, reduces them to their primary elements, and reconstructs more pleasing and effective combinations from the same: thus creative in its very origin, it developes the faculty more fully as it proceeds, 'till in its loftiest department it carries invention to the highest possible pitch, and becomes creative altogether. Here it not only originates but peoples a region of its own, it embodies passion, incident and character, and, interweaving the whole into the interest of connected narrative, calls forth a more animated, picturesque, and impassioned world. But Poetry is inventive in the very language it employs. Rejecting ordinary forms of expression, it is continually aspiring to more novel and striking combinations, altering with this view and interchanging the properties of things, tincturing and enrobing them with the colors and costume of each other, and thus regaling the imagination with a species of brilliant verbal masquerade. In simple Prose, "*the ear listens,*" but Poetry tells you in its own peculiar dialect that "*the ear inhales sweet sounds,*" thus borrowing the property of one sense and transferring to another. But in all these borrowings and transmutations there is truth and consistency. The *eye listens*, would be a solecism in language, the term being strictly confined to the ear; but though the verb *inhale* have reference to the breath, yet it has truth and propriety as a general term for *Recipiency* for *admitting* or *receiving*. But in its full amplitude of signification, Poetry is a comprehensive term indeed, embracing every thing that can interest or affect in the wide region of Nature or of Art. When we gaze on the rising sun and feel our energies renewed with the renewed existence of the day, this is Poetry, the buoyant Poetry of hope and expectation; as the day advances and oppressed by the the meridian heat we court the shade, and curtained by its verdant screen, abandon ourselves to all the luxurious lassitude of the noontide hour, this too is Poetry; as the day declines and sympathizing with that declension our spirits take a calmer hue, as if the brighter colors of the mind began to fade with the fading glories of the day, this too is Poetry; when night comes on with her "solemn bend" and silent stars, and we feel all the deep hushed serenity of that celestial hour, as if our spirits caught the tinge of that pale pure orb we gaze upon, although our feelings differ as much from what they were in the morning as does the young and radiant sun from his pensive pallid sister of the night, still this is Poetry. The same remark applies to the imitative world. "Chained to the chariot of triumphal art" as we gaze enamoured of some finished production of the sculptor, and "inhale the ambrosial aspect of a Venus or an Apollo;" though statuary supplies the inspiration, Poetry is the feeling inspired; when we listen to harmonious sounds and experience those indescribable emotions which only Music can elicit from the soul, this too is Poetry; hence the "Poetry of *Music;* the "Poetry of Sculpture;" the "Poetry of Painting;" and when Taglioni, the Queen of Dance, was said to exhibit in her performanee the "Poetry of Motion," there was not less philosophical truth, than delicate beauty in the compliment. Thus Poetry is intimately associated with whatever is most pure, impassioned or imaginative in Nature or in Art, with all that is most elevated in character, most exquisite in sensation; it raises the mind to a capacity for enjoying whatever is exalted and refined; it raises the most ordinary object or occurrence into a source of exalted and refined enjoyment. The enlivener and vivifier of existence, it is continually

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enlarging, as we cultivate it, the sphere of our innocent enjoyments, so that "a man of polite imagination is let into a great many pleasures that the vulgar are not capable of receiving; he can converse with a picture and find an agreeable companion in a statue."

> "The common air, the sun, the skies,
> To him one opening Paradise."

> "Shun not the Nine, theirs is no Syren strain
> To soften first, then enervate the mind.
> They win from sordid sense and thirst of gain,
> And plant the nobler love of humankind.
> Thy soul, from sin and selfishness refined,
> Shall soar superior to the vulgar throng;
> For never were in mortal breast combined
> The lust of lucre and the love of song;
> That man ne'er prized the Muse, who could his fellow wrong."

But it is with Poetry in the common acceptation of the term, with Poetry as distinguished from Prose, with the metrical effusions of fervid and imaginative minds that we have to do at present. Taking our stand then on the Elizabethan era, and casting an eye down the long vista which terminates with the present period, the first names which arrest our attention, are those of Shakspeare and Milton, but first let us revert one moment to two Poets of an earlier date, to Chaucer, the great father of English verse, and Spencer, who has given his name to the stately and complicated stanza which he borrowed from the Italians. Chaucer is the fountain head of our Poetry, préeminently the bard of Nature. Distinguished by racy humor, native pathos, and bold strokes of character, his genius, though wanting the inventive faculty, was decidedly original, and that originality had a boundless field wherein to expatiate. There were no previous models to seduce, to fetter or enslave his powers, no preoccupiers of the soil to check his incursions, or present the danger or temptation of illicit appropriation. His canvass was unoccupied, his pencil unborrowed. The virgin mould of English verse, was yet unbroken, and teeming with native richness, scarcely wanted the touch of cultivation to pour forth its long restrained exuberance. The age, too, in which he lived, with all its picturesque habiliments and deep-lined individuality of character, had never been described, and he brought to the task very unusual qualifications,—a knowledge of human nature inferior only to that of Shakspeare's, and powers of pourtraiture surpassed by none. He had all the learning, too, which that age could supply, with a rare taste and propriety in its application. Thus gifted by nature, and formed by cultivation, he painted with the truth of the historian, the pungency of the satirist, and the splendor of the Poet.

As Chaucer's forte lay in delineation of character, Spencer is préeminent in description and the romance of sentiment. While others were laboring to modernize their diction, Spencer has purposely tinged *his* style with the time-stained verbiage of an earlier period. No poet with a wand so potent has summoned from the regions of imagination, so vast an assemblage of allegorical personages, or has clothed them with such propriety as well as splendor of costume; hence no Poet so captivating to the youthful mind, and no poet has been so often the exciting cause of poetry in others: both Milton and Cowley caught their earliest inspirations from the Muse of Spencer. And yet the Fairy Queen has little sustained and lengthened the interest; a fault, though partly inherent in the subject, by no means insuperable. In perusing this poem, we seem to wander through Fairy Land; we are led on from one scene of enchantment to another, where the birds warble, the winds murmur and the waters blend their melodious voices, 'till the senses become oppressed by the very excess of voluptuous enjoyment, and we experience the same feeling of exhaustion, which is produced by sauntering through some immense gallery of paintings, where the attention is drained to the very dregs by the incessant demand upon it from objects of powerful but detached and isolated interest.

When Sir Walter Raleigh, in describing his adventures in America, gravely assures us that he actually encountered the Anthropophagi, and men whose heads grew beneath their shoulders, he adds with a quaint simplicity which is irresistibly comic, "what a pity I did not bring one of them home with me, for then no person would have questioned the fact;" and Sir Walter was right. Things seen and things described exercise a widely different influence on our credence. If I were to tell you of some extraordinary animal, combining the properties of almost every other species; with the courage and fidelity of the dog, the fleetness and docility of the horse, the elastic strength of the lion and tiger, and the collossal proportions of the half-reasoning elephant, it would require no ordinary effort of mind to combine all these properties together, and to blend and symmetrize them into one consistent and harmonious whole. Now what such a nondescript would be among animals, *is* Shakspeare among Poets. To the fulness, the impetuosity, the unornate majesty of Homer, he adds the sensibility of Virgil; he has the sublimity of Milton with a knowledge of human nature, a grace and flexibility, which Milton had not; soaring far beyond Ariosto and the Italian poets in wild regions of imagination, he has the nerve of Dryden without his coarseness, and the music without the monotony of Pope. In dissecting the merits of this great master of language and passion, criticism is apt to forget her cold and censorious character, and to be charmed into an involuntary eulogist. The French alone, 'till of late years, obstinately closed their eyes, and either could not or would not see the merits of our Poet: not more than twenty years ago, the tragedy of Othello was literally hooted from their boards, and characterized in the journals of the day as the production of a barbarous age and nation. But the triumph of genius though slow, is sure. The plays of Shakspeare are now repeatedly enacted in the French metropolis, adding, on every repetition, new converts to the cause of truth and nature. In pathos, in grandeur, in sublimity, in the whirlwind of passion, or the play of fancy, Shakspeare is equally at home; the entire dominion of Poetry is his, and not a plot of it is left uncultivated. In the first place the exquisite melody of his versification has never yet been equalled, much less surpassed. No one better knew the capabilities of his native English, or could mould it when he chose into

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richer and more imposing combinations. His rhythm is of the highest order, that of inexhaustible variety. But it is his wide, his deep, his intuitive insight of the most subtle springs of human action, which constitute the préeminence of Shakspeare. How immense, too, the reaches of his mind! Milton is characterized as sublime, but no single epithet, no consecutive series of epithets can gird in the immensity of Shakspeare. Milton is an impersonation of the lofty and the grand, he towers into the skies, his element is above: but Shakspeare is every where, and every thing; his Muse "glances from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven—she is omniscient and omnipresent. In knowledge he has dived as deep as ever sunk the plummet of philosophy, in lofty inspiration has risen as high as ever soared the wing of Poetry. Of all writers the least egotistical, he is every one else by turns, but never himself. In this respect, Byron and Shakspeare are the Antipodes of each other. All the dramatic family of the former plainly bespeak their origin; they partake largely of the morbid and atrabilarious temperament of their common parent. Shakspeare is a mirror, faithfully giving back the image of every object, in all its characteristic configuration, costume and coloring; Byron may be likened to painted glass, imparting its own rich hues to every thing viewed through its variegated medium. Shakspeare reflects the image of his subject without tincturing, without being tinctured by it, neither imbuing nor imbued; as independent of his characters, as is the mirror, which retains no vestige of the object, when withdrawn, which the very moment before, seemed incorporated with it, and actually identified with its inmost substance. Not only in the Childe Harold, where the identity of the author and the hero is unquestionable, but through the veil of all his dramatic creations, the author appears. It is still Byron, Byron, Byron. But who ever thinks of Shakspeare, in reading or in witnessing the performance of Macbeth, or Hamlet, or Lear? At the bidding of the great Magician, the characters start into being; "they come like shadows, so depart;" but their creator and summoner appears not; we see not the wand which raised, we hear not the voice which invoked them. Such is the all-potent art of the great Dramatic writer. He has no favorite classes of emotion, or expressions of emotion, which exercise an undue influence over him; with no predominating *greens*, or *blues*, or *yellows*, thrown into the canvass, his pourtraitures have all the sober truth and varied coloring of nature; he is never so completely overpowered by one emotion, that he cannot do equal justice to another, nor does he view human nature through the medium of his own peculiar temperament, but as it is in itself, and shows to the general and unjaundiced eye. He describes with the fervor of the actor, the freedom of the gazer on. It is this complex power which constitutes the great difficulty of dramatic writing, and over this difficulty, Shakspeare's triumph is complete. He does not look down upon humanity like the participator of a higher nature, to whom the interposing veil is suddenly withdrawn, and who, ignorant of the springs of human action, sees matter only for indignation or contempt, in the crimes and follies of this nether world; but rather like some disembodied spirit, with all the clearsightedness of a mind purged from the film of human passion, yet with all the sympathy of one retaining a perfect recollection of his former feelings, and deeply interested in the scene submitted to his view. This remark applies to every creation of our Poet, but as attention is only distracted by a multiplicity of objects, let us concentrate it on an individual picture, a melancholy one, the tragedy of Othello. The material, construction, and conduct of this play, have been peculiarly the subjects of critical attack, and the Poet has been charged with a direct outrage on nature and probability. The age and complexion of the hero, the comparative youth of the heroine, and consequent improbability of a reciprocal passion, the causeless hatred of Iago, and the facility with which the Moor surrenders himself to the suggestions of the tempter, have all been utterly incompatible with the usual course of human procedure. It requires a bold man to impugn Shakspeare's knowledge of human nature, but as boldness is a common and constitutional quality, no way connected with superior ability, either natural or acquired, such men there are in abundance; to attack Shakspeare successfully, would require one with a deeper insight of character, than the Poet himself, and such men unfortunately there are not. Almost all the discrepancies charged upon his Dramas, will be found upon examination, to resolve themselves into the ignorance of the impugner. That very disparity of years which has been especially the subject of criticism, involves one of the most exquisite compliments imaginable to the delicacy of female affection, and a compliment not more beautiful than true. Desdemona, with all her girlish susceptibility, has too much sense and feeling to be caught by mere superficial accomplishment, and external show; slighting the "wealthy curled darlings" of her own nation, she disdained to surrender her affections to the mere "garb of fashion, or the mould of form," but reserved them for the more substantial endowments of the head and heart.

> "I saw Othello's visage in his mind,
> And to his honor and his valiant parts
> Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate."

This beautiful feature in Desdemona's love, so incomprehensible even to her father, that he imputed it to spells and witchcraft, and which Iago afterwards turns to such diabolical account, was not a mere fiction of the poet, but a fact drawn from his own experience; and he must have been a very limited and superficial observer of life, who has not witnessed something like its exemplification. The celebrated Wilkes, who, with a most repulsive person, had a richly-stored mind, and extraordinary powers of conversation, used to boast, that, in the competition for female favor, he was only a quarter of an hour behind the handsomest of his rivals; a fact, which if complimentary to himself, was surely much more so to the taste and discernment of that sex which could so soon forget the deformity of the man, in the talent and fascination of the companion. The objections made to the character of Iago, are equally

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unfounded. His hatred of Othello is not gratuitous and without adequate cause, as some critics have asserted. The very same things weigh differently with different persons, and a very slight cause of offence to one mind, may deeply rankle, and engender deadly hatred in another. The preference given to Cassio, is the mortal offence committed by the Moor. To a generous and well-constituted mind, this would have been merely cause for momentary uneasiness; but Iago is a stranger to such feeling; he has no generosity, least of all where his interest is concerned; he sees in the whole proceeding nothing but the grossest injustice, and his hatred to the author of it, is proportionate.

Iago unites in his character the utmost vigor of intellect, with utter depravity of heart; a combination barely possible, and fortunately for the honor and happiness of the species, of very rare occurrence. An impenetrable dissembler, he is subtle, shrewd, eloquent, insinuating, and capable of accommodating himself with wonderful facility to every varying complexion of character and circumstance. The deferential and sympathizing friend to Othello, he is the cordial and boon companion with Cassio, while to Roderigo, he dictates with all the confidence of an ascendant mind. His conduct to Desdemona, the innocent victim of his malice, is marked by a politeness approaching to deference, and in her presence, even his sarcasm, partially divested of its native coarseness, is playful and sparkling with wit.

"She who was ever fair yet never proud,
Had wit at will, and yet was never loud,
Never lacked gold, and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wish, and yet said now I may,
She who being angered, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly,
She who could think and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following and ne'er look behind,
She were a wight—if ever such wight were—for what?
To suckle fools and chronicle small beer."

In the natural ascendancy of a mind thus vigorous, versatile, and astute, we find a ready solution of the apparent credibility of the Moor. His confidence in the talent and integrity of Iago is unbounded. When commanded by the Duke to leave behind him some confidential person to take charge of his affairs, he answers without a moment's hesitation, "Please your Grace, my Ancient; a man he is of honesty and trust; to his conveyance I assign my wife, with what else needful your good grace shall think to be sent after me." And in the first dawning of his suspicion, "This fellow's of undoubted honesty, and knows all qualities, with a learned spirit of human dealings." Circumstances, too, are so artfully contrived by Iago, as to throw a strong color of plausibility on his suggestions. Yet assailed as he is on every side by concurring causes for suspicion, the generous and confiding nature of Othello is slow to believe, slow to admit the damning truth, that the "fountain, whence the current of his happiness flowed," was poisoned in its source.

"Why, why is this?
Think'st thou I'll live a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions.

And when compelled at length to bend his conviction to the force of proof apparently irrefragable, with reluctant agony does he surrender the master passion of his being, to which even the pride and circumstances of glorious war were secondary and subordinate.

"Oh, now farewell the tranquil mind,
Farewell content," etc.

It is this wonderful, this intuitive knowledge of the operations of the human heart, which places Shakspeare above all other writers, and makes his brow alone the legitimate seat of the poetical diadem. In this particular, he is superior to all poets, all philosophers, and all divines. It is Shakspeare who has preeminently redeemed the poetical character from the charge of frivolity, and more than realized the proud boast of an after-poet, that he had turned his verse "from words to things, from fancy to the heart." He seems to have known by an instinct peculiar to himself, how every individual would feel, think, and act, under any given circumstances. Hence, to every situation and character, he imparts its appropriate tone and coloring; he is at home with the peasant, unembarrassed in his converse with kings. Other poets have pourtrayed the species as they moved before them in the passing garb and fashion of the day; Shakspeare alone, unceremoniously tearing away all that adventitious drapery which art and circumstance had thrown around it, has boldly drawn the undisguised and naked outline of our nature. Hence he is emphatically the Poet of all time and place,—hence, his works shall ever stand, a spacious mirror faithfully reflecting through every age the living lineaments of humanity, a mirror untarnished by the breath of ages, and indestructible by the hand of time.

Original.

TO THE MOON.

Come! rend the curtains of the sky,
Burst forth in all thy glorious light;
Shine! shine in all thy majesty
Queen ruler of the realms of night.

O'er yon pavilion of dun clouds,
Thy silver locks are streaming now;
Where beaming are the starry crowds,
Like gems upon an Ethiop's brow.

Wake from thy couch mild planet queen,
And smile athwart the sable arch
Of heaven; and as thy fulgent sheen,
Proclaims thy mellow-glowing march.

Say, beauteous maiden, hast thou shone
O'er frigid clime and torrid plain—
Regions as yet to man unknown
Since last o'er this thou held'st thy reign.

Mild traveller of the dewy hour,
I see thy bright face, peering through
The curtains of thy cloud-closed bower,
Revealing depths of ether blue.

Ay, now thou comest in thy might,
Thy lovely face in glory glows;
And every starry gem of night,
Its radiant lustre round thee throws.

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Original.

AGATHA.—A FAIRY TALE.

BY MISS MARY ANN BROWNE.

Who now will list a fairy tale?
  The golden days are past,
When silvery laughter filled the gale,
  And spirits rode the blast;
When every cloud upon the sky,
  Enshrined an elfin throng,
And every passing butterfly,
  To the fairies might belong,
When each leaf-murmur was a spell,
And every spring was a haunted well,
And every flower concealed a sprite,
And every cave some wizard's might.

Alas, the golden days are gone!
We live in a world of brick and stone—
O'er the green meads where fairies played,
The railway bears the noise of trade,
Their favorite haunt, a tinkling rill,
Is turned from its course to turn a mill;
And alas, alas for the heaviest stroke!
Their dearest home, a spreading oak,
Lies prostrate, branchless, stripped, and sawn,
Upon some thriftless lordling's lawn.

The days are past, but days so bright,
  Have left their memory yet—
There is a gladness in its light,
  And yet a soft regret—
And it seems, in calling back those times,
  As if on the spirit fell
A sound like that of the distant chimes
  Of a merry village bell—
As if a twilight feeling stole
  Through the cold world's prison bars
Solemn and shadowy on the soul,
  Yet not without its stars;—
As if a low wind-breath had crept
  The hearts deep mazes through,
And sadness from its strings had swept,
  And yet some music too.
Our fathers to their dying day,
Believed, but we!—we fling away
These graceful fancies with our toys;
The world hath now no girls nor boys;—
Seeds of true knowledge now are sown;
  Fancy gives place to thought—
All are not men and women *grown*,
  But men and women *taught!*
Once legends pressed from mind to mind,
In all their beauty undefined—
From hearts that never stopped to doubt,
They straight to other hearts went out—
They had not time to look or dwell,
But with their fancies beautiful,
And rainbow coloring, richly wrought,
They tinted all the world of thought.
How different to receive them thus,
Glowing and fresh and glorious,
To sitting gravely down to look
For tales forgot in some old book,
Where, though the substance may remain,
No hue of life it can retain!

* * * * * *

Once on a time, long, long ago,
  I cannot tell how long—
(That is the proper way, you know,
  To begin a fairy song!)
Once on a time there lived a Queen,
Of very stately form and mien,
With Roman nose, and fine blue eyes,
And forehead of the amplest size
For royal wit and wisdom framed—
Phrenology was not then *named*,
  But surely it was *born*—
For all observed that lofty brow,
And felt their souls before it bow,
And deemed more glorious its expanse,
Than even her dear eye's eagle glance;
  And yet there was no scorn
On either eye or forehead;—she
Was as good natured as might be,
And kind, as surely might befit
A queen, with so much sense and wit.
Queen Damaris had an only son—
  A noble boy was he,
And he had grown, at twenty-one,
  As spoiled as boy could be;—
No matter, he was heir apparent
To a crown's glory, and the care on't.
Son of a very learned mother,
Without a sister or a brother,
Had slaves and flatterers by the dozen,
And one beloved and lovely cousin,
An orphan—and the sun ne'er saw
A fairer thing than Agatha!

Brought up in cloistered loneliness,
  Something of pensiveness was laid
Upon a mind, that sorrowless,
  Had else too little shade.
The healthful beauty on her cheek,
  The starry lustre of her eye,
Shone through a veil serene and meek,
  That wrapt their gaiety;
Yet nothing *sad;*—if I may be
Allowed a common simile,
Her soul was as a radiant light,
That might have shown too dazzling bright,
But for the cunning graven glass,
Through which its softened rays must pass;—
And so her spirit free and high,
Shone through a medium-piety—
Which her young ardent bosom warded,
And beautified the thing it guarded.

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And this was Hubert's destined bride,
  The heroine of my tale—
A few more days, and by his side
  Wrapt in her bridal veil,
Before the altar she must stand,
And with her heart bestow her hand.
She left her kindreds' stately halls,
And turned unto the convent walls,
To spend her few free hours at last,
Where her pure early youth had pass'd.

She sat alone within the room,
  Her own so many years,
The starry jessamin's perfume
Stole through the gathering twilight's gloom—
  Why in this hour are tears
Filling her eyes? oh, doth she grieve
That little twilight room to leave—
That flower-breath sweet? are there not flowers
As fair within the palace bowers?
So hath she felt their breath before—
So she may never feel it more!
She hears the solemn rise and swell,
Of the deep-toned convent bell;
  What undefined fears
O'erwhelm her spirit? Is there aught
Dark 'midst her future prospects wrought?
No—but there must be hours wherein
  The lightest spirit feels
As if its wishes power could win
  To unloose the solemn seals
Upon the future, and behold!
  Vague undefined dreams
Of hopes destroyed, and feelings cold,
  'Neath Sorrow's icy streams,
Glide o'er the heart; but shadows they—
Yet do they sadden whilst they stay.

She rose, and sought the chapel old,
  In every childish woe,
Her hidden sorrows to unfold,
  There 'twas her wont to go,
And now once more therein she kneels,
And comfort o'er her spirit steals.

It is the hour of the deep midnight;
The moon in the heavens is riding bright,
The large clear stars in the cloudless skies,
Look o'er the earth like pitying eyes;
There is not a breath in the cypress tree,
There is not a wave on the glassy sea,
Yet murmuring low its waters be.
Clearly the light on the convent lies,
Darkly its spires to the blue heavens rise,
And where the ivy its green robe weaves,
Scarcely move the cold bright leaves;
Through the window's storied glass,
Many-hued the moon-beams pass;
And in the clear unspotted light
Of a niched window white,
Stretched before the altar stone,
A lady slumbereth alone—
'Tis Agatha, the lonely one.

  Troubled was her trance—
For ye could not call it sleep or rest,
Whilst heaving was her snowy breast,
  Like the unquiet sea;
And words of broken utterance
  Came to her lips, and fearfully
Swelled and throbbed each azure vein,
As if the thoughts, within her brain
Struggling, would have found their way
  To her forehead broad and fair,
Where her bright dishevelled hair
  Radiant in the moonlight lay.
Never had that lovely face
Borne before such awful trace
Of inner anguish—never pulse
  So before had thrilled her heart—
Never did her hands convulse
  With such quick and twitching start:
Mercy! that she might awake!
  That the torturing spell might break!

A low wind sways the ivy bough,
  A breath is in the cypress tree,
And clearer light is shining now
  Than from the morn may be;
And lo, around the maiden came
  A band of beauteous things,
Some clad in glorious robes, and some
  Borne on most radiant wings;
They stand around the sleeper—one
  Hath kissed her forehead fair,
And one hath placed a flowery crown
  Upon her wandering hair.
And one is murmuring in her ear,
  In accents sweet and low,
A song of some unearthly sphere,
  Untinged by crime or woe.

"Come to our land! we have loved thee long,
  Come to our revelry!
We will cheer thee with sweeter softer song
Than floats earth's dreary paths along,
  For fairy dreams are we.

Come where our flowers, although they fade,
  Are every newly blown—
Where the canopy of light and shade,
By love and hope and memory made,
  Hangs over slumber's throne!
Come where the heart's deep tenderness,
  Unchidden gushes free,
Where joys are brighter, sorrows less,
And we thy troubled heart will bless,
  For fairy dreams are we!"
And straight the lovely maiden rose,
  And stood amidst the Dreams,

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Her sunny eyelids did unclose,
Yet the deep magic of repose
Was on each outward sense, and she
Departed thence unconsciously;
And the morn's quiet beams,
In chill unbroken whiteness shone
Upon the vacant altar stone.
The chapel all was still again,
The silver lamp, and pictured saint,
'Neath the pale morn looked dim and faint—
Nothing was left of life—the stain
From the chancel window threw
Silently a veil of blue,
And rose, and purple on the tombs,
Like the spirits of all blooms
That died in the past spring. Beneath
The aisle the long departed lay—
They were slumbering when the morn
Rose, and its glad light was borne
Into every aisle, and when
Sank the sun to rest again,
And when those fairy voices sang,
And the arched roof with music rang,
And she, the link 'twixt life and death,
The slumbering lady rested there—
She is gone, the young and fair—
Yet the dead still slumber on.
It is the depth of midnight's hour,
Yet they rise not, nor shall rise
'Till from the red and melting skies
Shall peal the trumpet-voice of power.

The morning hath arisen, and, lo,
In vain they search the convent round;
The Lady Agatha is gone;
But on the silent marble stone,
That pillowed her sweet head, is found
The carcanet that her neck had bound;—
Oh, who may paint the woe,
The terror, the distracted mien,
Of the Prince Hubert and the Queen—
How Hubert mounted his fleetest steed,
And scoured the country o'er,
With twenty knights "all good at need,"
Who threatened loud, and swore
That they would bring the maiden home,
Or level the convent spire and dome,
And make the abbess sorely rue
That ever the lady's face she knew.

—

A year and a day had past away,
And still no tidings came,
And on Prince Hubert's heart decay
Fed like a creeping flame,
And he forsook the festal board,
The dance, the song, the glee,
And heeded not the red wine poured
On the merry minstrelsie,
But fed upon his lonely hoard
Of pensive revery.

And even when the sunset fell,
And twilight veiled the earth,
He sought a little quiet dell
Where gushed a fountain forth,
And waving trees made whisperings low,
That mingled with the water's flow.

He sat beside the rivulet,
And gazed upon its tide;
How oft he saw the waters fret,
And wash the sedgy side,
And then, again, how tranquilly,
He watched them onward glide!
He thought on life's uncertain bliss,
How transient all its pleasure is,
Many lessons grave he drew,
From the evening's fading blue,
And the twilight's rising dew;
And then he sighed, and then he leaned
His cheek upon his hand,
And where weeping willow screened
The rivulet's verdant strand,
He drooped his head, in musing deep,
'Till o'er him stole the spell of sleep.

Visions, dark and undefined,
Hurried o'er his fevered mind,
Visions of gorgeous sky and cloud,
Headlong cataracts rushing loud,
Mingled with sweet summer skies,
Flowers and birds of many dyes,
And more than all, two starry eyes—
Yet all was vague and troublous; he
Turned and started restlessly;
Not Agatha when erst she dreamed,
Within the ancient chapel seemed
More inly tortured—thus he lay
'Till the twilight past away,
And the morn, with placid light
Shone on his forehead damp and white.

While thus he slept, two radiant things—
Two fairy Dreams drew near,
One with the smile a seraph brings
From its immortal sphere;
The other with a sadder look,
That more of earthly thought partook.
The first came gliding on the beam
Of a new risen star—the other
Had floated up, to meet his brother,
From the bosom of the stream.
And near the slumbering youth they drew,
One bending on each side,
And the long silken lashes through,
To peep into the summer blue
Of his closed eyes they tried.
Then in a low and whispering tone,
Scarce from the rivulet's murmur known,
Or rustling of the evening air,
Those fairy dreams held converse there.

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And first the sadder of the twain,
(With eyes that gleamed as softly blue
As the pale hare-bell wet with dew,)
Spake. "Lo, he slumbereth!—o'er his brain
I will a quiet influence breathe,
I will dissolve the fearful chain
That binds the struggling heart beneath—
Surely long enough hath borne
This young heart its woe, and worn
The bands that hopeless love hath knit—
Surely long enough to prove
How a human heart can love,
What constant faith may dwell in it.
Where is she, the promised bride?
Hath her truth been fairly tried?—
Wilt thou give her back again?
If thou wilt not, though 'tis vain,
I will bring a glorious vision,
Bright with happiness elysian,
Fleeting comfort to impart
To this faithful, sorrowing heart!"

Then spake the other Dream—"Forbear
To blame the powers that thus have hidden
The gentle lady, and forbidden
Unbroken gladness for her share
Of earthly things. Was it not well
To try what constancy can dwell
In woman's love? That lady bright
Is safe within our realm of light,
And we have shown her all our gems
And our red roses whose smooth stems
Bear not a thorn, and palace halls
Built up of cloud, and the rich falls
Of ruby wine, and the dear river
Of crystal, flowing on for ever,
But still her heart for Hubert yearns,
Still to its first affection turns,—
What heeds she that earth's tenderness
Is but a more delicious thrall,
That sorrows on his hopes may fall?
Her love can sanctify and bless,
And cast a glory o'er them all!
We gave her draughts from the wondrous bowl,
Whose streams from every prisoned soul
Can sweep away the memory
Of aught with selfish feeling dim;
In vain to her those streams are free,
She hath forgotten all, save him.
Forgotten the royal robes and crown,
The power and glory of a throne
Which might with time have been her own—
She heeded not their gain or loss,
And stripped of every earthly dross,
Stands her pure love, a star alone,
Upon the blank of recollection,
Its innate brightness its protection,
From the silence and the shade
Oblivion o'er the rest hath laid."
Then said the pensive Dream. "Once more
I do beseech thee to restore
This treasure unto earth, for she
Is worthy of her royalty,—
The trial hath been made—is past—
Give her to happiness at last."
Low hung the moon—the eastern sky
Already reddened, and away,
From the fast 'wakening glance of day,
Did the bright visions fly.—
And Hubert waked, a joy intense
Within his heart, a strengthening sense
Of confidence, of happiness,
Whose hidden spring he could not guess,
Pervading all his soul—just so
He felt, a year and a day ago! * * *

Queen Damaris sitteth in her tower,—
So hath she sate the live long night,
From the early twilight hour
To the morning's rising light;
Around her heavy tomes are spread,
Records of the mighty dead,—
Yet not in these the lady read:—
In her hand there is a scroll,
Before her stands a vacant chair—
The parchment she doth not unroll,—
Where is he who brought it there?
At the midnight hour he came—
An old, old man with visage wan,
And stooping gait, and hoary hair—
But with an eye of darkest flame.
And there he sate and talked awhile,
With the same unvarying smile,
And in those accents firm and low,
That to the very heart's core go,
And while the eye did gleam and glisten,
The lady was compelled to listen;
She, who whate'er she heard or saw
Seldom gave sign of fear or awe!
She saw not how he came or went,
She *said* she knew not his intent,
But many a wild and strange report
Was straightway circled round the court,
And as no lips, however wise,
Can *quite* forbear some kind surmise,
A tale was presently invented,
To which the gravest heads assented,
And thus 'twas generally received,
As worthy to be quite believed.

They said, that Damaris had not been
Contented to be but a queen
On earth, but dipped and dabbled more
Than was quite meet in *magic* lore,—
That having won more power than human
Nature befits, (and least a woman,)—
The cunning fairies strove in vain
Long years, to break her mighty chain,
And then resolved to force a peace,
By stealing off her lovely niece,
And ne'er restoring her, until
She would agree to do their will,
Renouncing every mystic spell,

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Over the powers invisible—
And to confirm this theory,
(Which *we're* persuaded would not be,
Because we know 'twas but to try
The youthful lovers' constancy,
That Agatha was borne away;)
Upon the evening of that day,
Queen Damaris her pages sent,
To bring each book and instrument
From the lone tower, which being done,
She straightway burned them every one;—
And the same night a wakeful crone,
Who to the chapel late had gone,
To her surprize and terror, found
A body, slumbering on the ground,
But venturing nearer, gladly saw
The fair mild face of Agatha!

What more remains to tell, save this,—
That Hubert and his gentle bride
Through this cold world, in peace and bliss,
Loving and loved, did glide?
But it was marked that ever more,
A dearer lustre than before
Shone in the lady's quiet eyes,
And that her voice had harmonies
More deep and rich, since with the band
Of Dreams, she dwelt in fairy land.
And she had knowledge to impart,
And that best wisdom of the heart—
That true clear wisdom, that doth teach
In deeds, and by its actions preach.
And "Oh," the lovely one would say,
(And 'tis the moral of my lay,)
"True love, like gold, knows no decay,
By time and grief it feels no loss,
They only purge away its dross,
It is a portion of the heart,
And can a vital strength impart.
To all the rest.—Its holy trust
Dependeth not on fleeting dust,
And where undying spirits be
It hath an immortality!"

Liverpool, England, 1842.

Original.

THE GRAVE.

Though dark and cheerless be the view,
And mouldering remnants lie around
Of what *was* man—yet balmy sleep,
Is here, unbroken, to be found.
When friends fall off like Autumn's leaves,
And life's bright spring is wrapp'd in gloom;
Where can the deer all stricken find
A dwelling, like the dreamless tomb?
Then murmur not, that life must end—
Why should we seek its storms to brave
With anxious heart? When tranquil peace
Is found but in the silent grave.

Original.

FACTS;—NO FICTIONS.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

Poor Morgan, I knew him well; he was a fine, manly fellow, "with a hand open as day, and a heart melting as charity." From boyhood we had grown up, comates in our studies and amusements, and when we left college together, we stood in the world without any particular aim, or decision, with regard to our future prospects.

Thus situated, with light hearts, and lighter purses, various were the designs we projected for the advancement of our fortunes, but every succeeding day saw us as undecided as ever. Among the many amusements we followed, to beguile the time, was that of angling, and not a stream or river for fifty miles around, but with which we were acquainted; and what amusement is more congenial to the unison of hearts, than following in fellowship the winding of some beautiful stream, now winding through dell and dingle, now losing itself in the dark and silent forest—then flashing forth in the joyous sunshine through the verdant meadow, or sweeping the base of some rugged cliff, whose shadows fall cold and cheerless on the face of the sweet waters, like the frown of an oppression on the face of the poor and joyous, chilling and darkening the bright springs of the human heart.

In one of these piscatory perambulations, we chanced to alight on a tribe of that wandering race known as Gipsies, who had formed their encampment in the romantic valley of Yarrow, on the borders of the river of that name, rendered immortal by the sweet muse of the poet of Bangor. It was near the hour of twilight, and by the closest calculation, we were at least some seven miles from any habitation, while the pursuits of the day, aided by the breeze from the river, had increased our appetites to a considerable degree of keenness. Our baskets, however, were well filled with the spoils of "the river chase," and Morgan proposed, that for a frolic, we should request some of the tribe to prepare for us a repast from the same. To this, I gladly assented, and in a few minutes we found ourselves in the midst of the group, partaking of a supper that would have tempted the appetite of Epicurus, and formed a graphic subject for the pencil of Salvator Rosa. So joyously did the time speed on, that the moon had ascended high in the heavens, ere we remembered that we had yet to find a shelter for the night—when springing to our feet, Morgan tendered a piece of money to our gipsy host, with thanks for his courtesy.

The gipsy drew himself proudly up, and casting upon Morgan a look of disdain, said, "We ask nothing for our hospitality—for our *art* alone we receive in exchange such filthy lucre."

"And what is thine art, friend?" inquired Morgan, laughingly.

"An art, young man," replied the gipsy, "that is denied to your race—a legacy from our fathers—by

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which we are enabled to tell the destiny of man—but you say you have yet some distance to travel. 'Twill be a fearful night. Look; a circle is round the moon—a ripple is on the river, and the winds are rushing through the gorge of the mountains. Young men, you will not press a pillow to-night; better share the shelter of my shieling 'till the morning."

Although I would willingly have accepted the offer of the gipsy, yet Morgan insisted upon pursuing our journey, and bidding adieu to our host, we departed with a promise that we should again revisit them.

For some time so tranquilly did the evening continue, that we began to ridicule the prognostications of the gipsy; nay, were ungenerous enough to surmise that he had some sinister design in asking us to share his habitation; but we were soon convinced of the correctness of his judgment. The moon became obscured—big drops began to fall, accompanied with vivid flashes of lightning, while the distant thunder hurtled hoarsely among the mountains. To add to our dilemma, we were now in the very heart of the vale of Yarrow, where the river shapes its course in innumerable directions, while every step we advanced, was attended with the chance of immerging in its waters. I, at once, advised a halt, and however severe the tempest, to await the dawn of the morning, but the intrepid spirit of Morgan laughed at my terrors, and we continued our path, on every side surrounded by danger.

For about a mile, we had thus proceeded—the storm increasing to a tempest, and every gleam of lightning but serving to show that we were plunging deeper and deeper into danger, when all of a sudden a sullen sound as if some heavy substance had fallen in the river, struck upon my ear, and the next moment the lightning revealed to my view, my friend, struggling in the depths of the angry river—then came impenetrable darkness, and the storm howled out with redoubled fury. I stood speechless, motionless, and terror-stricken. I knew I was within a few feet of the river, and my strength failed me. I fell to the ground, clutching the heather with the convulsive grasp of death—then followed an awful silence, as if the elements had paused to listen to the cries, and gloat upon the struggles of my friend, and in that awful time, distinctly could I hear the voice of Morgan calling for help, which, alas! I could not render him. Sense forsook me, and when I awoke, I found our gipsy host standing over me with a lantern, and an aged female of the same tribe, using every effort to restore me to consciousness.

My first question was, "My friend! is he lost?"

"No," answered the gipsy, "he is safe at my shieling. I think, young man," continued he, "you will not in future disregard the warning of an older head than your own."

"Never!" I thankfully exclaimed, "but guide me to him—let me behold him. Are you not deceiving me?"

"Murdock Airley never deceived the just and the generous," said he, "but arise; see you not the waters are fast gaining upon us?" and as he held aloft his lantern, I beheld the wild and angry river lashing its banks like some imprisoned monster, and every moment rising higher and higher; the moon was now struggling through the murky clouds, and showed the whole valley as an immense lake, while from the surrounding mountains a thousand streams were roaring, leaping, and dashing, to mingle their treasures with the hell of waters that swelled beneath.

Not two hundred paces from the gipsy encampment had this accident befallen us. It appeared that from the moment we had been been benighted, instead of going forward, we had been actually retracing our steps, and lucky for us it was we had done so, otherwise the cries of Morgan would never have reached the ears of the gipsy, who, acquainted with each pool and sweep of the river, had at once rushed to an eddy where he knew he must be carried, and arrived just in time to extricate him from his awful situation, when strength had begun to fail him, and hope had forsaken his heart.

I need hardly say that our meeting was a joyful one. "Did I not tell you," said the gipsy, half exultingly, "you would not press a pillow to-night?"

"You are right, friend!" said Morgan. "I no longer doubt your art, and now that we must remain here 'till morning, suppose you give us a further proof of it. What say you, my worthy preserver?"

"With me, sir," answered Murdock, for such was his name, "resides not the art of divination. It dwells but in the seventh son of the seventh son—and such I am not."

"And how came you then to know of the danger that befel me?"

"From my mother, who, by a sign on your approach, told me that a storm was gathering in the mountains, which should overtake you."

"And where is she?" asked Morgan. "I must offer her my gratitude."

"There, sir!" said he, pointing to a figure seated in the corner of the hut, at the same time she slowly arose, and approaching Morgan, gazed intently upon him.

"My good mother," said Morgan, "I feel greatly indebted to you; how can I reward your kindness?"

"I ask none," she answered. "Let me look upon thee. Poor youth, thine is a melancholy destiny, and she covered her face in her tattered garments, and wept.

"This promises to be a singular adventure," said my friend. "But come,

> 'If thou canst look into the seeds of time,
> And say which grain will grow and which will not.'

"Tell me the worst that may befal me. Come hither," she said, leading him to the door. "The storm is now waning—the stars burn brightly once more in the heavens. Look! seest thou not yon planet near to the belt of Orion? 'Tis thine," and she extended her long sinewy arms towards it, making certain gestures and muttering to herself incoherent sentences.

My merry friend became completely subdued by her singular manner, and gazed upon the planet most intensely.

"Thy name is Morgan," she said.

He started astonished at her knowledge of it, exclaiming,

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"Mysterious being, how dost thou know it?"

"From the stars—those fountains of truth. Listen! Twice has thy evil genius ordained thou shouldst be in peril. To-night hast thou passed from the *first—but the second will prove fatal.*"

"But when—where?" asked Morgan, earnestly.

"Where the summer blooms not—nor the song of birds is ever heard—thine is a melancholy destiny; look, thy star is clouded. Thou bright haired son of a true mother's bosom—thou gallant, generous youth,"—and the tears fell fast and freely from her hollow and glistening eyes.

"Woman?" cried Morgan, "you thrill my soul. Speak to me plainly. I have a heart for any danger."

"I know thou hast, but thy star has departed, and all further prescience is denied me. Remember, once hast thou been rescued from death. In seven years shalt thou——but enough," and she glided slowly from the hut, leaving Morgan transfixed to the spot.

"Come, young gentleman," said Murdock, "it is time you thought of repose—a bed of heather is all that I can offer—but better that than a bed at the bottom of the Tarrow." Our couches were soon made, and casting ourselves upon them, I was, in a few minutes, lost in slumber. When I awoke, the grey dawn was illumining the hut. I looked for Morgan, but his couch was empty, —the rest of the inmates were buried in sleep. I rose cautiously, and gained the open air, and looking abroad I discovered a human figure at some distance, gazing intently upon the heavens. I approached it, and found it to be Morgan. The gipsy's words had sunk so deeply into his heart, he confessed to me, he could not sleep, and that he had wandered forth to discover the star of his destiny, as pointed out to him by the female. I endeavored to rally him out of his superstition, and we returned to the hut, where partaking of a substantial meal, and bidding once more adieu to our gipsy friends, we proceeded on our journey. Morgan soon recovered his natural flow of spirits, and by the time we had gained the city, the whole affair was nearly forgotten, or when after referred to, it served but to make merry with, in the society of our companions.

Many years after this adventure, I was residing in one of the principal sea ports of England, where I became intimately acquainted with the captain of a vessel employed in whaling excursions to the shores of Spitzbergen. From his agreeable manners, and the glowing description he gave me of his adventures in that desolate region, I felt a strong desire to visit it, and I had no sooner expressed myself to that effect, than he tendered me a free passage, and the hospitalities of his vessel. Being comparatively my own master, I at once accepted his offer, and in the spring of 1826, we set sail from the port of Hull, in England, with a gallant crew, and a commander brave as he was generous.

After a run of forty days, during which we visited the Orkney Islands to complete our compliment of men and receive additional stores, we came to anchor off one of the islands lying between 9 and 24 E. lon., and 76, 30 and 80 N. lat. The season selected for the pursuance of the fishery, is during the short summer with which these dreary regions are visited—when vegetation shoots forth with such singular rapidity that the spot which perhaps the night before was a plain of ice, will appear in the morning a fresh and verdant meadow, the shrubs will be clothed with leaves, the air be heavy with fragrance, and the scream of the plover and the pipe of the partridge heard in every direction. Having been extremely fortunate, in completing our cargo in a very short space of time, Captain Douglas, for such was his name, and myself resolved to enjoy the fine shooting which was to be found among the islands. One day, so exciting had been the sport, that we found ourselves at a considerable distance from the shore, indeed so far, that we knew it would be impossible to regain our ship before night fall. Consulting our compass, we therefore resolved to make a short path across the island, so that by gaining the shore, we might be discerned by the crew, and save them from any apprehension respecting our safety. Having reached the coast, and proceeded about two leagues, to our surprize we saw a large vessel as if lying at anchor, or rather imbedded in the ice. We were at a loss to account for her sudden appearance in that quarter, for that morning only we had discovered no symptom of any kind of craft as far as our glass could descry. Our curiosity was therefore strongly excited, and we stopped to examine her minutely. At first, we were inclined to believe it was some optical delusion, but a fog, which for some hours had been gathering, suddenly clearing away, our own and the strange vessel were plainly perceptible, occupying distant situations, and at least three leagues from each other. From the spot on which we stood, we could not be more than a quarter of a league from the stranger, with one entire sheet of ice extending to her. My friend at once proposed we should visit her. As we neared her, we discovered that the sails hung in tatters —the rigging was broken and entangled, and the bowsprit gone. Still, no symptoms of her being manned were visible. We now stood within one hundred paces of her. She was a large bark, of about 1000 tons, wedged firmly in the ice. It was apparent that she had suffered much. I fired my gun—still it attracted no notice, save that a solitary curlew rose from the deck, and kept screaming and wheeling around as if unwilling to leave "the silent monarch of the deep." With considerable difficulty we ascended her side, when stepping on board, the first sight that met our gaze was the form of a dog stretched out as if in slumber. I called to it, but it moved not—I approached it—it was stiff and lifeless. The carcass was perfectly entire, without the slightest marks of decay—preserved, no doubt, by the severity of the climate. Every where around us, lay emblems of neglect and desolation. It was plain the vessel had been deserted, but for what cause, we could not surmise, the coverings of the hatches which had been displaced, displayed a valuable cargo. It was a singular and solemn sight to find thus a gallant vessel at the mercy of the winds and waves. We descended the companion way to the cabin, and found the door unlocked—all was darkness. I placed my foot upon some substance, which gave way

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with a crashing noise beneath it. I bent down to feel, when I encountered a human hand, cold and clammy—I staggered back—at the same moment, Captain Douglas striking a light, a scene of horror burst upon our sight, which tongue nor pen can never describe. Around the table sat several bodies, erect and cold in the embrace of death—each in a different attitude, as if it had been suddenly fixed to the spot. Their eyes were gone, but the empty sockets left—but the flesh yet covered the countenances, in a wonderfully distinct state of preservation, and over which a green and viscous mould had gathered. On the floor,—on the lockers,—in every quarter, lay bodies cold and lifeless, and around a stove, in which nothing but a few ashes remained, a group of unfortunate beings, as if in their expiring moments they had crowded together to catch the last glow from the dying embers In his chair, at the head of the table, sat what apparently had been the captain. Before him, lay the log-book, and in his lifeless fingers was grasped a pen, as if he had expired in the act of writing. His features, like the others, were cold and rigid, a singular feeling took possession of me. I felt that strange undefinable sympathy of soul which makes us in the society of certain idividuals, whom we have met for the first time, to feel they are not altogether unknown. I looked upon the page,—the contents ran nearly as follows:

"1834, Dec. 7th.—One hundred and forty three days we have now been frozen in the ice—and still no prospect of relief—five of the crew expired to-day,—but twenty-seven now remain—and of these four are in the pangs of death—provisions nearly exhausted. May the Lord, in his infinite mercy, come to our rescue.

"Dec. 8th.—Death has been busy during the night—fifteen more have expired—the living twelve are so exhausted they cannot remove the bodies. God's will be done!

"Dec, 9th.—But five of us now remain, it is plain that our sufferings in a few hours must terminate. The last spark of fire has gone out. Two biscuits and a quart of water are all the sustenance left—delirium has seized on two of us. I feel sick at heart, I——

"Dec. 10th, half past 10, P. M.—A heavy gale is now blowing—the mate expired at 6, this evening. I am now alone, the last survivor of two hundred gallant hearts—my sight fails—or else the lamp burns dimly—my limbs have lost all feeling—my heart is pulseless—it must be death. Oh, God, receive my soul. My dear, dear mother——"

It was the last word he had written, as his soul had taken flight.

The mystery was now explained—the vessel had been frozen in the ice—with all hope of escape cut off, and the crew had fallen a sacrifice to cold and famine.

Feeling it our duty to obtain the name of the vessel and her commander, we turned to the first page of the log, and therein was inscribed, LOG OF THE GOOD SHIP TRITON, CAPTAIN JAMES MORGAN. HULL, 1824.

Morgan, the very name of my old friend and companion—could it be—perhaps but a similarity of name—but my curiosity was awakened, and I determined to unravel the wonderful coincidence. I remembered that in his boyhood he had received a severe wound upon his temple, which had left an ineffaceable scar. I removed the cap, and, to my horror, recognized but too strongly the indubitable proof that it was the noble-hearted, generous Morgan, who had thus so miserably perished.

With melancholy hearts we left the ill-fated bark, and early next morning, with the assistance of the crew, consigned the bodies to the earth, over which I placed a rude cross, carved with the initials of my friend. As I planted it in the earth, the prophecy of the Gipsy rung in my ears—"Twice shalt thou be in peril—*the second shall be fatal.*"

Having thus paid the last obsequies to the dead, and secured the papers of the ill-starred Triton, that same afternoon we heaved anchor, and a brisk breeze springing up, we were soon clear of these dreary regions, and upon our homeward path on the wide waste of waters.

NOTE.—The latter part of the above sketch, is based upon a notice which appeared in an English journal, of a vessel found under similar circumstances.

Original.

THE SICILIAN KNIGHT.

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

I.

GENTLE zephyrs of morning were stealing
'Mid the dew-spangled leaves of the grove,
When a knight to his lady-love kneeling,
Breathed anew his professions of love,
While his war-steed impatiently neighing,
Chid the gallant young hero's delay,
And the loud bugle's clamorous braying,
Called the soldier to battle away.

II.

Though she listened in silence, her blushes
Are confessing an answering flame,
And the sparkling tear tenderly gushes,
As he whispers of danger and fame.
One embrace—a farewell, and 'tis over,
His fiery steed bears him afar,
And she prays to the saints for her lover,
As he hies to the Palestine war.

III.

Many months sighed the maid in seclusion,
And in dreams saw the chivalrous youth,
Plunge the Saracen host in confusion,
In supporting the banner of truth.
And that banner was gilded in glory,
As it gleamed like a comet afar,
And the deeds are recorded in story,
He achieved at the Palestine war.

IV.

Yet amid the rough battle's commotion,
Would his fancy retreat to the grove,
Where he last breathed the vows of devotion
To the fair one who sanctioned his love.—
But the rude din of war is now over,
And her champion returns from afar,
While she blesses the day that her lover,
Boldly hied to the Palestine war.

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Original.

THE WIDOW'S SON.

A LEGEND OF THE SCOTTISH PERSECUTIONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "BROTHERS," "CROMWELL," "RINGWOOD, THE ROVER," ETC.

It was as beautiful a summer's morning as ever shone upon the earth, that smiled upon the wild and pastoral glens that intersect the bleak hill moorlands of the Rutland hills—the calm bright sunshine poured down in a soft flood over the cultivated fields and scanty gardens that marked the glens of every mountain streamlet—the crops of grain were waving to the gentle air, still in their early verdure—the meadows richly laden with deep, luxuriant grass, and decked with hundreds of bright wild-flowers were scattering abundant perfumes on every breath that fanned them; the larks were floating at "heaven's gate" in legions, filling the world with melody; the bees were out in thousands, swelling in the thymy pastures of the steep hill-side, and round the scented blossoms of the purple clover in the valley; even the broad bare moorlands appeared to smile in the blythe morning, as the great clouds would sweep across them, wrapping their round heads with grand blue shadows, and leaving them, after a moment, bathed in clear sunlight. How beautiful—how peaceful—how far removed from aught of sin or strife or sorrow showed those fair solitudes that summer morning—for although cultivated and inhabited, those moorland glens are, even to this day, indeed solitudes. It is true, certainly, that every mountain valley had its sparse farms and scattered granges, that every broader strath had its small hamlet and its kirk; but so far distant were the hamlets, so wide the tracks of heathclad moorland and deep green morass which intervened between the hill-farms, that there was little intercourse between the lonely cultivators of the soil, except when they assembled on the Sabbath in happy quiet congregations within the precincts of God's house. But peaceful though it showed—there was, in that day, through that groaning land, "no peace but a sword." The fiercest and most bloodthirsty of earthly warfares was devastating those lone valleys—a warfare, as it was called, of religion!—a barbarous sectarian persecution! The kirks were closed, the altars all forsaken, the ministers dispersed and houseless exiles, the faithful congregations driven to worship God, if they would worship Him after the fashion of their fathers, in the untrodden fastnesses of the old hills, and even there to worship in doubt and fear and trembling. Such were the times—dark, stern and bloody—when on the lovely morning, I have assayed to paint, a little household was assembled before the door of a small neat farm-house, in one of the loneliest of those lone valleys, offering their morning sacrifice to Him who has declared His most esteemed offering to be the praise that flows to him from pure and humble hearts. Humble indeed was the dwelling, in front of which that group of worshippers was gathered, and small the farmer's household. A low stone cottage of a single story, with a thatched roof all overrun with moss and stone crop, and an old-fashioned porch fronting due southward—a narrow plot of garden, well-stocked with pot-herbs, and a few common flowers, fenced from the sandy road by a low wall of unhewn free-stone, and overshadowed by three gnarled and moss-grown apple-trees—a rich broad meadow opposite across the road, with heavy swathes still steeped in the night-dews, lying where they had fallen yestereven beneath the mower's scythe—two or three stripes of oats and barley—a little garth behind the house, wherein two cows and a pet lamb were pasturing—a tract of wild hill-pasture, with its small flock of ragged, black-faced sheep!—such was the dwelling and demesne which constituted all the earthly wealth for which the moorland farmer was sending up sincerer prayers to the giver of all good, than many a rich man offers for his abundance and blessings!—an old, grey-headed woman, wrinkled, and bowed by age, but active still, and cheerful, clad in a suit of plain deep mourning, with a close cap of snow-white muslin, beneath which, neatly braided, appeared her venerable locks, white as the lawn that shadowed them—a tall and slightly-formed young man, light-haired and comely, although too delicate in his appearance for his rude calling, dressed in the ordinary garb of a Scottish peasant, his broad blue lowland bonnet, doffed reverently on the high occasion—a beautiful bare-footed girl, of scarcely thirteen years—the orphan child of a dead sister—these made the whole of the literal "two or three," who were gathered there together in presence of their King and Maker! And now the brief extemporaneous prayer was ended!—the chapter had been read from the well-thumbed and greasy Bible—it was one of those splendid outbursts of rapt Isaiah's unrivalled eloquence and poetry, full of denunciations dark and mysterious of God's coming wrath and vengeance, with dazzling glimpses interspersed of high beatic promise—in which the Scottish covenanters, as had their puritan forefathers, especially delighted to apply to their own times, and their own persecutions!—and the accustomed hymn was rising on the calm morning air—the self-same hymn that pealed from the stern lips of the enthusiasts who shed their blood like water at Marston and Dunbar and Worcester! The deep, harmonious tones of the young farmer's voice, blent with the shrill sweet girlish treble of his fair niece, and the weak quavering thrill of his old parent swelled up with a strange effect in that wild solitude, and, through the sounds, the thrilling psalm-tune were soon mixed with stranger and more unaccustomed noises; so fully had the thoughts of all been occupied by their sincere devotions, that 'till the hymn was ended, no one of the three worshippers was in the least aware that their poor melody had found any listening ears save those of that all-hearing one whom they all hoped, with an undoubting confidence, was bending from on high to catch each accent of thanksgiving. Yet very soon after their first notes rose upon the silence of the still morning with that peculiar cadence which marked the service of the covenanters, the trampling sound of horses feet might have been heard coming up the road, mingled with an occasional clink

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as of the steel accoutrements of harnessed troopers; and as the last low quaver died away, these ominous and fearful notes of approaching danger had come so nigh, that not one of the little household doubted that a band of the dreaded Scottish Lifeguard, the persecuting minions of the relentless Graham were at hand! With eyes starting as it were from their sockets with terror—"Rin, Uncle Jamie. Rin for dear life—the blude-thirsty dragoons of God-despising Claver'se are upon us!" exclaimed the little maiden.

"Ay! my bairn, flee—flee to the hills—flee to the black linn of Polmoodie—there shalt thou lie in safety 'until this tyranny be overpast!'—oh, flee—my bairn—son of my age and sorrow—flee from the persecuting dogs who thirst ever for the hearts' blude of the saints. Even the holy David fled and hid him in the hill of Hachilah, which is beside Jeshimon—then why wilt thou not likewise flee away?" cried the frail, grey-haired woman with energy that could scarce have been looked for in one so weak and aged—but the youth answered very calmly, although his face, even to the lips, was ashy pale and death-like—

"And leave you, mother, to their outrageous violence?—never, while life is left to me!"

"Oh! my bairn—take no heed for me—bad though they be, ungodly, and blude-spillers, they will not harm an aged and lone female—but thee will they slay even before my eyes—son of my sorrows—thee will they slay surely!—wherefore I bid thee again, ere it be too late, to gird up thy loins and flee to the hills swiftly—nay! my bairn, thou wert obedient ever—disobey not thy mother now, that never didst before refuse to do her bidding!"

"Lo! it is all too late," returned the young man—"and more, mother, I have done no man any evil, and I fear nothing!" and he said truly that it was too late, for ere his words were spoken, the soldiers whose approach they had heard from afar, rode up at a sharp trot, and at a word from their officer, wheeled their black chargers into line, facing the garden wall and the little gate into the lawn, and halted on the instant. They were in number seven, six privates in the rich scarlet uniform of the Lifeguards, with highly burnished breastplates, and morions of steel, with nodding plumes, and gauntlets reaching to their elbows, and large jack-boots covering their legs to the mid thigh. The seventh man was a youth, not seemingly above eighteen, gorgeously armed, and evidently the commander of the party. His features were small, delicately formed, and exquisitely beautiful, but not with the beauty of manhood even in its earliest spring time; for so soft was each rounded outline, so smooth the texture of the skin, so faint and feminine the coloring, that his whole lineaments and air gave the idea of a lovely girl, masquerading in the war-harness of some male relative, rather than of the youngest warrior. His large blue eye had a soft liquid lustre, half lazy and half languid, that seemed as if it could not wake to aught of anger or even spirit—his lip and cheek were altogether beardless, nor did the slightest down upon the chin foreshow the growth of a more manly garniture. His long light hair of a hue between gold and auburn, fell down his neck and over his shoulder in a profusion of close curled and perfumed ringlets. If he were really a boy, he was one in appearance born to minister to the luxurious wants of some soft eastern potentate, such an one even as the sweet Roman lyric has described.

"Quem si puellarum insercres choro
Misé sagaces falleert hospites
Discrimen obscurum solutis
Crinibus ambiquoque vultu."

He was dressed like the privates, in full uniform, but his cuirass was studded with great knobs of solid gold, and crossed by a blue scarf all fringed and tagged with bullion, a superb neckcloth, with long ends of the finest Flemish lace, fell down over his glittering breast-plate, and his white gloves were delicately laced with silver. He wore no helmet, but a slouched broad-brimmed hat, with a band set around with white and scarlet feathers—his boots were polished until they vied in splendor with his steel corslet, his sword-hilt sparkled with bright jewels, and the butts of his pistols, as they peered out from his velvet-covered holstery, seeming to woo his grasp, were heavily embossed with silver. Such was the aspect of the young commander, who with a voice silvery as a girl's, and modulated with affected sweetness, gave the word to his men to "link their chargers, dismount, and make their carbines ready!" and strange to say, more terror was displayed by the old woman and the girl, when they beheld the soft effeminate form, and comely features, and heard the sweet low tones, than they had shown at the array of warlike, and, as they well judged, hostile soldiers! For that fair-favored youth, delicate as he was and blooming, with the vigorous blood rushing in girlish blushes to his white brow at every word and motion, had won himself a terrible renown through that wild district—well was he known—and widely, and but too justly dreaded, as the most fierce and fiendish of Graham's persecuting troopers. Where that brave and most chivalrous though sanguinary leader performed the savage dictates of the council with unrelenting firmness, believing it to be true policy to crush the rebellious spirit of the puritans, and quench the embers of their wild creed in blood—while he and his sterner officers, slew more from the fanaticism of politics, and from a species of high-born disregard to the rights of those whom they looked upon most sincerely, as brutal, ignorant, rebellious fanatics, of an inferior race,—the soft, fair-featured Laird of Livingstone, himself a dweller in the glens, the youngest of the cornets of the Scottish life-guard, had ordered more men out to instant execution, had steeped more hearts in blood, before his lip was bearded, and that too in the very wantonness of needless cruelty! than all his regiment beside. What wonder, then, that the poor females shook with terror, that their hair bristled on their heads, and their cheeks blanched with apprehension, when they discovered, at a glance, the features, and recognized in the first syllable he said, the voice more dreaded than the sovereign thunder, of him who was named, ere his years reached a score, the Tiger laird of Livingstone.

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"What dulcet melody was that we heard, sweet as a seraph's whisper," he asked in lisping mockery, "as we rode up the glen? Ye were not, I trust, psalm singing, my excellent good friends?"

Then, when no answer was returned to him, he strode close up to the old woman,—"answer me," he continued, "answer me, say, sweet angel, were ye engaged in lifting up your voices to the Lord?"—and, as he spoke, he stretched his hand out toward her, as if to grasp her arm; but as he did so, the young farmer took a quick step, and with a resolute air, moved aside the arm of the fierce soldier.

"We were," he answered quietly, but firmly, "we were engaged in our devotions, noble sir, after the manner of our fathers, in naught disturbing any one, nor breaking any ordinance or laws of king or prelate, and so what of it?"

"After the manner of your fathers!" replied the Laird, with a contemptuous and bitter sneer, "your fathers!—by my soul! I knew not that such base-born dogs *had* fathers! Now on your life! or rather, as you would live to see the kingdom of the saints! I do beseech you, well beloved, expound to me, had you in very deed a father?"

"Ay, had he?" interrupted the old woman, drawing up at the words her weak and bended frame to its full height, and bending on him the clear light of her dark eye, which positively flashed with indignation, "ay, had he?" she exclaimed in tones that quivered not, nor trembled in the least, for anger had completely overmastered not the infirmities alone of her aged body and the feebleness that had well-nigh extinguished all the light and quickness of her mind, but all considerations of the time, the place, the speaker—all prudence and all fear of evil—"ay, had he, Sir Dragoon, a father that rode through more foughten fields, than thou hast pranced in wantonness of pride across horse courses—a father whose sack was girt oftener by the hard rivets of his iron gorget, than thine hath been entwined by the white arms of amorous Deliahs!—ay, had he, Sir Dragoon, a father—who, had he lived to see this day, and found a dozen of his fellows, had rid this groaning country——"

"Peace! mother—peace! I pray you, this is the Laird of Livingstone—King Charles' high officer—you know not what you say,"—the young man interposed, now seriously alarmed at his unhappy parent's indiscretion. "She is a weak old woman, sir," he added, turning respectfully to the life-guardsman, "and knoweth not one half the time, what she saith or doeth, the other."

"And if it be so," answered the soldier, brutally, "who asked for thy interposition? But we have heard enough already to justify some sequestration—Hunter and Ramsay," he continued, looking toward his men, "go round the fields and drive off all the stock ye find there. I saw some cows behind the homestead, in the byre—and you, good sergeant, step in and search the house, if ye may find any concealed arms, and if you do——" he nodded his head ominously, and the infernal smile played on his smooth sleek features, which rarely lit them up save in anticipation of some accursed deed. Then while the men went eagerly away to execute his barbarous orders—"Tell, worthy dame," he added in a good-humored bantering tone, "this gallant father about whom you speak—the father of this noble youth, he fought, I trow, for David, Leslie, and old Tell—"

"Ay, did he?" she replied, scarce conscious what she said, or who was questioning, "at Marston fight; and Worcester-field—at Tippermair and Philiphaugh, likewise, was his sword reddened with the blood of the malignant and rakehelly cavaliers!"

"By the Lord! here have we found a precious nest of psalm singers—and now I think of it—what book is that you hold so lovingly there, friend!"

"The Lord's book!" the young farmer answered, touching the brim of his bonnet, as he spoke very reverently.

"Oh! the Lord's book, is it?—and this, I fancy, is the sword of Gideon,"—as the sergeant made his appearance, carrying in his hand a long and heavy broadsword, with a huge basket hilt of iron.

"That is the broadsword of my father!"

"Mighty well—mighty well—this is audacity—by my soul is it," said Livingstone, the same abominable smile curling his lip, again. "But I expected it—before the Lord! I did. Now, master rebel, answer me promptly; you were best; have you not heard the order of the council forbidding all men, under the rank of Laird, to keep edged weapons, or hand-gun, or pistolet?"

"I have not, sir. I do profess to you, I have not heard it——"

"Then you were not at church last Sunday, where our worthy curate archdeacon proclaimed it from the pulpit, thus contumaciously and of aforesought malice avoiding—but," he interrupted himself for a moment, and then continued in a low stern whisper, "but it avails not talking—call Hunter back, and Ramsay, Sergeant Mackey, we have got other gear—so that is well," he added, as the two privates came up, driving the widow's cows before them—"let the beasts go, we will not rob the widow, for what saith the Scripture anent grinding of widows, and removing of landmarks. Fall in—right face—handle your carbines—prime, load, make ready!—Now, sirrah, kneel down on the greensward, you have five minutes left to make your peace with Heaven. Sergeant, remove the woman back there, up in the space—assist your sergeant, Ramsay!"

Within a moment, the wretched widow was dragged off, vainly imploring mercy, with bitter sobs and wailings, which called forth mirth alone from the fierce soldiery. Her little grand-daughter was thrust in after her, and the door locked without. Then, in the face of heaven, with the calm summer air waiving his perfumed curls, and the whole face of creation smiling and bright before him, the savage Laird stood facing his weak victim, holding a watch superbly set with diamonds, and counting every moment that elapsed with greedy eyes, while calm and fearless the peasant knelt in prayer, and supplicated mercy from on high, not for himself alone, but for his ruthless murderers.

The time elapsed—the sign was given—the levelled

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carbines flashed—the volley hurtled through the air—but loud and clearly heard above the full reports rang the heart-broken shriek of the bereaved and hapless parent, yell after yell, shriek after shriek, volumes of hopeless anguish pealed up to the sky, and actually struck a superstitious awe to the cold hearts of the iron soldiers.

They mounted and rode gaily off, their feathers waving joyously, their harness glancing in the blythe sunlight, heedless that where they had found peace and humble happiness, they had left, misery and death and desolation. H. W. H.

Original.

THE LAST LOOK.

BY LIEUT. G. W. PATTEN, U. S. A.

She wept beside the couch of him
  Who won her bridal vow,—
While death like ray of starlight dim
  Slept palely on his brow:—
I come to thee—in tears I come,
  I who have known thee best:
The constant turtle seeks the home
  Where she was wont to rest.

I cannot tear my soul away—
  Sweet Love, thou wert its light!
Too sad will seem the cheerless day!
  Too long the dreary night!
And who will guard against life's storm
  My solitary heart?
Ah! me—give back these kisses warm—
  We may not—cannot part.

* * * * * * * * *

But hist! what freezing thoughts restrain
  The words I fain would speak,
As on that icy breast again
  I lay my burning cheek?
How cold!—my love, is *this* the spot
  I've lov'd all else beside!—
Alas! a pulseless heart is not
  The pillow of thy bride!

And yet that lip of softened mould
  Seems such as *once* was thine!
No, no—'tis pale, and clammy cold,
  And answers not to mine;
It breathes no word of soothing tone,
  It has no smile for me;—
And as I look, I feel alone,—
  I FEEL ALONE WITH THEE.

The spirit light whose flame divine
  Burns not by human will,
Hath vanish'd from its earthly shrine
  And left the temple chill;
And shadowy phantoms, from above,
  Seem whispering thro' the air:
"You look *not* on the face you love—
  'Tis death who sleepeth there."

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Original.

THE FIRST LOVE OF HENRY IV.*

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

It was high holiday in Nerac, a little town of Gascony; it had been holiday several days, for the King of France, Charles IX., was there with his brilliant court, and also the court of Navarre. This memorable incident is recorded in the chronicles of Navarre, and happened somewhere about the year 1566.

The King of France brought to the Queen of Navarre her youthful son Henry, whom he had, 'till then, retained at his court, in Paris. The Queen was also rejoiced to see her son, as may well be supposed; for she was the tenderest of mothers, as well as the most heroic of women.—Henry was now grown up, and though only sixteen, might have passed, from his height, for eighteen years of age, or more. There was not a trace of beard on his chin, it is true; and his complexion was the rose and lily; but he had a heart as stout as an old sword, and hands used to the handling of military weapons, and all sorts of rough work. To say the truth, he was a little wild; and rash and headstrong by nature,—but he was well skilled in all manly sports—and could ride, hunt and fight with the best of his companions. His tutor and governor, often had trouble to manage him. But the young prince, though spirited, was so amiable and good humored—one could not help being indulgent to him! Never did he withstand an appeal to his honor or his duty; this failed not to bring him to reason at once. And this is no little praise for a prince destined to wear a crown. Young gentlemen of the present day, are often little inclined to listen to such appeals.

The good people of Nerac were more attached to the handsome, wild, good humored prince, than even to his majesty of France. The pomp and splendor of his court, had little power to win their affections; and the monarch was always stern, majestic and unsympathizing in his deportment. Prince Henry, on the contrary, saluted every body courteously, and had a friendly smile for all. And his smile was so full of sweetness,—at least so thought the dames and damsels of Nerac; and in such matters the women are by common consent, the best judges.

There were many noble gentlemen in the train of the King; for example, the Duc de Guise, who was three years older than Henry, the Prince de Bearn. He and Henry had been brought up together; but they never agreed; and the King grew so tired of having to adjust their differences, that he thought it wisest to separate them, and partly on this account brought Henry to his mother.

Among other amusements, shooting with the crossbow was very popular. The King himself was an excellent shot; that he was so, many of his Huguenot subjects learned to their cost, six years afterwards, at the dreadful massacre in Paris! At Nerac, the sport was carried on incessantly; an orange plant at a certain distance, being the target.

* From the German of Zchokke.

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When kings enter the lists, they find few competitors, or those they have prefer not to put forth their strength. None of the courtiers shot nearer the orange than the King; not even the Duc de Guise, though he was thought an excellent marksman. But when Prince Henry's turn came, he took his aim steadily, and his arrow passed directly through the golden fruit. A murmur of applause run through the crowd of spectators; the women whispered together, and the King looked much chagrined at being deprived of the honors of victory.

The next day the sport was resumed, there were more archers and more spectators than before, but the King was not present. He remained shut up in his chamber; it may be presumed he had business of state. It was astonishing to observe what an effect his absence had in increasing the skill of the archers. The peasants wondered at their improvement since the preceding day. Several oranges were cleft. They placed the mark at a greater distance, still several grazed the fruit, and the Duc de Guise sent his arrow through the midst.

There were no more oranges at hand; a sad disappointment to Prince Henry, who panted for a trial of strength with his young rival. He looked about for something that might serve as a mark. There stood among the spectators a peasant girl about as old as himself, or it might be a year younger; simply dressed, but very beautiful; with face half hidden by her bonnet. He ran towards her, and asked for a rose she wore in her bosom, half blown, and just the thing for a mark. The young beauty blushed, and smiled as she gave him the rose. The Prince fastened it up, and then went back to the place for shooting.

"Now, my Lord Duke, you are victor; the first shot belongs to you: try the new mark," cried Henry, breathless, and sucked the blood from his finger wounded by a thorn on the rose stem. The pain was not great, but once or twice he caught himself glancing toward the young girl from whom he had received the flower.

The Duc de Guise drew his bow—took aim—and missed. Henry drew, in his turn, and took aim; but was observed to glance side ways before the arrow flew. His hand was steady, however, and the arrow pierced the heart of the rose.

Henry was now acknowledged the master shot; but he did not boast of his skill. He went and took down the arrow; the pierced rose stuck to it; and he carried it back thus to its owner. With a graceful bow he offered her both flower and arrow.

"Your gift has brought me success," said he.

"But your success has been the death of the poor rose," replied the young girl, endeavoring with her slender fingers to separate it from the arrow.

"For that reason I leave the arrow with you."

"I do not want it!" replied the maiden.

"I can well believe that; you wound with keener arrows!" said Henry; and playfully held his hand before his breast. The girl blushed at his speeeh; the Prince blushed also—and did not utter another word; but, bowing again, returned to the archers, his companions.

The sport was over. The archers returned to the castle, and the spectators separated to their homes. The young girl, with the pierced arrow, also went away, in company with several peasant girls of her acquaintance, who talked much of what had passed, and envied her the Prince's arrow. She was herself quite silent, but looked now and then at the flower, as if her heart had been also pierced.

Many of the noble gentlemen stood on the great steps of the castle, and among them the Prince de Bearn. He looked at the people as they passed, seeking one among them; but she was no where to be found.

"Who is that pretty little maiden from whom I took the rose?" asked he of one of the gentlemen in the household of Queen Joanna, his mother.

"She is the daughter of the castle gardener;" was the reply: "and sooth—not one of his flowers is fairer or sweeter."

"What is her name?"

"They call her now Florette; when she is older it will be Flora."

"Florette!" repeated Henry—almost unconsciously, to himself.

Henry had often in his life heard of love; as who could live at the court in Paris without hearing of it? But he knew as little of the passion as of the Arabic or Chaldaic languages. He acquired the knowledge, however, much more easily than that of the tongues aforesaid; ay, and retained it also, as the history of his after years can testify. His battles and victories are not so hard to count as his amours. But of all the beauties to whom he paid homage, there was none like Florette of Nerac; I may not say none so fair, for tastes differ in that respect; but none so artless—so amiable—so truly worthy of love: or who had a warmer heart to return it.

All day Florette thought of the handsome young Prince, who had spoken to her, and at night she could not sleep. The Prince, as soon as he could get away from the company in the castle, ran down into the garden, and examined all the flowers with great attention, as if from their beauty he could tell if Florette had the care of them. One would have thought him a botanist, so attentively did he look at the plants; and when he walked with folded arms and drooped head between the large flower beds; he might have been taken for a philosopher in search of the philosopher's stone.

He came at length to a spring at the end of the extensive garden, on the brink of which he saw the print of small footsteps. He had never, indeed, seen Florette's foot; but he was sure this print could belong to no one else. He walked on through the bushes, and presently saw a narrow bridge crossing the stream. On the further side of the bridge stood a small low browed cottage. He went towards the house, but saw no one who might inform him who lived there. He needed, however, no information on that subject; for there, at the window, he saw his arrow, stuck through the withered rose. Henry started at this sight, turned quickly round and ran back to the garden, his heart beating as if he feared some one was following him.

In the evening, he went again into the garden. It

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was nearly dark, but his vision was keen,; and he saw at the spring a female figure, neither taller nor shorter than Florette's. She filled her pitcher with water, swung it upon her head, and then went through the trees, over the little bridge, to the cottage.

This picture was before Henry's eyes the whole evening. There was a ball in the castle; but none of the forms of the court beauties seemed so beautiful to him, as that of the simple maiden with the pitcher on her head. He himself danced often, but he thought much less of his partner, than of the gardener's daughter.

The next morning, he repaired early to the garden, and walked with his spade on his shoulder to the spring. The grounds about the spring were uncultivated and neglected; perhaps because no person came hither, except for water: probably only the gardener's family, as his house was nearest.

The young Prince began to dig, and dug a wide circle in the turf around the spring. The sweat rolled from his face; when tired he refreshed himself with a draught of cold water; and no wine ever tasted to him so delicious. No doubt Florette had often drunk from the same fountain. After working some time, he returned to the castle, and seated himself in a thoughtful mood, by the window in his chamber.

Not long after, Florette came to the spring. When she saw the wide circle that had been dug, and laid out in flower beds, she thought to herself—"my father has been up betimes this morning; or has the boys done all this work?"

When she went back into the cottage and informed old Lucas of what she had seen, he came out to look at the beds, and was much surprized. The boy, when called, declared he knew nothing about it; and it puzzled Lucas not a little to think who could have been bold enough to interfere with his gardener's business. He resolved to watch, and find out the culprit; and watched the whole day, but saw no one. For the King and all the court went on an excursion, and did not return before evening. The Prince de Bearn would gladly have stayed behind; but he could not absent himself, neither there, nor from a hunting party the next morning. But as soon as he found himself at liberty, he repaired again to the spring; dug as before, then removed plants and flowers from the garden, and set them out in his new beds. Nobody saw him, and what chagrined him more, he saw nobody. He returned to the castle by a roundabout way; that is, across a rustic bridge, past a small cottage, at the windows of which he looked for his arrow. He saw no arrow, however, but a lovely girl stood at the window, and the window was open.

Florette—for it was she—was braiding the locks of her beautiful dark hair, before a small mirror. Her neck was uncovered, and white as snow from the contrast of her dark hair. On the window lay a bunch of flowers—which she probably destined for a place in her hair, or in her bosom. Henry went up to the window, and stood upon a bench, so that he could look directly in. At his salutation, a flood of crimson rushed over the face and neck of the lovely maiden, like the flush of morning on the fleecy cloud. Henry asked if he might assist at her toilet; she replied that she needed no assistance. The Prince intimated that in truth she asked no aid from ornaments to look beautiful; she smiled, and said he was a flatterer. He insisted he had never spoken so truly; and said he had not been able to forget her since the gift of the rose; she replied coquetishly, that at so cheap a price his remembrance must be easily purchased. He protested he was sorry he had given her back the rose; and asked for the flowers on the window; these she willingly gave, glad if they could afford him any pleasure.

They passed some time in thus exchanging compliments; at length the voice of old Lucas was heard calling Florette from an adjoining room. She smiled an adieu to the youth, and vanished; Henry returned to the castle, but he hardly felt the ground under his feet, nor heeded that he had been already inquired for.

When old Lucas came home at noon from his work, he said: "I am curious to know who is this, who meddles with my business, and presumes to dig and lay out new beds. I have watched for him, but have not been able to catch him. It is not a little singular; he must work by starlight."

When Florette came with the pitcher from the spring at evening—it occurred to her for the first time, that the invisible gardener must be the young Prince. For he seemed to have come directly from the spot to her window.

The court returned to the castle after sunset, from the day's excursion; and Henry took his usual solitary walk in the garden. On coming to the spring, he found Florette's hat lying there. He took it up, kissed it, and having plucked the prettiest flowers, tied them round the hat with a blue ribbon. He then went to the gardener's cottage; the windows were closed, and all was silent; they had doubtless gone to bed. He hung the hat close by Florette's window.

The next morning, Florette, contrary to the custom of the house, and her own habits, was up long before sunrise. She had determined to please her old father by discovering the invisible gardener. Perhaps she had herself some little curiosity on the subject; though young ladies are not apt to confess to such a feeling.

When she had dressed herself silently, and opened her window, she saw her hat with the blue ribbon tied round it; and remembered having left it at the spring the evening before.—"Ah!" exclaimed she—"he is before me after all; he must have been here this morning!"

Whom she meant by "he," she did not say. She took off the flowers from her hat, and put them in fresh water; then tied the ribbon in a bow, and added it to her simple toilet. Then she stepped out of the window upon the bench, and thence to the ground. There was a door to the house, but it could not be opened without noise.

As she crossed the bridge she stopped, undecided whether to go on or not. "I am certainly too late,"—she said to herself. "He works by starlight, father

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said; the stars have gone already, and it is almost sunrise." And while she found the consolation that she was too late, she continued to walk on slowly, towards the spring.

"If he should really be there?" was her next thought. "What would he think, to see me come so early? He would think I came on purpose to meet him. I will go home and fetch my pitcher; and then he cannot suppose I come on his account."

But notwithstanding her resolution to return home, she walked on a few steps. She heard the plashing of the water; and came into full view through the bushes of the newly dug beds.

"Ah! he is not far off," she exclaimed to herself; "I shall see him, presently. Perhaps he is only gone to dig up flowers to set out here. I will hide myself, and wait for him!" And she went softly over the grass behind an elm grove near the spring, where she could watch unobserved.—Her heart beat violently as she stood there; and if the morning wind caused the leaves to rustle, she started, expecting some one to approach. If a bird fluttered on the branches near her, she looked alarmed, like a timid fawn. But she saw no one, though she kept her eyes upon the flower beds.

Some one approached softly behind her, and while she was eagerly looking towards the spring—placed both hands on her eyes—at the same time a voice whispered in her ear—"Who is it—guess, Florette?"

Florette tried in vain to remove the hands, and cried —"I know it is you, Jacqueline; I can feel the ring on your finger; the ring Lubin gave you; take away your hands!"

"It is not Jacqueline; guess again!" whispered the voice,—and in punishment for her wrong guessing, the lips of the intruder impressed a kiss upon Florette's cheek. She blushed deeply, and struggled to free herself; after repeated efforts she succeeded, but not 'till another and another kiss had been saucily taken. The young Prince stood before her.

Henry smiled, but Florette's cheeks were red with vexation; the Prince begged her pardon for the liberty he had taken. Had he not begged her pardon, it is possible she might have forgiven him; as it was, she stood pouting, and with half averted face, while he besought her again not to be angry with him. He became more humble and earnest in his entreaties; she would not reply, but kept breaking off the elm twigs, and stripping the leaves from them.

At last, when Henry saw that she continued sullen and silent, he said—

"It is well; I will go away, since my presence, beautiful Florette, is so displeasing to you; since you cannot pardon the liberty I took in jest. I will go, and never offend by coming to see you again. Farewell! But before we part, give me the satisfaction of knowing you are not angry with me; only speak one word to me, to tell me so—one word!" and he knelt down before her.

Florette's eyes were full of tears; she looked through them, half smiling, upon the handsome youth kneeling before her. At last she burst into a musical laugh; threw over him the handful of elm leaves she had stripped off, so that his face was covered with them, and ran away.

The Prince hastened after her. Close by the spring she stopped, and turned round. "Now confess," she cried, "that it is you, sir, who have meddled with my father's work, and dug the beds here!"

Henry freely confessed it was he. "I did it," said he, "so that Florette might be forced to think of me, whether she will or not, when she comes to the spring. I have set out the prettiest flowers around the spring; would that I could set out your path in life with flowers!"

"Very pretty!" answered Florette; "but, sir, my father is not at all pleased with what you have done. You have mutilated his garden; and set out the flowers in the wrong time. They are withering, see!—you have not even once watered them."

"Oh, that I had a watering-pot!"

"You will find one twenty steps from here; yonder, in the door of the cave in the rock, if you take the trouble to look for it."

Henry ran thither, and brought the watering-pot, which he filled from the spring, and watered the circle of flowers. After that Florette went back to the cottage.

The Prince continued day after day to work in the garden, and he was assisted by old Lucas. Florette constantly superinteded his work; and gave advice about setting out the flowers, and watered them with her own hand. Queen Joanna noticed what her son was about, and highly approved of his work.

Florette and Henry thus met frequently, and sported together like children, or conversed familiarly like brother and sister. They enjoyed the present without thinking of the future. She thought not of the Prince; it was only Henry she loved, her equal; for such he seemed in his simple working dress, made after the fashion of the peasants in that country. He thought not of the splendor or beauty of the court, nor of any one except Florette. His pleasure in her society was greater than that afforded by all the amusements of the court. He saw none so fair as Florette; no voice sounded in his ears so sweet as her's.

The youthful lovers could not help regretting that the hours passed in the garden were necessarily much fewer than those passed without, and separate from each other. They longed to meet in the evening; truly, there was no work to be done by moonlight or starlight, but they could rest, and talk while they were resting.

"I shall come after supper, at nine o'clock, to the spring," whispered Henry to Florette, one day, while he was setting out flowers. "And you—Florette?"

"My father goes to bed before that time," answered she.

"And you, Florette?" whispered he, looking beseechingly in her face.

She smiled and nodded her head. "If it should be a clear, bright evening."

Henry was at the appointed spot at the hour he had named, but the evening was very cloudy. Florette was

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not there. "She said if it was clear; she will not come therefore," thought the Prince. A rustling was heard among the bushes, and Florette came to the spring, with the pitcher on her head. It is always clear and bright for happy love! Henry took the pitcher from her, thanked her with many fond words, and both soon forgot the sky was cloudy. All was bright in their own breasts.

Presently there fell some drops of rain: they heeded them not. The rain increased, and they walked for shelter to the rock behind the elm grove. When the moon broke again through the clouds, they came back hand in hand; Henry filled the pitcher, and put it on his head; Florette walked beside him with her arm in his, and the two went to the cottage. All was silent there; Florette took the pitcher, thanked her lover for his trouble, and whispered a tender "good-night."

They found the evenings spent by the spring far from tedious; and their meetings, accordingly, took place without regard to the weather. Four weeks thus passed; four weeks of happiness to both. Florette's father never discovered that she had taken a fancy to go late after water every night. But the Prince's tutor observed his habitual absence, and also that the upper part of his cap was always wet on his return. Henry said nothing about his occupations; and the tutor did not like to question him; he resolved, however, to unravel the mystery.

For this purpose, he followed his pupil one evening at a distance. He saw him stop by the spring, where a female figure was standing, apparently waiting for him. They conversed long together; and the watching tutor drew close to them unobserved. After a while he saw the Prince go to the spring, fill the pitcher, and place it on his head, and then walk towards the bridge with the young girl on his arm. The whole mystery was now solved, and the mentor returned hastily to the castle.

The next morning he communicated his discovery to the Queen. She was very much disturbed, and declared her intention of giving her son a severe lecture.

"Your majesty"—said the wiser tutor; "let me implore you to do no such thing. A youthful passion is not to be conquered by lectures; nay—opposition will only increase it. You make the stream more powerful by attempting to dam it up. Temptation is best overcome by flight; you may hope to succeed only by giving the prince other objects for his enthusiasm."

The Queen approved of the tutor's advice; and gave him directions how to act so as to promote her views.

In his next morning's conversation with his pupil, he reminded him that the world expected from him something more than youthful promise—to wit—deeds. That it was time he should show himself worthy of his royal lineage, and win a name for himself; that he should become useful to his country in some capacity—either as statesman, ruler, or military leader; that glory waited to crown him, and it was not becoming that he should longer remain in luxurious idleness. Having thus endeavored to awaken his ambition, he informed him the Queen and court were to set out the next day for Paris, where they should remain only a short time, and then proceed to Bayonne. At the latter place Joanna would stay to be present at the meeting of the French King with the Queen of Spain.

Henry listened to all this in silence, but his countenance expressed the deepest embarrassment. His tutor observed; but took care not to betray that he noticed his pupil's uneasiness. He continued to speak of other matters, and to relate incidents more or less interesting, so as to leave the Prince no time to fall into melancholy musing. The Queen acted to the same purpose; she talked much of the splendor of the approaching festivities at Bayonne; of the magnificence of the courts that would convene there, and the renown of the nobles he would meet. What could her son say to this? He could not think of remaining alone in Nerac. He did not even dare to say how much more he was interested in the meeting by the spring, than in the royal meeting at Bayonne!

At the wonted hour that evening, he repaired to the place of rendezvous—Florette was there. He told her of their approaching separation, and her grief was excessive, who, indeed, could paint it? who describe what Henry suffered? They embraced each other weeping, and mourned together over this inevitable calamity.

"You leave me, Henry," cried the maiden, sobbing, "You will soon forget me. I shall be alone in the world. When you are gone, I shall have nothing to care, or to live for."

"Nay," answered he, "I shall not leave you for ever; I will come again. To whom do I belong but to you, my beloved Florette? I am not my own; but given eternally to you. What more can I remember, if you should be forgotten? When I forget you, I shall cease to exist."

"Henry, you will *not* come again! or if you do come, you will not know your poor Florette. I shall fade and die, like the flowers without the dew; you are the sun to me, and when you are gone, I shall be left in darkness."

"No, Florette, you will be happier than I. You have still the spot consecrated by our love—you have these flowers, this garden, and each of these flowers will remind you of me. But to-morrow, when I have lost you, I shall be driven quite out of paradise—wandering in an outer world—a wilderness—among strange men. Ah! how shall I long for a single flower from the borders of this spring! I shall mingle with those who care not for me; you are surrounded by those who love you—who, indeed, could help loving you—charming as you are? You will be the idol of many."

They talked thus long together. Tears, vows of constancy, and promises of a future meeting, followed each other, 'till the bell from the castle warned them that it was time to separate Florette took Henry's hand, pressed it to her heart, and said—

"Here, Henry, you will always find me, by this spring—on this spot! And should you change, my love will still flow ceaselessly from my heart, as you

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stream from its fountain. I may cease to live, Henry, but shall never cease to love you!"

They parted, Florette went home—the young Prince returned, weeping and miserable, to the castle.

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Other scenes and occupations in due time produced their anticipated effect on the feelings of the youthful Prince. His grief gradually abated. In less than two years after he left Nerac, the remembrance of what had passed there was with him only as a troubled dream. His mind was filled with other thoughts; with visions of ambition and military renown. France was distracted by contending parties; and many were the opportunities for acquiring distinction. Henry gained the praises he coveted; his bravery and high spirit were every where spoken of, and the admiration of the beauties of the court of Catherine de Medicis, gratified the wishes to possess the favor of the fair that were always fluttering at his heart.

The obscure daughter of the gardener at Nerac, heard of the fame of her youthful lover, and how all the world talked of his heroic qualities; but it caused no difference in her feelings. It was not the Prince or the hero she had loved. The glory that surrounded him excited not her admiration—but made her sorrow deeper. For she heard also that he was a great favorite among the noble ladies about the court, and that he paid court now to one, now to another. With her faith in Henry vanished her faith in man; for she remained constant to the image cherished in her pure heart. That heart had been wounded too deeply for time to heal; it was breaking fast.

At length the court again came to Nerac, Henry was there. Florette saw him walking in the garden with one of the ladies, she could not resist the impulse she felt to place herself in their way.

The lovers met once more, but how altered was the young girl, once so beautiful and joyous! She was pale and emaciated, and hardly had she strength to walk. The Prince recognized her at once, and stopped suddenly, Florette disappeared behind the elm grove he had reason to remember so well. He could not follow her with the court lady at his side, but the next morning he went to the gardener's cottage, while the old man was at work. He found Florette alone, told her how much he was shocked to find her so altered, and implored her to grant him an interview. In his eyes she really looked far more lovely; thus wan and dejected, than in the flush and pride of her beauty.

The sudden return of old Lucas, prevented their speaking together; and Henry could only petition for an uninterrupted interview. He named the spot at which they had formerly met; the spring.

Florette answered, without raising her eyes from her work—

"At eight o'clock this evening I will be there."

With great impatience Henry waited for the appointed hour; as it struck, he went out by a private door from the castle, and followed the well known path to the spring. As he went through the bushes, his heart beat audibly. Florette was not there. He waited some time. The wind rustled through the foliage, and involuntarily he stretched out his hands—as if eager to embrace her. More and more anxious, he walked back and forwards over the now neglected flower-beds. At length he thought he saw on one of the bushes something white, like a piece of her dress, and ran to seize it, It was a piece of paper, fastened to an arrow stuck through a withered rose.

It was too dark to read what was written on the paper, but with a heart filled with a vague apprehension, the Prince hastened back to the castle. From her sending back the arrow, he inferred that she loved him no more.

The paper contained these words:

"I promised you, Henry, you should find me at the spring. Perhaps you passed without seeing me. Look more closely; you will certainly find me. Your love for me has ceased, and also mine for you. FLORETTE.

The fearful meaning of these words flashed at once upon the Prince. He rushed from the castle, his cries bringing several of the domestics to his assistance. Following him with their blazing torches, they came to the spring. Why prolong the details of so sad a narrative? The corpse of the hapless girl was found in the little pond formed by the water of the spring. They drew her forth, and buried her between two trees in the elm grove.

The sorrow of the young Prince knew no bounds, it could not recall his victim; but it fixed her image in his heart. When, afterward, he became the idol of the French People, and wrought mighty deeds, his thoughts often dwelt on the fate of the peasant maiden. She was the first love of Henry IV., and his only one. So fervently, so purely, he never loved again.

Original.

THE MORNING STAR.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

Ah! how darksome, long and dreary,
Hang the heavy shades of night,
While the sleepless eye is weary,
Waiting for the dawning light!

Lo, it comes—its herald cheering
Mounts the eastern sky afar!
On its dusky verge appearing,
Shines the beauteous morning star.

Hail to thine effulgent beaming!
Holy brightness on the way,
Where thy silvery rays are streaming,
Soon shall pour the flood of day.

Yet, oh, when shall dawn the morrow,
On a spirit sad and lorn,
Through the darkling night of sorrow,
Watching for a ray of morn?

While its solemn shades are lying
Chill and heavy on the soul,
Deep and secret is her sighing—
All unseen her tear-drops roll.

Hope, thou diamond star of morning,
When upon these darkened skies
Wilt thou beam, their gloom adorning,
Where the sun of joy shall rise?

Newburyport Mass.

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Original.

THE WIFE BEQUEATHED AND RESUMED.

A TALE OF FRENCH LIFE.

BY NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

Charmian.—"Is't you, sir, that know things?"
Soothsayer.—"In nature's infinite book of secrecy,
A little I can read."—*Antony and Cleopatra.*

A BEAUTIEUL girl of seventeen, in the convent-parlor of Saint Agatha. She is dressed as a novice, and the light breaks off from the curve of the raven hair put away under the close-fitting-cap—breaks off almost in sparkles. For so it may—as an artist knows. Her eyes are like hounds in the leash—fiery and eager. And if, in those ever-parted and forward-pressing lips there is a possibility of languor or repose, the proof of it lies in the future. They are sleepless and dreamless, as yet, with a thirst unnamed and irrepressible, for the passions of life. Her name is Zelie.

But we cannot make the past into the present. Change the tense—for Zelie is dead now, or we could not record her strange story.

There was a ring at the convent door, and presently entered Colonel Count Montalembert, true to his appointment. He had written to the Lady Abbess to request an interview with the daughter of his comrade, dead on the frozen track of the retreat from Moscow. Flahault was to him, as his right hand to his left, and as he covered up the stiffened body with snow, he had sworn to devote his life to that child whose name was last on the lips closed for ever. The Count Montalembert was past fifty, and a constant sufferer from his wounds; and his physicians had warned him that death was not far off. His bearing was still noble and soldierly, however, and his frank and clear eye had lost little of its lustre.

"I wrote to you the particulars of your father's death, my child," said the Colonel, after the Abbess had left them alone, at his request. "I could not dwell on it again without more emotion than is well for me. I must be brief even with what I have to say to his daughter—for that, too, will move me overmuch. You are very lovely, Zelie!"

"You are very kind!" answered the novice, blushing, and drooping her long lashes upon her cheek.

"Very lovely, I say, and must love and be beloved. It is woman's destiny, and *your* destiny more than most women's."

The Count gazed into the deep eyes of his eager listener, and seemed embarrassed to know how to proceed.

"Hear me through," he said, "before you form an opinion of my motives. And first answer me a bold question. Have you any attachment—have you ever seen a man you could love and marry?"

"No!" murmured the blushing novice, after a moment's hesitation.

"But you are likely to love, soon and rashly, once free in the world—and that is one evil against which I make myself your shield. And there is another—which I am only sorry that I need your permission and aid in averting.

Zelie looked up inquiringly.

"Poverty—the grave of love—the palsy of the heart—the oblivion of beauty and grace! To avert this from you, I have a sacrifice to demand at your hands."

Again the Count stopped in embarrassment almost painful, and Mademoiselle Montalembert with difficulty suppressed her impatience.

"My physicians tell me," he resumed, in a tone lower and calmer, "that my lease of life is wearing rapidly to a close. A year hence lies its utmost and inevitable limit. Could you live in the world, without love, for one year, Zelie?"

"Monsieur!" was her surprized exclamation.

"Then listen to my proposal. I have a fortune while I live, large enough for your most ambitious desires. But it is left to me with conditions which forbid my conveying it through any link save marriage, and to my widow only for life. To give it you, I regret deeply for your sake to say, I must wed you. You start—do not answer me now. I leave you to revolve this in your mind 'till to-morrow. Remember that I shall not trouble you long—and that the name of Montalembert is as noble as your own—and that you require a year, perhaps more than a year, to recover from your first dizzy gaze upon the world. I shall put no restraint upon you. I have no wish but to fulfil my duty to my dead comrade in arms, and to die, knowing that you will well bestow your heart when I am gone. Adieu!"

The Count disappeared, and, with her clasped hands pressed to her forehead, the novice paced the convent-parlor 'till the refectory bell rang for dinner.

* * * * * *

It was an evening of June in the gardens of Versailles. It was an evening of June, also, in the pest-house of St. Lazarus, and in the cell of the condemned felon in St. Pelagie. Time, even in his holiday dress, visits indiscriminately—the levelling caitiff! Have the unhappy any business with June?

But the gardens of Versailles were beginning to illuminate, and the sky faded, with a glory more festal than sunlight—with the radiance of a myriad glittering lamps, embellishing even the trees and flowers beyond the meaning of nature. The work of the architect and the statuary at once stood idealized, and draped in an atmosphere of fairy-land, and the most beautiful woman of the Imperial court became more beautiful as she stepped into the glare of the alley of fountains. And who should that be—that fairest flower of French nobility—but the young Countess Montalembert, just blooming through the close of her first year of wedlock!

The Count Montalembert stepped with her from the shade of the orange-grove, and, without her arm, fell behind scarce perceptibly, that he might keep his eye filled with the grace of her motion, without seeming to worship her before the world. With every salient flow of that cloud-like drapery onward—with every twinkling step of those feet of airy lightness—the dark eyelashes beneath the soldier's brow lifted and drooped again, as if his pulse of life and vision were alone governed by her swan-like motion. The Count had forgotten that he was to die. The year allotted to him by his physicians had passed, and, far from failing gradually to his doom,

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his figure had straightened, and his step grown firm, and his cheek and lip and eye had brightened with returning health. He had drank life from love. The superb Zelie had proved grateful and devoted, and at the chateau of Montalembert, in Southern France, she had seemed content to live, with him, and him only, the most assiduous of nurses in all her glorious beauty. But though this was Paradise to the Count, his reason, (not his heart) told him it was imprisonment to *her*, and he had now been a month at the sumptuous court of Napoleon, an attendant upon a wife who was the star of the time—the beloved of all the court's gay beholders.

As the Montalemberts strolled slowly toward the chateau, which was now emitting floods of light from its many windows, a young soldier, with a slight moustache just shading his Grecian lip, joined them from a side path, and claimed the hand of the Countess for a waltz. The mercurial music at the same instant fled through the air, and under an exclamation at its thrilling sweetness, the Countess concealed from her husband, an emotion which the trembling of her slight hand betrayed instantly to her partner. With a bow of affected gayety to the Count, she quickened her pace, and in another moment stood blushing in the dazzling ring of waltzers, the focus, herself, of all eyes open to novelty and beauty.

De Mornay, the Countess' partner, was but an ensign in the Imperial guard. He had but his sword. Not likely to be called handsome, or to be looked upon as attractive or dangerous by any but the most penetrating of his own sex, he had that philtre, that inexplicable something, which at once commended him to woman. His air was all earnest. The suppressed devotion of life and honor breathed in his voice. He seemed ever hiding his heart with pain—shamed with betrayed adoration—calm by the force of a respect that rebuked passion. He professed no gallantries. He professed nothing. His eyes alone, large, steadfast, imploring, conveyed the language of love. An hour of that absorbing regard—an apparently calm, unimpassioned hour of the intercourse common to those newly met—sufficed to awaken, in the bosom of the Countess, an interest alarming to himself, and dangerous to her content as the wife of another. Strange she thought it, that, as the low and deferential tones of De Mornay fell on her ear, they seemed to expel from her heart all she had hitherto treasured—ambition for the splendors of the court, passion for admiration, and even her gratitude to her husband. A hut in the forest, with De Mornay only, was the Paradise now most present to the dreams and fancy of the proud wife of Montalembert.

As his wife left him, the Count thrust his hand into his breast with a gesture of controlled emotion, and turned aside, as if to seek once more the retired covert he had left. But his steps were faltering. At the entrance of the alley, he turned again, and walking rapidly to the chateau, entered the saloon trembling to the measured motion of the dancers.

Waiting for an opportunity to float into the giddy ring, De Mornay stood with his arm around the waist of the Countess. Montalembert's face flushed, but he stepped to a column which supported the orchestra and looked on unobserved. Her transparent cheek was so near to the lips of her partner that his breath must warm it. Her hand was pressed—ay, by the bend of her gloved wrist, pressed hard—upon the shoulder of De Mornay. Her bosom throbbed perceptibly in its jewelled vest. She leaned toward him with a slight sway of her symmetrical waist, and away—like two smoke-wreaths uniting—away in voluptuous harmony of movement, gazing into each other's eyes, murmuring, inaudibly to the crowd—lips, cheeks, and eyes in passionate neighborhood—away floated the wife and friend of Montalembert in the authorized commerce of the gay world. Their feet chased each other, advancing, retreating, amid the velvet folds of her dress. Her waist was drawn close to his side in the more exciting passages of the music. Her luxuriant tresses floated from her temples to his. She curved her swan-like neck backward, and, with a look of pleasure which was not a smile, gave herself up to the thrilling wedlock of music and motion, her eyes half-drooped and bathed in the eager gaze of De Mornay's. Montalembert's face was pallid and his eye on fire. The cold sweat stood on his forehead. He felt wronged, though the world saw all. With his concealed hand, he clenched his breast 'till he drew blood. There was a pause in the music, and with a sudden agony at the thought of receiving his wife again from the hands of De Mornay, Montalembert fled to the open air.

An hour elapsed.

"I ask a Heaven for myself, it is true—but not much for you to give!" said a voice approaching through a shadowy alley of the garden.

The Count lay on the ground with his forehead pressed to the marble pedestal of a statue, and he heard, with the voice, the rustling of a female dress, and the rattling of a sabre-chain and spurs.

"But one ringlet, sacred to *me*," continued the voice, in a tone almost feminine with its pleading earnestness; "not given to me—no, no!—that were a child's desire!—but *mine*, though still playing on this ivory shoulder, and still lying nightly beneath that veined temple—mine with your knowledge only, and caressed and cared-for, morn and night, with the thought that it is mine! Oh, Zelie! there is no wrong to Montalembert in this! Keep it from his touch! Let him not breathe upon it! Let not the wind blow that one ringlet toward him! And when it kisses your cheek, and plays with the envied breeze upon your bosom—think—think of the soul of De Mornay, bound in it! Oh, God! why am I made capable of love like this!"

There was no reply, and long ere Montalembert had recovered from his amazement at these daring words, the sound of their footsteps had died away.

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Pass two years. It is enough to wait on Time in the Present. In the Past and Future, the greybeard, like other ministers out of place, must do without usher and Secretary.

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It was a summer's noon on the Quai D'Orsay, of Paris. The liveried lacqueys of the princely hotels were lounging by the heavy gateways of stone, or leaning over the massy parapet of the river. And, true to his wont, the old soldier came with the noon, creeping from the "Invalides," to take his seat under the carved lion of the Montalemberts. He had served under the late Count, and the memory of his house was dear to the old veteran. The sabre-cut which had mutilated his face, was received, he said, while fighting between Montalembert and Flahault, and to see the daughter of the one, and the gay heir of the other's wife and fortune, he made a daily pilgrimage to the Quai, and sat in the sun 'till the Countess drove out in her chariot.

By the will of the first husband of Zelie de Flahault, the young De Mornay, to become her husband and share her fortune, was compelled to take the name and title of Count Montalembert, subject to the Imperial accord. Napoleon had given the rank unwillingly, and as a mark of respect to the last will of the brave man who had embellished the title—for the eagle-eyed Corsican read the soul of De Mornay like an illuminated book, and knew the uses he would make of fortune and power.

In the quadrangle of the hotel Montalembert, there were two carriage-landings, or two *perrons*, and the apartments were separated into two entirely distinct establishments. In one *suite*, the young Count chose to live at his pleasure, *en garçon*, and in the other the mixed hospitalities of the house were given, and the Countess was there, and there only, *at home*. At this moment, the court was ringing with the merry laughter of the Count's *convives*, for he had a bachelor party to breakfast, and the wine seemed, even at that early hour of the day, to have taken the ascendant. The carriages of the bacchanalians lined one side of the court, and the modest chariot of the Countess stood alone at the door on the other; for it was near the hour for promenade in the Champs Elysées.

It was an hour after noon when the Countess descended. She came slowly, drawing on her glove, and the old soldier at the gate rose quickly to his feet, and leaned forward to gaze on her. She had changed since the death of her father's friend,—the brave Montalembert, to whom she owed her fortune. But she was still eminently beautiful. Thought, perhaps sadness, had dimmed to a sweet melancholy the dark sparkle of her glance, and her mouth, no longer fiercely spirited, was firm but gentle. Her curtains of sable lashes moved languidly over her drooping eyes. She looked like one who was subdued in her hopes, not in her courage, and like one who had shut the door of her heart upon its unextinguishable fires to let them burn on, but in secret. She was dressed more proudly than gaily, and she wore upon her breast one memorial of her first husband—his own black cross that he had worn in battle, and in the few happy days of his wedlock, and which he had sent her from his death-bed.

At the moment the Countess stepped from her threshhold, the door on the opposite side of the quadrangle was thrown open, and, with a boisterous laugh, the Count sprang into his phaeton, calling to one of his party to follow him. His companion shrank back on seeing the Countess, and in that moment's delay the door of her carriage was closed and the coachman ordered to drive on. The Count's whip had waved over his spirited horses, however, and as they stood rearing and threatening to escape from their excited master, his friend sprang to his side, the reins were suddenly loosed, and with a plunge which threatened to tear the harness from their backs, they leaped forward. In the next instant, the horses of both vehicles were drawn upon their haunches, half locked together in the narrow gateway, and with a blow from the crutch of the old veteran who rushed from the porter's lodge, the phaeton was driven back against the wall, the pole broken, and the Count and his friend precipitated upon the pavement. The liberated horses flew wildly through the gate, and then followed a stillness like that of midnight in the court—for on the pavement, betrayed by her profusion of fair locks, loosened in the fall, lay a woman in man's attire, the dissolute companion of the Count, in his daylight revel. Uninjured himself, the Count stood a moment, abashed and motionless, but the old soldier with folded arms and the remnant of his broken crutch in his hand, looked sternly on the scene, and as the servants started from their stupor to raise the insensible woman, the Countess, reading her husband's impulse in his look, sprang from the open door of the chariot, and interposed between him and his intended victim. With the high-born grace of a noble, the soldierly invalid accepted her protection, and followed her into her chariot; and, ordered to drive to the Hospital of the Invalides, the coachman once more turned slowly to the gateway.

The night following, at the opera. Paris was on the *qui vive* of expectation, for a new *prima donna* was to make her *debût* before the Emperor.

Paris was also on the *qui vive* for the upshot of a certain matter of scandal. The *eclaircissement* at the hotel Montalembert had been followed, it was said, by open war between the Count and Countess; and, determined to carry out his defiance, the dissolute husband had declared to his associates that he would produce at the opera, in a box opposite to his wife, the same person whose appearance she had resented, and in the same attire. It was presumed by the graver courtiers who had heard this, that the actors in this brutal scene, if it should be carried out, would be immediately arrested by the Imperial guard.

The overture commenced to a crowded house and before it was half played, the presence of the Count and his companion in a conspicuous box on the left of the circle, drew the attention of every eye. The Montalemberts were the one subject of conversation. The sudden disappearance of the old Count, his death in a distant province, his will relative to his widow and De Mornay—all the particulars of that curious inheritance of wife and fortune by written testament—were passed from lip to lip.

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There was a pause at the close of the overture. The house was silent, occupied partly in looking at the audacious Count and his companion, partly in watching for the entrance of the injured Countess.

A sudden light illuminated the empty box, shed from the lobby lamps upon the curtains at the opening of the door, and the Countess Montalembert entered, with every eye in that vast assembly bent anxiously upon her. But how radiantly beautiful, and how strangely drest! Her toilette was that of a bride. Orange-flowers were woven into her long raven tresses, and her robe of spotless white was folded across her bust with the simplicity of girlhood. A white rose-bud breathed on her bosom, and bracelets of pearls encircled her wrists of alabaster. And her smile, as she took her seat and looked around upon her friends—oh! that was bridal too!—unlike any look known lately upon her face—joyous, radiant, blissful, as the first hour of acknowledged love. Never had Zelie de Flabault looked so triumphantly beautiful. The opera-glasses from every corner of the house remained fixed upon her. A murmur arose gradually, a murmur of admiration succeeding the silent wonder of her first entrance, and but for the sudden burst of music from the orchestra, heralding the approach of the Emperor, it would have risen into a shout of spontaneous homage.

The Emperor came in.

But who is there!—at the right hand of Napoleon—smiled upon by the Emperor, as the Emperor seldom smiled—decorated with the noblest orders of France—a star on his breast?—MONTALEMBERT!

"Montalembert! Montalembert!" resounded from a thousand voices.

Was he risen from the dead? Was this an apparition—the indignant apparition of the first husband—risen to rebuke the unmanly brutality of the second? Would the Countess start at the sight of him?

Look! she turns to the illuminated box of the Emperor! She smiles—with a radiant blush of joy and happiness she smiles—she lifts that ungloved and unjewelled hand, decorated only with a plain gold ring, and waves it to the waved hand of Montalembert!—the brave, true, romantic Montalembert. For with the quickness of French divination, the whole story is understood by the audience. And there is not a brain so dull as not to know, that the audacious invalid veteran was the disguised Count, watching over the happiness of her whose destiny of love he had too rashly undertaken to make cloudless—make cloudless at the expense of a crushed heart, and a usurped hearth, and a secret death and burial, if so much were necessary.

But he is a happy bridegroom now. And Adolphe de Mornay is once more an untitled ensign—plucked for ever from the chaste heart and bosom of the devoted wife of Montalembert.

And Montalembert himself—whose springs of life were fed only by love—died when that fountain of love was broken. For his wife died in childbed one year after his return to her, and he followed her in one day. Never man was more loved than he. Surely never man more deserved it.

Original.

THE EXACTING LOVER;

OR, BACHELOR NOTIONS.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"First catch your fish."—*Mrs. Glasse.*

"UPON my word, Harry, I don't know whether to consider you a rascal, or only a simpleton," exclaimed a young man to his companion, as, at a late hour in the evening, they descended the steps of a handsome house in Broadway.

"You do me too much honor in allowing me the alternative," was the laughing reply; "indeed, if your polite remark had been uttered by any body but my own good cousin, it would probably have been met by a *knock-down* argument."

"You deserve far more severe reprehension, Harry, than I am either able or willing to inflict upon you; it seems to me that you are wantonly trifling with the affections of a young and artless girl, who loves you, and is too guileless to conceal her attachment."

"If such is your opinion, Tom, I shall certainly make no attempt to change it."

"Why do you act a part so inconsistent with your usual mode of thinking?"

"My dear fellow, my conduct is perfecty consistent. I have a certain theory about women—a certain system in my manners towards them, and to that system I mean to adhere rigidly, even in despite of my own impulses."

"For Heaven's sake, Harry, do not attempt to weave your fragile, finespun theories into the web of actual life; you have been a dreamer of dreams, and a projector of schemes all your life, yet what have you gained by them all?"

"I have gained, as Byron says, 'a deal of judgment.' I am no longer a passionate boy, looking upon woman as a being of a higher sphere, whose image is to be 'ensky'd, ensainted, worshipped.' I have been in too many love-affairs—have knelt too often before an idol like the image seen in the prophet's vision, whose head was of fine gold, but whose feet were of clay. I look upon woman now as only a gentle and loving minister to man's happiness—inferior to us in mind and in vigor of character, she is our superior in passion, fortitude and devoted tenderness; the very creature, in short, of whom a slave, not a queen is made. We spoil women by our blind homage, and unfit them for the station they were sent to occupy, while all our efforts to elevate them to the position which our youthful fancy allots them, must be vain and useless."

"This is quite a new idea, is it not, Harry? less than a twelvemonth ago you were *au désespoir* for the brilliant and witty Azuretta Folâtre, and then you maintained *á l'outrance* the superiority mental, moral and personal of the feminine creation.

"You are right, Tom, but Azuretta cured me of all such foolish fancies; she had been so spoiled by flattery, that she was fit for nothing but to occupy the throne of that tyrannical old Indian, Begum, we were

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reading about yesterday. Her whims and caprices led me to reflect upon the causes which could thus transform a being whom nature had made timid and gentle, into such a proud, exacting, haughty, domineering creature; and I became convinced that the evil might be traced to man's mistaken homage. Henceforth I mean to treat women as we do children; to regard them as beings capable of reason, but utterly unfit to be left to their own guidance, and who, in place of being deified, require to be influenced."

"And pray how are you to obtain the opportunity of influencing them, except by interesting the affections?"

"It is by the affections only that they are to be ruled, Tom."

"Then there must yet be a season of homage, Harry, for women are not to be won unsought."

"That is true, but neither are they to be wooed by such blind and humble devotion as we usually pay. Byron knew the female heart well, and I am convinced his rule is the true one—'Pique them and soothe by turns.'"

"Ay. Byron knew the heart of woman as it exists in the tainted atmosphere of fashionable life, where the weeds of passion grow the more rankly because nurtured by luxurious self-indulgence; but you would not surely follow Byron's rule in your choice of a wife."

"Indeed I should; what would a man gain by humbling himself before a woman during courtship, when he knew that his future happiness depended upon her slavish submission to him after marriage? I mean to marry a delicate, refined and gentle woman, who will love me earnestly and devotedly—to whom my slightest wish will be law—who shall have no wish but to please me—no pleasure unshared by me—no enjoyment save such as are directly derived from my will; a woman, in short, who shall be all that a wife was first designed; 'a helpmate—subject to her husband, and patient under his will.'"

"You are as despotic as a Turk, Harry; where do you expect to find such a modern Griselda?"

"I have found her already, Tom."

"You do not, certainly, expect to train Isabel Forrester to such submission?"

"Indeed I do, and, what is more, I have no doubt I shall succeed. I love her better than I ever did any other woman, but I mean to try her to the utmost, before I place my happiness in her keeping."

"And I suppose this new system of yours will account for your violent flirtation with the new belle, this evening, while Isabel sat neglected in a corner."

"You have guessed right; I met Isabel in the street, this morning, and I managed to insinuate a wish that she would refrain from dancing at Mrs. Anson's party, to-night. It was a first experiment in testing my power, but it succeeded perfectly; she is passionately fond of dancing, but she steadily refused all solicitations on the subject."

And you rewarded her attention to your wishes by almost total neglect."

"That was part of my policy; she doubtless expected to be rewarded for her self-denial by a double portion of my attention, and had I been weak enough to bestow it, her forbearance would have been no sacrifice. As matters now stand, she has learned that I have power to afflict her, and that is a great point gained."

"So you expect to win her by wounding her—this might do in buffalo-hunting, but will scarcely succeed in love-making."

"Don't you see that I excite a new interest by awakening her apprehensions? she probably felt sure of my preference for her until this evening, and the doubts which my conduct has excited, will make her think of me until we meet again. A woman is easily managed by one who is allowed to engross her thoughts."

"Will you allow me to give you my candid opinion of your scheme, Harry?"

"Certainly, my dear fellow."

"I think it a most selfish, cold-hearted, rascally method of trifling with a woman's feelings."

"You are complimentary; but *n' importe;* you are in the toils of a pretty girl who tyrannizes over you without mercy, Tom, and I cannot hope to bring you to my way of thinking at present."

"Nor in future, I trust, Harry; it seems to me unprincipled."

"You are wrong, Tom; I mean to marry Isabel as soon as she is perfectly broken in."

"And suppose she proves intractable?"

"That will be a sufficient proof of want of affection on her part, and of course I shall be the only sufferer."

"Well, you certainly have a cool and comfortable way of discussing affairs of the heart; but I do not envy you the power. When the feelings are seared as yours seem to be, they must have suffered frequent scathing, and I would not go through such an ordeal of fire, even to obtain the prize of insensibility."

With these words the young men parted—one to dream of his beautiful but coquettish lady-love, the other to speculate upon the effect which his unkindness had produced upon a gentle and loving heart.

Harry Walsingham was one of those 'men about town,' who are always to be met in gay society. He began his career by falling in love at twelve years of age, with his cousin of twenty, and from that time, until he had counted his thirtieth summer, he had been continually under the influence of some fever dream. A bright smile, a soft eye, a sweet voice, a delicate form, a pretty foot, were each in turn sufficient to bewitch him for the time, and the ease with which he became enchanted and disenchanted, seemed to him less the effect of his own fickleness than the result of his over-estimation of the power of woman's spells. His handsome person and elegant manners made him always welcome in the circles of fashion, while his lucrative profession and rising reputation gave him interest in the eyes of prudent parents. He had met with so much success in society, that he had learned to think too highly of himself, as well as too humbly of his neighbors, and his opinion of women had become more degrading and unjust, in proportion as he had received new proofs of their refined susceptibility of feeling. He had been loved fondly and truly, by more than

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one noble-hearted woman, but these things occurred at a period when he could not summon courage enough to resign his brilliant position for the comparatively uninteresting character of the married man, and he had coolly extricated himself from such dilemmas without difficulty. He had no faith in the stability of woman's feelings, and could not be made to believe that the agreeable flirtations, which were so pleasant while they lasted, and occasioned so little pain to *him* in their termination, were productive of more serious grief to the belle than to the beau. But he had now become wearied of this aimless and roving life. He wanted some one to minister to his whims, to study his comforts, to wait upon him more faithfully than a hireling, and he therefore decided to marry.

Isabel Forrester was no heroine of romance—no creature of improbable perfection. She was a meek, quiet, tender girl, with faculties yet to be developed by circumstances, and warm affections, which, from childhood, had been lavished upon every thing, and every body around her. She was perfectly unsophisticated in feeling, and the idea of saying or doing any thing merely for effect, never entered her mind. Walsingham's experience in the world had made him master of the arts of pleasing, and it is not surprizing that he should soon have excited an interest in the bosom of the artless girl. She did not begin to speculate upon his motives for distinguishing her by his attentions—no true-hearted woman ever thinks of such things 'till they are suggested by some officious friend; nor did she at once calculate her chances of matrimony—she was influenced too much by the impulses of feeling to be so fully awake to selfish interest. She liked Walsingham, and was charmed with his adroit adaptation of himself to suit her tastes. She loved poetry, and he was an admirable reciter; she was a fine musician, and he had a decided taste if not a talent for 'sweet sounds;' she was fond of reading, and his choice of books was excellent; in short, he left no means untried to convince her of the congeniality which existed between their minds. As soon as he was assured of her preference for him, (and a man of the world soon discovers this) he commenced his system of training. He did not at once presume to censure her, for this might have aroused her pride; but he insinuated his wishes, and Isabel, with the devotedness of a true woman, endeavored to mould herself to his will. He at first undertook to correct her taste in books, and to this Isabel submitted with the meek humility of one who was conscious of her mental inferiority. He then scrutinized with a critical eye her style of dress, and lauded a severe simplicity of attire, until Isabel banished gay colors, ribbons and jewels, and assumed a garb of almost Quaker neatness. Her rich curls were braided back from her brow, her dresses were all selected from those grave sombre tints always so unbecoming in fresh youth, and an embroidered handkerchief, which she ventured to exhibit, after having heard a tirade against such follies from the lips of the sage Mr. Walsingham, cost her a night of sleeplessness and tears.

So far, Walsingham's scheme had succeeded perfectly, but he determined to try still more severe experiments. His conduct on the evening before alluded to, was his first attempt, and what it cost Isabel may be best imagined by those who can remember the first awakening of distrust in the youthful and confiding heart. That Walsingham loved her, she could not doubt, for his looks, his manners, all disclosed his attachment, but the words which bind heart to heart in that contract, which the world holds to be only less irrefragable than the church's bond, had never yet been uttered. They were not affianced lovers, and therefore Isabel, though feeling herself wronged and outraged, knew she had no right to complain. That night, Isabel's head pressed a sleepless pillow, but with the morning came a feeling of pride, and a sense of shame such as she had never before experienced. For the first time in her life she had something to conceal, (alas! it is too often the first grief which teaches the first deception,) and with a pale cheek but calm brow, she took her accustomed seat in the drawing-room. At an earlier hour than usual, Walsingham made his appearance. He was prepared for sadness and reproaches, but Isabel's cold, proud demeanor, made him fear he had gone too far. He had no wish to lose his influence over the lady, for Isabel was an heiress, and in his anxiety to regain his power, he uttered those expressions of tenderness and love, which, once spoken, are never to be recalled. They had met with coldness and distrust, but they parted as betrothed lovers, and thus, in despite of his themes and his systems, Walsingham found himself, after all, the toy of natural impulses.

Notwithstanding his pleasure at having secured the lady and her fortune, Walsingham was seriously alarmed when he reflected upon the consequences of his precipitation. He fancied that Isabel would now assert her sovereignty, and he knew that the opinion of society would uphold her in claiming her right to his attentions. The situation of an engaged lover, compelled to dangle for ever at the side of his lady-love, about as useful to her as her reticule, yet as much in demand as if really essential to her hourly existence, had always struck him as supremely ridiculous, and even while secretly rejoicing in his success, he determined to guard against any advantage which Isabel might hope from his weakness. His first step, therefore, was to enjoin the strictest secresy concerning their engagement, and when Isabel cheerfully acceded to a wish, which still seemed to her very unaccountable, he resumed his former habits of dictation and direction.

A woman will bear much from one she loves, so long as no doubt exists of his affection,—so long as she is rewarded by a proper appreciation of her tenderness. Isabel, sometimes felt a sort of meek wonder at Walsingham's exactions; she sometimes caught herself wishing that he was less difficult to please, and less fastidious in his ideas of womanly duties and womanly impulses, but the thought of paying no heed to his suggestions and counsels, never occurred to her as possible. She considered it her duty to begin at once the task of assimilation,—to adapt herself immediately to the tastes of him who was to be her future companion through life,

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but she was scarcely prepared for so much self-denial as she was now called to practise. In the course of a very short time she found herself completely shut out from society, restricted to the coldest and most ceremonious intercouse with former friends, debarred the privilege of walking or talking with whom she pleased, forbidden to mingle in the dance, her modes of thinking and acting marked out for her, and her very impulses restrained or directed by the will of her lover. Yet Isabel bore with all his caprices, for she truly loved him and considered his whims rather as proofs of the jealous tenderness of his nature, or at the worst, but as slight infirmities of temper. There was no sacrifice, however great, which she would not willingly have made for him, but it can scarcely be wondered at if the thousand petty exactions which were constantly marring the quiet of her life, should in the course of time, weary her, and perhaps suggest a doubt of the high-mindedness of one whose thoughts dwelt so much in trifling details.

Isabel had borne for months with Walsingham's freaks of coldness, his capricious devotion to others, his occasional outbreaks of anger, and his unreasonable control over her actions. But at length, circumstances, too trivial to be recorded, yet, taken in connection, forming a chain of continued evidence not to be disputed, led her to suspect that his apparent caprice was the result of a systematic plan. At first the thought was too painful to be indulged for a moment, but distrust, once admitted was not to be repelled, and in sadness of spirit Isabel was compelled to admit the belief of her lovers's selfishness. A conversation which she accidentally overheard, between Walsingham and his cousin, removed all doubts on the subject. She heard Walsingham congratulate himself on his success in training her; she heard herself spoken of as the tame, subdued, devoted creature who had nearly attained the requisite point of perfection, and from that moment resentment took the place of her relying love. She felt herself outraged and insulted; her affections had been used as fetters to bind her to a victor's car of triumph; she had been made the sport of man's selfishness; her heart had been as a sweet instrument in the hands of a cunning player, and every stop had been sounded, not in response to the voice of love, but in obedience to the will of a cold experimentalist. Isabel was a proud as well as a true hearted woman. She would not reproach Walsingham,—she would not even ask an explanation, but with that quickness of feeling which is a woman's gravest error, as well as her sweetest charm, she concluded that he had never loved her. Once convinced of his object in guarding her with such jealous care,—once assured that it was less the tender reserve of affection than the selfish wish to rule, and Isabel became again her own mistress. The submission which love might have exacted through a long life of cheerful self-denial, was refused to cold, calculating tyranny.

Without one word of explanation or deprecation, Isabel returned to society and resumed her former habits. Her voice was again heard in the cheerful song, her step was once more lightest in the dance, her beauty once more dazzled and delighted a circle of admiring worshippers. To Walsingham's fierce and angry remonstrances, she turned a deaf ear;—to his earnest professions, she replied with a smile of incredulity,—to his real anxiety of mind she gave not the slightest credence. Whatever regrets she felt, were hidden beneath a calm demeanor, or dissipated in the gay scenes of busy life, and Isabel proved, in progress of time, as every proud woman must do when convinced that her heart has been given to one unworthy of its treasures, that she grieved less for the *lover* than for the *love*, which had passed away from her, as the dew from the early rose. The youth of her heart was gone,—she had learned her first lesson in disappointment, and for her the romance of life was past for ever.

Walsingham knew not how much he really loved Isabel until she was lost to him. In vain he endeavored to regain his influence over her,—in vain he sought to convince her how entirely his happiness depended on her.

"You deceive yourself, Mr. Walsingham," was her cold reply; "I am not the person calculated to make you happy. Some Circassian beauty, who would feel honored in being permitted to be your slave, would better suit one who uses affection but as a toil to ensnare the free will. Had you given me one honest feeling,—had you yielded to one true impulse while I was pouring out the fulness of my heart at your feet,—had you been any other than the cold, calculating man of the world, which your conduct has since shown you. I might have forgiven you; but now, I would rather wed with the merest clod that ever wore human form, than give my hand to one, who could offer the spurious coin of false affection in exchange for woman's true and loving heart."

Walsingham thought long on Isabel's last words, and he remembered them with deeper bitterness, when he afterwards beheld her the honored and apparently happy wife of one who had long loved her with a more unselfish and confiding tenderness. Years have passed since then, but he has never yet found the creature worthy or willing to become his wife. He is now fast falling into the sear and yellow leaf,—the weight of half a century lies heavy upon him, and all the skill of the perruquier, the dentist and the tailor, cannot conceal the fact that:

> "Time may fly with the wings of the hawk, but his steps
> Are marked by the feet of the crow."

A lonely and disappointed bachelor,—leading an aimless and joyless life,—tolerated in circles where he was wont to be courted,—banished to fireside corners with the comely matrons who were his cotemporaries, while those who were unborn in the days of his early triumphs, now elbow him from the course, he has learned to repent his vain attempt to *manage* a tender and truthful woman by other means than the rule of love.

Beauty gains little, and homeliness and deformity lose much, by gaudy attire. Lysander knew this was in part true, and refused the rich garments that the tyrant Dionysius proffered to his daughters, saying, "That they were fit only to make unhappy faces more remarkable."—*Zimmerman.*

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Original.

A BRIEF REVIEW OF AN OLD MAGAZINE

OF THE LAST CENTURY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE," "KYD," AND THE "QUADROONE."

PERHAPS there is no feature of our current literature that has undergone such a change as the periodical. In romance, Scott has founded a new school, which has wholly superseded the sentimental and "dungeon and trap-door" novels of the last and the early part of the present century. Byron has presented a model for epic poets, and Moore for lyric; Sparks for biography; and Prescott for History. Every class of literature has undergone a revolution, and taken a more elevated tone and position. Magazine literature, which long has been the favorite medium of the expression of the popular mind upon those subjects which do not possess gravity enough to be committed to volumes, has passed through a change as surprizing as it is great and important.

We have before us a copy of the

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM,

OR

POLITE REPOSITORY

OF

AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION:

Being an assemblage of whatever can tend
To please the Fancy, interest the Mind, or exalt

THE CHARACTER OF

THE BRITISH FAIR.

BY A SOCIETY OF LADIES.

Dec. 1799.

The title itself is characteristic of the age in which it was published. Such a title would not now be given to a periodical by any publisher who was ambitious of being thought to possess common sense, or good taste. It would be called in this day of plain terms, "humbuggery." An allusion like this to "The American Fair," would excite disgust. Yet this magazine, in its day, was regarded as the nucleus of whatever constituted taste, politeness, wit and fashion. It was found on every noble lady's toilet, and its pages were often graced by the effusions of their pens; while such men as Charles Fox, and Sheridan, enlivened it by their genius. We have taken this magazine to illustrate the change we have alluded to, leaving the reader to institute the comparison between the periodical literature of that day, and that which he finds embodied in the well known magazines of the same class, and for the same object, that is "to please the fancy of the American fair," viz: Godey's "Lady's Book;" Snowden's "Ladies' Companion;" "Graham's Magazine," and others.

The "Preface" to the magazine before us, is addressed "To the Amiable Sex." This was, at that period, a high term of compliment; it would now be regarded by ladies as a ridiculous one; and if seriously applied to them in a publisher's address, would make him contemptible. They are also denominated "Fair Patronesses," a very civil term, and much more graceful than "fair subscribers," which is now in use. The polite publisher also pledges himself that "delicacy of sentiment, and chastity of selection," shall be sedulously adhered to in "the Conduct of the Work;" and that it "will be relieved by PORTRAITS OF EMINENT LADIES." The whole preface is quaint, and characteristic, and quite opposite in style, sentiment, and exaggerated expression, to any thing in modern magazines, the editors of which adopt precisely the same grave and didactic tone and style in addressing ladies as gentlemen. It is not because the language has changed, or that editors are more free, or less courteous. The character of woman has undergone a change. Education has revolutionized her social position. She is no longer a mere idol for complimentary speeches and unmeaning gallantry; but an intellectual person, commanding the respect of the mind, while she wins the homage of the heart. A comparison between the style of addressing the sex fifty years ago, and at the present day, strikingly illustrates this. The mind of woman now, is fed with more nourishing food: her intellect is fostered by a more vigorous exercise of the understanding; her reasoning powers, and her judgment, are cultivated, and she has taken, in fifty years, that equal position in mind with man which is intellectually her true one. Let us look over the pages of this vehicle of her thoughts at the period our grandmothers were belles, and see with what offerings she was content should be offered to her shrine. The titles of a few of the principal leading articles, will be sufficient to give; for they are expressive enough in themselves of the character of the subject matter, viz:

"SIR REGINALD OF THE ROCK, AND THE BLEEDING OAK, A LEGEND OF HORROR."

"THE INFLEXIBLE SWAIN; OR, THE AMIABLE YOUNG SHEPHERDESS."

"THE MAID OF ST. MARINO."

"THE FATAL EFFECTS OF GAMING; OR, THE HISTORY OF MISS BRADDOCK. A TRUE PATHETIC STORY."

"FILIAL AFFECTION; OR, FRATERNAL HATRED."

"AN ESSAY ON MODESTY AND BASHFULNESS. AN AFFECTING STORY."

"THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT; OR, THE GHOST OF DALBY CASTLE."

There are in the number, two or three female "Biographies;" Anecdotes "of Remarkable Women;" and a "Review of Female Literature!" A "Cabinet of Fashion," with colored prints of fashions in the quaint style of the last century, embellish the magazine; and several pages under the head of "The Appollonian Wreath," are given to Poetry, and one to music, the words of the latter being French, with a stanza of which we favor the reader, as a specimen of the taste and sentiment most cherished in that day:

"L' EMIGRANT.

Du fort victimé in fortunée
Par tous pays jè suis errant,
Et l' horreur de ma destinée,
Semble s' accroitre a chaque instant:
(*bis*) Pauvre Emigrant, pauvre Emigrant."

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To this, in the succeeding number of the magazine, a poet replies in a poem, in the metre of Grey's Elegy, addressed,

"TO THE RESPECTED AUTHOR OF L' EMIGRANT."

The poetry of the times of which we speak, is quite as much characteristic of its taste as the prose. Let the reader compare the following extracts with the verse that graces the pages of our present periodicals. The first extract is from certain "Stanzas" with the title of "The Locket" prefixed, and addressed "To Miss A—— J——." It begins thus:

"Blest as th' immortal gods, the youth,
Whose hair my Anna wears;
Whose image she preserves with truth
And *views with falling tears!*"

There is a boldness, pathos, and depth of sentiment in these lines, especially in the first two, that cannot fail to call forth our admiration for the genius of their author. He grapples with his subject at once. Observe how the train of thought and idea is pursued! We *italicise*:

"Those *tears* may he return to *dry*—
His love thy sighs repay:
Pleasure shall mark the hours that fly,
Begin and close the day.

"If now he sails the dangerous seas,
If hope invite him home
Propitious blow the gentle breeze—
All ruder blasts be *dumb!*

"Should the tempestuous spirt lower!
Death sit on every wave!
And peal on peal, red lightning flash,
And yawn a caverned grave;

"A voice divine shall warm his breast
Expelling all alarms,
Shall hush the raging storm to rest
And save him for thy arms.

* * * * * * *

To age's utmost verge may he,
Whose hair my Anna wears,
Hold thee in love and *ecstacy*
Increasing still with years.

Thus shall *we crop* the flowers of joy,
Whilst life's short race endures:
Hear *why* I prize the glittering toy—
Know, then, this hair is ——— —your's!

Is mine!—with rapture Damon cries:
Me does my Anna love?"———

* * * * * *

But we forbear further trespass upon the reader's sensitiveness. This poem is nevertheless a gem compared with others, we could (if the refined delicacy and taste of the present age would permit,) extract from the "Appollonian Wreath." This was the day when lovers and poets called on the gods, and adopted sentimental names; such as Phyllis, Damon, Columbine, etc.; this poet, from whom we have above quoted, calls in one of his thirty verses, on the gods in the following style:

"Ye gods! guard thou my life secure,
When rush th' ensanguined host,
Bring Damon to his Anna pure," etc.

Trite allusions to the classics, which good taste have now rejected as puerile and pedantic, were then deemed the flowers and gems of verse. To carry out our illustration in this as well as in other instances, we must "crop" a few more flowers from the "Appollonian Wreath." Here are "Verses to Ellen," of which we shall offer only the two concluding stanzas; for we will not inflict the whole upon the patient reader.

"Virtue, like admantine mail,
Shall close my Ellen round:
In vain shall Vice her form assail,
Or malice strive to wound.

And, oh, while Time swift fleets away,
Attend thy HENRY's prayer:
For him alone each charm display,
For him, bedeck thy hair."

Doubtless the fair Ellen's heart cased in her adamantine coat of mail must have stood a long siege, and probably every dart Love shot at her, was shivered to pieces. This, however, it must be confessed, was "Henry's" fault, who himself gave her this durable coat armor. These verses, have at the close, a "MORAL" in six lines—a very pathetic moral it is: here are two mysterious lines!

"Maidens, like tulips, lose their charms
When sickness beauty's claim disarms."

"A REPLY to Miss LUCY W——'s inquiry after the derivation of the word SYMPATHY," is so characteristic of the taste and temper of the poetry of that day, that we cannot do less than copy one or two verses:

"SYMPATHY."

"How could my dear Lucy, one moment suppose
A *disciple of Euclid* could shine?"
In explaining a word, which in *tenderness* rose
Long before we were *taught to define.*

'Tis a *term* quite remote from a pedantic brain,
And unknown to *philosophy's* art;
Mathematical skill can no knowledge obtain
In the intricate ways of the *heart*:

and so for several stanzas, with the signature of "Henry," evidently the same poet who addresses "Ellen."

"LINES

ADDRESSED TO A LADY, WHO HAD EXPRESSED AN OPINION THAT NO SUCH THING AS EARTHLY HAPPINESS EXISTED," are also characteristic: the italicising here is the poet's.

"Say, dear Amanda, would'st thou find
A heart completely blest?
Then treat a captive prisoner kind
And lodge it *in thy breast!*

Let it inspire a mutual flame,
A tender, lasting glow;
And own at once there's more than *name*
In happiness below!"

Then follows a "Sonnet to Delia," in which the sonneteer, in the sentimental hyperbole of his day, avers that,

"All bonds too feeble prove
To check the mighty power of Love:"

that it spurns control, abjures the strongest ties, and "flying to some congenial soul," "settles with a kindred mind." He closes to his Delia, in the following two brilliant lines:

"I love you, Delia, for bright Virtue's sake,
And in your fortunes I must e'er partake."

Charades, riddles, rebusses, and enigmas enrich the magazine, each successive number being also embel-

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lished with ingenious solutions. We copy one of the latter for its elegance:

"PIL, I think, is three fourths of a medicine combin'd;
"GRIM, is gloomy and sable and dark (!)
"A PILGRIM, few ladies would e'er wish to find
"Who wanted a smart-looking spark."

The little abbreviated words *e'en*, *o'er*, and *e'er*, we discover from a very important part of olden-time poetry. The poets of that day seem to drag one or all three words into every thing. The favorite kind of poetry is the elgiac and sentimental. There are several ballads in the magazine, a species of composition which it was then an ambition to excel in. We have one before us, entitled the "Cave of Alphonso." It is the very essence of extravagant sentiment, pathos, and lack-a-daisacal romance. This is the style:

"A Damsel, all frantic with grief and despair,
Fled rapidly over the plain;
Her face, tho' the emblem of SORROW, was *fair*;
Dishevell'd and torn were her ringlets of hair;
Her bosom was lab'ring with pain!"

The expressions of the magazine poets of the time, are singularly awkward, and often repugnant to taste and delicacy. An ode to melancholy, and a sonnet to Cupid, complaining of some "cruel Laura," equally mark the tone of the literatue of that time. We cannot refrain from copying the last stanza of "Verses to Hannah."

"Oh, in what bliss my days would glide
With you, my charmer, at my side;
To hear you speak, or softly sigh,
And on your tender bosom lie:
Angels are not more blest above
Than I should then be with my love!"

The peculiar features of the class of poetry of which we have so freely given specimens, is sickening sentiment, indelicacy of expression, and amatory licentiousness of thought, often clothed in slovenly verse, and laden with uncouth phraseology. It bears on its face puerility and frivolity, both in the subject chosen by the writers, and their manner of handling them. What editor of a lady's magazine or of any, the most juvenile periodical of this enlightened day, would seriously publish a line of what we have quoted (and we have quoted from the most passable,) in their magazines! Yet, this was the intellectual food with which the fancy and imagination and taste of the ladies fifty years ago were fed. The heart was let alone. Poetry was only the vehicle for lovers, ingenious riddlers, or sentimental ballad makers. The noblest ladies condescended to write them, and to be pleased when they were addressed to them in villainous rhyme. and viler verse.

They were delighted with the solution of a charade, or getting at the mystery of an enigma. A very marked feature of the current poetry of that time, of which this and cotemporary magazines, hand down to us a fair specimen, is irreligion if not impiety. Beautiful ladies are continually compared with angels, the latter always suffering in the comparison; and the bliss of love is elevated above the bliss of heaven; while the "gods" are appealed to to guard, protect and bless the "fair one," invoked in attestation of truth, and called upon to give success in love! Yet, their style of expression was encouraged by the women of the day, and adopted by them in their "replies" to their admirers' sonnets. The magazine is edited, let it be observed, by a "Society of Ladies." It is the power of a purer education, the extended influence of Christianity which has elevated female literature from its degradation to the position it now holds. Love, and its amatory expressions, are no longer grossly unveiled to the public eye, in the pages of a magazine, and false sentiment is refined into pure and cultivated taste. Modesty has taken the place of indelicacy in literature, and themes which will not bear the test of high moral sense and just propriety, are no longer the machinery of the "periodical" poet. The magazines of the day always afford the best picture of the literary features of a people. Whoever compares those of the past century with those of the present time, will be as profoundly impressed with the weakness and bad taste of the former and feel as much pride in the contemplation of the dignity, worth and high moral and intellectual tone of the latter, as we ourselves have been in this brief review we have taken of them.

Yet this was the age immediately following a period which gave to English literature some of her brightest names. But in the fields of mind, there seem to exist the same laws which govern the cultivation of those of the earth; on which it is ordained that pasture-land shall lie fallow after a heavy harvest. The period of our magazine's existence, was, in truth, as history shows us, the fallow time of the human mind in England, or wherever English letters were known. It is but within a few years that the soil, to preserve our figure, is once more under tillage. It has already produced a harvest of literary men, and promises to rival, ere its close, any previous period of intellectual culture.

The magazine we have been noticing, is a London periodical. It is therefore an exponent of the best English floating literature of the time, published as it was in the focus of fashion, taste, art and of literature. Compare with it the noble magazines which now are monthly distributed from this great centre over the whole globe. Then periodical literature was weak, puerile and contemptible; now it is one of the greatest media of intellectual civilization, and the dissemination of the thoughts of mankind. We are not certain that it ought not to hold the first place, under the present aspect of this reading age, in the means of diffusing knowledge throughout the world. In the shape of Reviews, and less legitimate shapes of quarto weeklies and mammoth prints, it is rapidly superseding books, and revolutionizing the age of letters.

The prose of the magazine, over the shoulders of which we have had a hit at the periodical literature of its times, consists of romances in the Radcliffian vein with a plenty of old castles, a forlorn but cruel heroine, a courageous and loving hero, a ghost or two, and dungeons and chains, cowled priests, and trap-doors to match; of anecdotes of women, apologues, allegories, etc. There is a "Proper Manner of Nursing Children," in the commencement of which the writer lays

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down this proposition, that "a child, when it comes into the world, is almost a round ball." It is altogether a very instructive article to young mothers! but it is too *broad* for the columns of any modern periodical. It was the custom of the time for persons who were annoyed by any grievance to give vent to their spleen through the columns of the magazine. We will close our present article by a quotation of one of them, illustrative both as a peculiarity of the age, and as likely to be beneficial to some who, in modern times, sin as did their grandmothers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MUSEUM.

SIR:—Many pious and well-meaning Christians are alarmed' with great justice, at the neglect of the Sabbath day in this country, and see, with much pain, the numbers that never enter a church. But, sir, what I have to complain of, at present, is, not that the churches are not sufficiently frequented; but that many of those who do frequent them, are attentive to every thing else but to the parson and the service, and seem to go to the place of worship for little else than to see who is best dressed, who has the newest clothes on, and what is the fashion.

Some persons of this description sat near me last Sunday at church, and so confused me by their conversation, that it was impossible to attend to the clergyman. They absolutely talked as if they were determined to make cross-readings of the service. My attention was perpetually perplexed by such combinations as these:—

"Don't you think Miss —— grows remarkably *plump*, lately?"

'*Our enemies, persecutors, and slanderers.*'—

'*To give and preserve to our use the kindly fruits of the earth.*'—

"Was there ever a woman so awkwardly dressed as Mrs. B——? What a bonnet!"

'*The L—d deliver us.*'—

"They say that Lady W—— is gone to the Continent."

'*Because there is none other that fighteth for us.*'—

"I really see nothing so very handsome in her."

'*From envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness.*'

Now, sir, will you tell these gossiping people, that if they have no piety themselves, they have no right to disturb those who have; and that they had much better stay at home than come to church merely for the purpose of slandering their neighbors, and of talking almost as loud as the Parson." Z. S.

Here ends the article. J. H. I.

Original.

POETRY OF NAMES.

BY WILLIAM G. HOWARD.

Of all the girls afar and near,
The noblest and the most sincere,
Whose looks and words will always please,
Is the bright, smiling, gay '*Louise.*'

Who ever thought a lady's name,
Could fan the feelings to a flame?
There's one, beyond the Muse's tellin',
Can fire my heart, and that is '*Ellen.*'

There's a sweet girl unknown to fame,
Save in her soft enchanting name;
Just like some fabled sylph-like fairy,
They always call her blue-eyed '*Mary.*'

When stars are beaming from the sky,
They meet a dark and lustrous eye,
Which gazes on them full of thought,
That eye, adorns the brilliant '*Lot.*'

But I have writ enough and more,
'Tis time this hurried rhyme was o'er;
Now should you, Sirs!* ere take a rib,
Select the pretty name of '*Lib.*'

* The above impromptu effusion was written for a literary club of young gentlemen in Ohio. Ladies were always present at its meetings.

Original.

HENRIETTA, OF ENGLAND.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

CHAPTER I.

——————"I'll not wed—I cannot love,
I am too young—
Oh, sweet my mother.—
Delay this marriage for a month."
Romeo & Juliet.

THE mellow peal of the vesper bell, which floated from the tower of the convent of Chaillot, broke the Sabbath stillness of a soft and balmy evening. Two ladies, whose secular dress showed that they did not belong to the religious fraternity, rose at the sound, though they still lingered at a window, whence could be descried the windings of the Seine, from whose bosom were fading the farewell glories of the dying day. The features of the elder lady, although she was nearly fifty, retained vestiges of great beauty; yet, there were marks, such as are traced by the stern finger of Sorrow, rather than time, visible on her high and somewhat haughty brow. Her dress was a mourning robe, and amid the sable folds that mantled her breast, gleamed a cross set with brilliants. The young creature by her side, not yet seventeen, was a dream of loveliness. Were we to sketch a portrait with large, melting eyes, their snowy lids fringed by long, drooping lashes—a profusion of curls, soft and glossy as the dark plumes of some beautiful bird, shading a brow and neck of unsullied whiteness and sometimes straying with the breeze over a cheek wearing the delicate but fresh bloom of the pale rose—lips like buds of the same flower, when bathed in dew, full of sweetness and expression, still there would be room for the most luxuriant imagination to fill up the picture. At this moment, a shade of thoughtful melancholy clothed her features.

"Why should I leave these peaceful walls, my mother," said she. "There is something whispers me that my fate will prove still more disastrous and unhappy than your's has been."

"And even if it should, can the grand-daughter of Henry IV. desire to bury herself in a convent, when the brother of the greatest prince of his age sues for her hand?"

"Yes, the *brother!*" said she, emphatically. "I shrink from the gloom and severity of his character,"—and burying her face in her hands, a perceptible shudder passed over her frame.

"I pardon your childish feelings, Henrietta," said her mother, "for as yet, in knowledge of the world, as well as years, you are nothing more than a child. When, as the wife of Philip of France, you have for a few months shone the first and most attractive ornament of the most magnificent court in Europe, they will give place to higher and far different aspirations."

"Why, if I am only, as you say, a child, should this hateful marriage be hastened?"

"Because the Prince is too ardent a lover to brook

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delay, and because it will ultimately prove the means of securing you honor and happiness."

The beautiful girl drew a miniature from her bosom, which for a few moments she regarded with an earnest and wistful gaze.

"Mother," said she, "did you never think that my father's mournful destiny was written in his countenance? I have sometimes fancied that the wing of his guardian angel cast a shadow upon those grave and handsome features to warn him of his fate. Now, mother, look at me, and you will see that my features have something of the same expression?" She involuntarily obeyed the request, and to her surprize, perceived that the usually playful countenance of her daughter was overspread by the same mysterious and undefinable look of melancholy, which all who were familiar with him, had remarked as a peculiar characteristic in the features of Charles I. Willing to dissipate the painful emotions, which were pressing upon her own mind as well as her daughter's, she evaded the question and remarked that they must hasten to the chapel. Henrietta returned the picture to its place, and shading her face and clustering ringlets with a mourning veil, followed her mother, who had already withdrawn from the apartment. A few of the nuns, with their long, white robes, could be discerned through the gloom at the extremity of the corridor, as ghost-like they glided along to join the procession, slowly advancing towards the chapel. As the soft, clear strains of the vesper hymn rose and lingered along the vaulted roof, now hushing itself 'till the mingling whispers of the night-breeze became audible, then sending forth such rich and full gushes of melody that the fishermen on the Seine suspended their oars to listen, a holy and soothing calm stole over the heart of the youthful Henrietta, and she forgot, for the time, that she was so soon to become the wife of the gloomy and superstitious Philip.

When the vesper service was closed, she returned alone to her own apartment. Day had entirely faded, and the moon shed its deep and rich light on the river, brightening the snowy sails gliding on its bosom, and cresting with silver the dark foliage of the trees that lined its margin. She would not, at that moment, have had any one by her side. Her heart was too full of that poetry which the scene and the hour were of a nature to inspire, weighing it down with a melancholy but sweet influence, like the flower heavy with the balm it treasures in its bosom, to make her wish for companionship. If the music of the breeze sometimes brought back to her heart the tones of a low, charming voice that had once thrilled upon those chords, which 'till then, had slept, it mingled so sweetly and naturally with her other fancies, that she felt no alarm. Her musings were as pure and gentle as the light that beautified and hallowed the landscape. Alas! that a shadow, even then, should steal over her young heart—that a dim, confused glimpse of the future, like the scene called up by the magician's wand, should shut out the fair prospect before her.

None but gentle winds were abroad, and as they came to her brow, to sport with the curls that rested upon it, as lightly as the wreath of vapor hovering over the moon, they brought with them a strain of low, sweet music. It dispelled the unwelcome illusion, and gave back the one enchanting voice. "I shall soon hear it again," thought she, while the idea that each more tender and impassioned tone was due to one to whom it had already breathed the holiest of vows, gave her no pain. To her, the voice of Louis was only as music to which she loved to listen—himself a star on which she delighted to gaze.

The following morning, looking out at a window, she beheld a person on horseback, approaching the convent. At first, intervening trees prevented her from obtaining a distinct view of his person, but she soon became aware that it was Philip, the Duke of Orleans. She hastily withdrew from the window, with those feelings of dread and aversion, with which she had ever regarded him, while, with a flushed cheek, and throbbing heart, she shrunk into a remote corner of her apartment. In a few minutes, quick footsteps were heard in the corridor. Though she knew that they were her mother's, and that she should be obliged to see Philip, she still retained her half recumbent posture at the bedside, with her dark, dishevelled tresses lying in rich masses upon the white counterpane. As the idea of her coming fate pressed itself upon her mind, she felt as if chained to the spot—as if she had lost the power of volition. Her mother's voice aroused her.

"My daughter," said she, "why in this dishabille? You must have known that the Duke of Orleans is here, and that you must see him."

Henrietta's first impulse was to throw herself at her mother's feet, and beg that she might be spared the interview, but when she raised her eyes to her face, and beheld the cold, distant look which she so well knew how to assume, her heart failed her, and rising, she reluctantly commenced arranging her dress.

"I am a good tying-woman," said her mother, "and there is no need that Mariette be summoned."

Her long, dishevelled hair was arranged, so as to fall in rich curls over her neck and temples, which were restrained only by a chaplet of flowers. Her simple, white dress fell in graceful drapery around her symmetrical figure, and when she entered the parlor where Philip was awaiting her, even her splendor loving mother, who led the way, imagined that she could not have looked lovelier, even in regal robes. The freshness of the morning air had exhilarated Philip's spirits and imparted unwonted animation to his manners. His natural moroseness yielded, for the moment, to something approaching to affability, and Henrietta shrunk less timidly from his attempts to engage her in conversation than she had ever done before. As he was addressing her, a lark suddenly rose from the ground before an open window, "weaving wild meshes of song," as it soared to the blue sky that smiled through an opening among some trees of dark and heavy foliage.

"An auspicious omen," said the elder Henrietta, and

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her daughter with that happy faculty of youth which spreads sunshine and flowers over the years yet to come, was willing to believe her words. The benignant spirit that hovers over life's spring time, veiled with his radiant wings the cares and sorrows brooding upon her future path, as Philip painted in the most alluring colors the pleasures and splendors of the court. Her mother ably seconded him, and soon had the pleasure of perceiving that a curiosity and interest was awakened in her daughter's mind, that she doubted not would soon grow into a desire to participate in them.

Before Philip's departure, it was decided that his marriage with Henrietta should be celebrated at the expiration of one week, the King's sanction having already been obtained.

The day appointed for the bridal arrived. Never was there a lovlier bride than Henrietta, and those who beheld her deemed her a happy one. There was only one, Sophie Nivelle, her chosen friend and confidant, who knew how painfully throbbed her temples beneath the jewelled braid that bound them, and that her heart fluttered beneath her rich and costly robe, like a wounded bird. Yet, amid all the bitter and painful emotions that pressed themselves upon her, she only once lost her self-possession. It was when she heard the voice of the priest pronounce her the wife of Philip. The words rang in her ears like sounds of ill omen, and for a moment, all appeared a wild and painful dream.

"Henrietta," said the soft voice of Sophie Nivelle, close to her ear, and then the young bride rallied her faltering energies, and for the remainder of the day, demeaned herself with a calm and proud dignity befitting the daughter of a King of England.

We now let the curtain fall, not to be raised again 'till the expiration of nine years.

CHAPTER II.

——————"Why, why is this?
Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions?"—*Othello.*

It wanted half an hour of midnight, when Philip, Duke of Orleans, who had spent the evening at St. Cloud, might have been seen riding towards Paris with one attendant. Soon after entering the city he alighted, gave the bridle to the man who followed, and then entered a gloomy and retired street. There was no moon, and a few dark and wild looking clouds were hurrying over the heavens, revealing, now and then, through their torn skirts, a sweet and radiant star looking placidly down from its far-off throne. The air was heavy and oppressive, and for a moment, half removing his Spanish hat, he turned his face heaven-ward, as if to catch some wandering breeze, with power to cool his feverish brain. He suddenly replaced it, and an half audible execration escaped his lips, for to him, the wind appeared like the scorching breath of a furnace. He hurried onwards, and a few minutes brought him in front of a large, gloomy looking building. Passing the door which opened into the street, he turned a corner of the building through an arched gateway. All was silent within, but a light streamed from one of the chamber windows. He unlocked a door, which having entered, he left on the latch. He ascended a narrow stairway dimly lighted by a half expiring lamp. This he stopped to trim, and then by means of another key, admitted himself into a spacious apartment furnished in a style of gloomy magnificence. The heavy damask curtains which shaded the windows, and which were darkened, and stained by time, waved and flapped in the damp night breeze, casting changeful shadows upon the oaken floor and wainscot. He threw his hat upon a table, and seated himself in a luxurious *fautiel*, the only modern article of furniture in the room. But the agitation of his mind would not suffer him to remain quiet. In a moment afterwards, he started up and walked rapidly to and fro, muttering occasionally to himself, and frequently pausing at the door to listen, as if he expected some person's approach. He started with a nervous gesture, as the deep peal of a bell, striking the hour of midnight, from the tower of a neighboring church, smote upon his ear. Five minutes elapsed, during which he had wrought himself to almost a phrenzy of impatience, when his watchful ear detected footsteps ascending the stair-case. With a strong effort, he sought to quell his agitation, and was successful. It was the calm, passionless, and severe Philip of France, who opened the door to his expected guest. The person who entered, was dressed in the habit of a monk, his face being entirely concealed by his cowl.

"Thanks to your care, my friend," said he, as he held out one hand to Philip, and with the other threw back his cowl, "I once more breathe the air of France."

"Your thanks are rather due to your disguise," replied Philip, "for, although expecting you, I took you to be friar John, my confessor, in the room of my old friend, the Chevalier de Lorraine, 'till you revealed your face. But what made you assume the garb of a monk?"

"I deemed it the safest."

"Perhaps so, yet I wish it had been almost any other, for the sight of a priest's gown makes me falter in my purpose."

"Superstitious as ever, I perceive. Be exiled from your country, through the influence of a woman, as long as I have been, and your conscience may rest as quietly beneath a monk's gown, as the courtier's *pourpoint*, were the question of freedom or continued banishment at issue."

"After all, the King might object to your return, even if *she* did not oppose it."

"You deceive yourself. Your wife is the only obstacle to my return to France,—the only country in the universe worth living in."

"Have you ever seen her?"

"No."

"She has just returned with the court, from Flanders. While there, she passed over to Dover, to meet her brother, and succeeded in bringing him entirely over to the interests of the King."

"She, of course, stands higher than ever in *his* favor, which makes my return entirely hopeless. No matter—

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a faithless wife is dearer to you than a devoted friend. Have you seen her since she returned?"

"Two hours ago, I parted with her at St. Cloud. I never saw her look so beautiful. Her countenance was radiant with smiles, and——"

"And who were those smiles for? Not for you, but for Louis, or for some handsome cavalier,—or perhaps some pretty page, or for a certain Spanish knight I heard——"

"Stop, Lorraine," muttered Philip, through his set teeth—while a dark, purple flush overspread his countenance—"I, as yet, have no proof that she smiles too kindly on my brother, or any one else."

"I have always heard it said that seeing was believing, but since, in your case, it proves not so, read this letter which Fortune in one of her freaks, kindly threw in my way. It may enlighten you as to her opinion of you before she became your Duchess, and you can easily judge whether she has since been likely to change it."

Philip took the letter, and drawing near a light, perceived that it was in the hand-writing of Henrietta. It had been addressed by her, when at the convent of Chaillot to Sophie Nivelle, who was distantly related to the Chevalier de Lorraine. In it, with the careless confidence of girlhood, she had expatiated on the fine person, the charming voice, and the affable, yet dignified manners of Louis XIV., in terms of unqualified admiration. The concluding sentence ran thus;

"Do you know, my dear Sophie, that it is confidently asserted by those who should know, that the King regrets not having made me his Queen, now that I am going to be married to his brother? *His brother*—shall I describe him to you? No, my heart revolts at the idea. Imagine him just the reverse of Louis—stern, severe, crafty, superstitious—in short, every thing that is repulsive, and you cannot be far from the truth. And this man is to be my husband. It is the will of my mother, and I am compelled to admit, of the King."

While Philip perused the letter, the cold, glittering eye of Lorraine was fixed steadfastly upon his features, and as they writhed and darkened beneath the baleful influence of jealousy and anger, and incipient hate, a malignant and satisfied smile curled his lips. When he had finished reading it, he crushed it in his hand, then dashed it to the floor, trampled upon it, and ground it with the heel of his boot.

"Hold," said Lorraine—"if you destroy this precious epistle there will be nothing by which I can refresh your memory when your heart again softens in the warmth of one of her fascinating smiles."

"It would take but one of them to turn it to adamant. Do as you will, Lorraine. You wish for freedom. I, too, am content to be made free."

"That is not sufficient—I must have your aid in securing me the opportunity. You must introduce me at court as an English nobleman."

"Impossible! You would be known!"

"Slightly disguised I shall be in no danger. My long absence has placed me beyond the recollection of many, even should I appear without any."

"But why," said Philip, "should you seek to meet her at court? Surely"—and his lips turned white as he spoke,"—you would not select so public a place to ——to——"

"And why not? As I mean to use neither lead nor steel——"

"Ay, I understand.—Poison is to be your agent."

"It will be the most prudent one. Cannot we procure the aid of her *maitre d'hotel?*"

"Without doubt, if we offer him gold enough."

"When shall it be?—that is, when will there be opportunity?"

"There is to be a ball next Wednesday evening, in honor of her successful negotiation."

"Wednesday evening—there must be some time for preparation—it will be soon enough."

"Soon enough," repeated Philip, mechanically, as Lorraine again muffled himself in his cloak, and drew his cowl over his face.

The next day, Lorraine accompanied Philip to St. Cloud, who introduced him to the King as an English nobleman, who was travelling incognito. As a professed friend to his brother, Louis gave him a gracious welcome, which secured him the polite attention of the courtiers.

That night, at a late hour, the *maitre d' hotel* of the Duchess was observed by one, who for several hours had kept a watchful eye upon him, advancing stealthily along one of the corridors. Once or twice the *maitre d' hotel* imagined that he heard footsteps behind him. He stopped, and turned a dark lantern in such a manner as to reveal any person that might be lurking near. Before he could satisfy himself relative to the truth of his conjecture, he who followed had time to shelter himself in a recess. "It was but the echo of my own steps," he muttered to himself. In a few moments he reached a door beneath which gleamed a light. He tapped lightly against it, and it was immediately opened by the Chevalier de Lorraine. The noise of a turning key was distinctly heard, and then a man in the garb of a menial came cautiously forward, and stationed himself close to the door. The conversation of the two within the chamber, was in low and suppressed voices, and the listener caught only a few broken sentences. These, however, were enough to confirm the suspicion that had drawn him to the spot. The voice of the Chevalier was deep and earnest, and occasionally was intermingled the clink of gold. At last, they, in a measure, seemed to forget the caution which had at first restrained them, and the listener distinctly heard the sentences that follow.

"You will remember," said Lorraine, "that I do not wish it to be a poison that will operate immediately, as it will be more likely to excite suspicion."

"I understand," was the reply.

"Can I depend on your skill?"

"Without the least apprehension."

"All will be well, then."

A movement as if the two were about to separate, caused him to precipitately leave the door, but what he had now been able to hear, joined with a few words which he had heard in the evening, enabled him to understand that the person whose life they were plotting against, was no other than Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans.

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CHAPTER III.

"That song to-night
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do
But to hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara.

Des.—"This Lodovico is a proper man.
Emil.—A very handsome man.
Des.—And he speaks well."—*Othello.*

Since we last saw Henrietta, a fair bride of sixteen, the bitter waters which mingle so largely in the current of human life, had passed darkly and coldly over her. Without quenching, they had sadly chilled the fine enthusiasm, which then, at the song of the bird, the murmurs of wind and wave, and, above all, the deep hush of a moonlight or starry night, would gush forth in poetry, like waters welling up from the depths of a fountain.

It was near the close of a day that she entered her apartments at Saint Cloud, and threw herself upon a sofa enriched with gilt carvings, and covered with costly damask. The walls were hung with tapestry elaborately wrought, and the light came softened and subdued through windows of stained glass. She was now twenty-five, and her rich and pensive style of beauty might have been compared to that displayed in the portraits of Mary, Queen of Scots. The strings of a lute which lay by her side, occasionally gave forth a low and plaintive strain, as her fingers wandered lightly over them, and sometimes the words of a sweet and melancholy song gushed from her lips, in music clear and wild, as notes of the wood-bird. Her face was pale, yet now and then a bright crimson would break over her cheeks, and a brilliant light beam from beneath her drooping eyelids, as if the flash of some sudden and exciting thought had crossed her mind. A shower had recently fallen, and as the freshening breeze agitated the foliage of a vine that shaded an open window, large rain-drops were thrown over the polished floor, and among the rich folds of her satin robe.

"Look, Sophie," said she to her friend, who at that moment entered, "and see how much like gems appear these drops of rain, brightened in their fall by the beams of the setting sun. Are they not true emblems of the pleasures so eagerly coveted? Brilliant yet unsubstantial?"

"I hoped," said Sophie in reply, "that your pleasures were, at least, not so evanescent. Have you not performed an important service for the King, by detaching your brother from the triple alliance, and do you not in return receive his warm approbation? Ah, Henrietta, is there not some real pleasure in this?"

"There is, or ought to be. What o'clock is it?"

"Almost seven."

"So late? It is time for me to be thinking what dress to appear in this evening. I should endeavor to look well, seeing that the King gives the ball in honor of my successful negotiation."

"You should so."

"I will do my best, but there is a weight upon my spirits which I feel myself unable to shake off, and ever and anon I seem to hear a warning voice whisper in my ear. Do not such melancholy fancies portend some evil?"

"Nay, my friend, the mind ever sympathizes with the body, and you have not been well to-day."

"It may be as you say, but I feel a strange heaviness of spirits. But no more of this. Have you seen the handsome stranger who is to be present this evening?"

"Never—have you?"

"Once."

"And is he really the courtly and noble-looking gentleman the fair dames describe him to be?"

"Yes, and yet there is something in his eye which I do not like. It drooped beneath my glance, and once, when he stood apart, and imagined himself unobserved, his countenance darkened as if a cloud of evil thoughts were passing over him."

At this moment the ringing of horses' hoofs was heard in the court below, and looking out at a window, Henrietta beheld the person who had just been the theme of their conversation.

"Come this way, Sophie," said she, in a whisper, "and you can obtain a sight of him."

She obeyed her request, and through the disguise of a dark wig and a complexion artificially embrowned, at once knew him to be her kinsman, the Chevalier de Lorraine. She recalled a conversation which many months before she had accidentally overheard between the Duke of Orleans and a person unknown to her, during which Lorraine was frequently alluded to. At the time, she felt considerable alarm, and now, a horrible suspicion flashed into her mind. She grew deadly pale. Henrietta observed the change in her countenance, and inquired the cause.

"A sudden faintness," replied Sophie. "I am better now."

"And how like you the looks of the noble stranger? In spite of his quailing eye, to me there is a strange fascination about him."

"His looks do not please me," said Sophie. "Beware of him—avoid him. That goodly exterior, if I read aright, masks a dark and revengeful heart. Does the Duke of Orleans know who he is?"

"Yes, to him alone he has confided the secret of his name."

"And the King?"

"He does not even conjecture who he is. He told me so with his own lips. He only knows that he is an English knight of gentle blood, and as such he treats him with hospitality and courtesy."

"Believe, me, Henrietta, though he be of blood ever so gentle, he has a savage heart. To me it appears written in every lineament of his countenance."

"Now by my troth, Sophie, you too much disparage him. For my own part, the more I observe him, the more he wins upon my good opinion. But it is time I were at my toilette. You must advise Mariette relative to its arrangement, for I have no heart to do it."

She gave the usual signal, and in a few minutes Mariette was at her side.

"Do your best," said Henrietta, "for I wish to look particularly well this evening."

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Assisted by the advice of Sophie, the girl performed her task admirably. Henrietta never looked more lovely—more radiant. The languor which had recently weighed down her spirits, had given place to an undefinable, almost wild excitement, which brought a vivid color to her cheeks, and made her fine eyes lustrous as the jewels that flashed amid the long, glossy ringlets of her hair. An hour afterwards she was moving amid the gay and stately assemblage which filled the apartments of Saint Cloud, every vestige of the dark and heavy shadow gone, which had brooded upon her heart like a bird of ill omen. As it was the first time she had appeared in public, since she met her brother at Dover, smiles and congratulations greeted her on every hand. The Duke of Orleans stood apart, wrapt in his own gloomy thoughts. Every smile, every gay and witty sally of the Duchess, darkened the cloud on his brow. Lorraine, secure in the alteration effected by time, during his absence from France, and the disguise he had assumed, was apparently one of the gayest of the assembly. None could see the evil and bitter passions prompting him to the commission of a deadly crime, which made the lowest menial who served in the palace, an object of envy to him. He glided from group to group, addressing compliments to the ladies, and smiling at their remaks, 'till at last he found himself by the side of Henrietta. The charm of her manners silenced, for a moment, the fiend whispering in his ear, and his better feelings asserted their power. He raised his eyes, and they encountered the cold quiet gaze of Philip, who was regarding him with a sarcastic smile. The fatal purpose which had for a moment slumbered, revived with redoubled energy, and Henrietta involuntarily shrunk beneath the snake-like glitter of his eye. He perceived it, and at once resumed the suavity and gayety of his former manner. Philip was not the only one present, who kept a watchful eye upon the Duchess and Lorraine. Sophie never for a moment lost sight of them. She was harrassed with vague conjectures which she could neither banish nor venture to disclose. Another, too, whose rank did not permit him to mingle with the company, wandered restlessly through the passages, striving by some means to arrest Henrietta's attention. Among the refreshments which were now about to be served, were some peaches, a kind of fruit of which the Duchess was particularly fond. As she passed a door, Lorraine by her side, she felt her sleeve pulled, and a billet was thrust into her hand. "As you value your life, read it now," was at the same time whispered in her ear. As she was pressing forward toward a small ante-room, that she might have opportunity to obey the command, a servant approached with a silver salver, on which was a small basket of peaches. The central peach, which was encircled by leaves composing a coronet, was much larger and more beautiful than the rest.

"The finest peach I ever saw," said Lorraine, raising it from the basket; "will you take it, madame?"

With a graceful acknowledgment she accepted it, and while eating it, continued to advance towards the apartment where she intended to peruse the billet. Lorraine kept her in his eye 'till she had finished eating it, and then he left the palace. On his way thence he encountered Philip.

"How is this," said the Duke; "has your courage failed you?"

"Before twenty-four hours," replied the Chevalier, you will be a free man, and the only obstacle to *my* freedom will no longer exist.

Having said thus, he hastened to the spot where he had ordered his servant to have in waiting a fleet horse. He sprang to the saddle, put spurs to the spirited animal, and ere the beauties he had complimented and flattered had ceased to watch for his reappearance in the ball room, he had left Saint Cloud far behind. Half an hour afterwards Sophie found her friend in a small apartment by herself, pale and motionless as the marble column against which she leaned, with a piece of paper grasped in her hand. Henrietta handed it to her without speaking. It contained these words.

"As you value your life, eat nothing this evening presented you by the stranger knight."

"The warning came too late," said Henrietta: "he presented me with a peach, which I ate."

Sophie instantly sought the King, and informed him of the situation of the Duchess. She was conveyed to her own apartments, and the most skilful physicians summoned to attend her.

—

The clock struck four as the confessor of Henrietta of England, clad in the vestments in which he was accustomed to administer the consolations of his religion to the dying, entered her chamber. At his appearance, those present hushed their low whispers, and even she for whose sake he had been summoned, suppressed the groan of agony. The windows were thrown open, and the stars of a cloudless night looked in upon the hushed circle while listening to the deep and solemn voice of the confessor, and the low and broken accents of her who lay like a rose swept from its stem. As he left the bed-side, the faint beams of morning broke into the chamber, and the wind, which during the night-time had slumbered, came floating in with a cool, rustling sound, and waved the heavy bed-curtains, that had already been drawn aside that the breeze might wander over her flushed brow and throbbing temples. It had no power to allay the heat of the deadly poison which had incorporated itself with the current of life, causing it in its accelerated course, to scorch and wither the veins through which it passed.

The husband was present, for he had been summoned, and had not the courage to refuse, but he stood aloof from the sufferer, cowering amidst the gloom of the shadows thrown into a corner of the apartment, from the heavy mass of drapery which had been gathered to one side of the bed-frame. Sophie Nivelle had never, for a moment, left her side. In that deep agony of spirit which hushes the groan, and dries up the fountain of tears, she bent over her, striving by following the directions of the physicians, to alleviate her sufferings.

The sunbeams began now to weave their golden web

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amid the purple mist that hovered in the air, or lightly wreathed the hill side, and the shadows that had screened the guilty Philip, flitted away. Sophie, who for the first time seemed to be aware of his presence, beckoned him to the bed-side, for a change had passed over the features of Henrietta. The icy finger of death was upon them, and the wild and burning agony, which a few minutes before caused every nerve to quiver, had given place to that soft and gentle repose, which sometimes precedes the hush of that deeper sleep, from which there is no awaking.

Philip had come forward mechanically, at the mute request of Sophie, and placed himself at the foot of the bed. Though he exhibited, to those standing by, no outward sign of grief or remorse, yet for a moment a film seemed to cover his eyes, as they were riveted on the changed countenance of his wife, and his ears rung with sounds that appeared to him the mocking laugh of the fiend that had tempted him.

None knew the exact moment when Henrietta ceased to breathe, but those watching by her bed-side, felt that the "rapture of repose" which had settled upon her features, still beautiful as a poet's dream, was such as belongs not to life.

Wolfboro,' Nov. 1842.

Original.

WOMAN'S COURAGE.

BY MRS. H. LIGHTHIPE.

A sergeant's wife at the siege of Matagorda was with the wounded men, when a very young drummer was ordered to fetch water from the well of the fort. Seeing the child hesitate, she snatched the vessel from his hand, braved the terrible cannonade herself, and although a shot cut the bucket cord from her hand, she recovered it, and fulfilled her mission.—NAPIER.

THE storm of war rolls on
  O'er the beleaguer'd town;
And now on Matagorda's fort,
  The cannonade pours down.
And woman's form is there,
  O'er each wounded man she bends,
And fearless of the thundering death,
  On the sick and dying tends.
When lo! a drummer boy,
  A child in heart and years;
Came down for water to the well,
  But lingered in his fears.
This met the woman's eye,
  She saw him trembling stand,
When quick the vessel she withdrew
  From the young stripling's hand.
But the foes' random shot,
  Severed the bucket's cord,
Yet steady at the fearful post,
  She quickly it restored.
Was the act nobly done?
  A hero's fame might tell
Among his high emblazoned deeds
  Of the courage at the well!
Yet more—'twas woman's nature mild,
That yearned in pity for the child.

Original.

THE ARTIST'S GRAVE.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

IT lies amid the solemn hills—
  Far from the homes of men away,
Where wailing winds and lute-like rills
  Breathe o'er the Gone a burial lay.
No mortal eye hath seen the spot
  In Winter's wrath or Summer's bloom,
Where sleeps, forgetting and forgot,
  The tenant of that lonely tomb,
O'er which, as if they too could grieve,
A shroud the leaves of Autumn weave.

And there, when Evening in the sky
  Hath her cloud-altars tipped with fire,
The lone Bird, slowly wandering by,
  Shall sadly waste its woodland lyre;
And there the spirit-stars shall beam
  With softer light and gentler grace
Than e'er they yet were known to gleam
  On Earth's most royal dwelling place,
And not a foot shall dare intrude,
Save Angel's, on the solitude.

For he was NATURE's cherished child—
  Loving and only loved by her:
Ah, shall she not in woodland wild
  Protect the sleeping worshipper?
And as the silent years are seen
  To mark the mighty shore of Time,
Shall she not still unwearied lean
  Above his sepulchre sublime?
Then recks the slumberer, that, his name
May never gild the rolls of fame?

'Tis uttered when the tempests start
  From prison hills in many a tone,
And shrined within the Idol's heart—
  Whose mighty throbbings marked his own:
The great sea speaks it—and the arch
  Of Heaven, when through its cloudy bars
To seraph-music brightly march
  The glorious army of the stars!
Ha! recks the tenant of this spot,
That he by man may sleep forgot?

Sleep on, beneath thy robe of flowers,
  Oh, holiest one that walked the earth
Since man in Eden's rosy bowers
  First lost his high-created worth.
Well did'st thou wander from the throng
  Through solemn wood, to catch the tone
Of stream and wind when at their song—
  While with the stars and God alone—
That ever in the forest wild—
On thy mysterious wanderings smiled.

Sleep on! the music which he caught
  From minstrel storm and murmuring rill
Hath not been lost—but, glory-fraught,
  It mingles with his numbers still:
The colors which he watched where'er
  They gleamed, on Nature's canvass, set,
Like sweet, lone memories, in that sphere
  Above, are with him lingering yet—
Earth's pilgrims, teaching in his sky,
The BEAUTIFUL can never die.

New York City, December, 1842.

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Original.

THE MAID OF NARNI.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

"Little dream'st thou, simple maid,
That this vineyard's purple shade,
Hides a bandit, vengeful, bold,
Hiring heart and arm for gold,
Couched like serpent half concealed
Saints benign! the guileless shield."

In travelling from Locasto to Spoleto, in the year 1826, we stopped at the town of Narni to procure fresh horses and dine. Owing to the great influx of strangers at that period, into Italy, relays were difficult to be obtained, and on this occasion we found that we must wait for several hours before our want could be gratified. While at dinner, my attention was called to a priest, who silently entered the *salle*, and regarded the company most minutely. Unlike the generality of that wandering tribe, his manner was haughty, and his aspect forbidding. Having eyed us for several minutes, he said something to the landlord in a low whisper, and then glided quickly from the apartment. From the many depredations and murders which had lately been committed by the banditti, and especially in that neighborhood, I felt a secret warning, that from the manner of the priest, danger was intended us. My suspicions I imparted to my companions, who coincided with me, and we began to look upon our host with fear and distrust. At last, after many surmises and suggestions, it was resolved we should interrogate him, and if aught of prevarication was found in his replies, we should not depart 'till the morning, when we could then have the protection of an armed escort we had passed upon the road, bound for the same destination. At the desire of the party, I was deputed interrogator, and shall now relate what passed, as closely as my memory will enable me.

"May I ask, signor, who is that priest with whom I saw you conversing at dinner?" said I to him.

"A priest, signor!" answered he, in a tone which, though it sounded of surprize, yet told he was confounded at my question.

"Yes, signor!" I loudly replied, and with a look that gave him to understand I was suspicious of him. "*The priest*—you *do* remember him,"

"Oh! yes—certainly I do—he—he is a good man—an old and valued friend of mine, who is now on his way to Spoleto, to join in the celebration of St Jerome, and who would be happy to travel in the company of your party."

"Is he a native of this village?" I asked of him.

"No! of the mountains, signor," was his answer, accompanied with a sardonic grin.

"And his name?"

"Borasco!"

"I do not like him," I briefly remarked.

"Why not?" he said quickly, and looking at me as if his eyes would have penetrated my very soul.

"Because *honest* men never whisper!"

"With whom did he whisper?" said he fiercely.

"With you, sir!" I replied, at the same time grasping firmly his arm. "I have heard of you before—beware how you trifle with us; we will not depart this night from Narni."

He felt as a lifeless thing within my grasp, and staggered from the room without offering a reply. Immediately from a gallery, a young female appeared, and by a sign, gave me to understand that she wished to speak with me. Cautiously I left the apartment, and entering a long avenue of vines, I there beheld her busily employed in plucking the clusters.

"What would you with"—I was about to proceed, but was quickly checked by her saying, "Hush, signor!" then in a whisper, and still continuing her employment—"Observe me not. You are in danger—walk on—as you return, pass near me." I did as desired, when she again whispered, "Arm thyself; Borasco is *no priest*; he is the noted *Gaspardo*." At that moment the sound of a carbine broke close to my ear, and with a scream, the poor girl fell lifeless and bleeding at my feet. I cast my eye in the direction from whence the report proceeded, and among the bushes beheld the figure of a man gliding rapidly along the ground like a serpent. The sound had alarmed the inmates, who, rushing into the garden, stood aghast at the scene of murder. Among them was the ruffian landlord, who, instead of running to the body of his child, pointed to me, and exclaimed, "Seize him! he is the murderer!"

For a moment I was paralyzed, but suddenly collecting my energies, I sprang upon him with the ferocity of a tiger. "Liar!" I exclaimed. Thou art accessary to the murder of thy own child. Behold! I have no fire-arms about me. It was the bandit, Gaspardo! that villain is his comrade. Seize him!" and hurling him to the earth, in a moment all were upon him.

"Where is he?" shouted they, "where is Gaspardo?"

"In that thicket!" I exclaimed. A thrill of horror seemed to seize on them at the thought that the sanguinary bandit was so near—the next moment a loud shout burst forth, and "There! there!" was exclaimed by all.

I looked to where they pointed, and upon the brow of an opposite hill, stood Gaspardo, waving his hat, shouting in exultation, and uttering defiance. He was out of the reach of fire-arms, and pursuit would have been futile and dangerous. Guiletto, for such was the name of the landlord, manifested no regret for the loss of his daughter, on the contrary he appeared to rejoice that for her good intent she had forfeited her life, rejoicing that the bandit had escaped. Guiletto was, however, arraigned before the tribunal, found guilty, and suffered death. On the trial, it was proved that a secret intercourse had existed for years between him and Gaspardo, he giving notice to the latter whenever any traveller of wealth happened to sojourn at his hotel. Hence the cause of so many murders in that neighborhood, and which, by the tragical occurrence now narrated, happily led to the extirpation of Gaspardo and his band.

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Original.

THE LAST DAYS OF PRINCES.

BY A. D. PATERSON.

In prosecuting the design on which this series was formed, it is by no means intended to follow up the regular successions in any one kingdom; neither is it to be narrowed within the limits of either ancient or modern history. Illustrations of the mortal hour among monarchs are numerous, and, while so many of them are striking and impressive, it would be a waste of time both to writer and the reader, to wade through passages which are comparatively of a common-place character. All ages of the world, and every region of it, can furnish memorable examples of the nature here proposed; and while ancient times present a Crœsus, an Alexander, an Antiochus or a Nero, and modern ages offer a Louis XI. of France, a Charles V. of Spain, a Henry VIII. of England, a Henry IV. of France, a Peter the Great of Russia, or a Charles XII. of Sweden, there would be little advantage in dwelling upon those whose whole history is composed of a summary like the following,—He was born, he reigned, and he died.

It is therefore on other grounds than that of mere succession that the subject of William Rufus immediately follows, in this series, the considerations arising out of "the last day," of his predecessor and father, William, the Conqueror. The force of contrast is here applied, as bringing out effects more strongly, and striking more deeply, than when the picture is isolated and alone. The Conqueror was hard, inflexible, and disdained the use of wile or deceit to carry a point which it was his will to succeed in; but Rufus, though brave as any of his race, could apply the cunning of the fox to eke out the strength of the lion. Moreover, the dying hours of the first William were painful and long-protracted, giving time for that awful visitation of horrors and remorse which retrospection introduced to his distracted soul; while the second William was brought to his end in a moment, and before he could have time to utter the shortest prayer for mercy to his departing soul.

But besides the force of contrast, there is also the force of affinity, in summing up the accounts concerning these remarkable princes. In an examination then will be found something very like a wonderful scheme of Providence, gradually but fully wrought out, and presenting, altogether, a lesson to mankind which compels the mind to contemplation, and which cannot be thrown aside and forgotten without a manifest dereliction from duty. This affinity as well as this contrast will however be best perceived in the details which are as follows

NO. II.—WILLIAM RUFUS.

"Thus was I
* * * * * * * *
Cut off, even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, un-anointed, unanel'd;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
Oh, horrible!—Oh! horrible!—Most horrible!"

Shakspeare.

"See all prepared for the chase to-morrow," said the haughty Rufus. The monarch's will was law, on all occasions; but in this case obedience was pleasure, for the Norman lords, like their Norman master, were devotedly attached to sylvan pleasures, not a little enhanced perhaps in value, by the exclusion of the English from their native woods, and from the courtiers of the King, who were permitted to accompany him, being a privileged few. William then retired for the night, although at an early hour, that he might be the more invigorated by rest, for the next day's sport.

Up sprang the Red King from his midnight couch; with glaring eyes protruded from their sockets; with a countenance, pallid, save the small livid flush of fevered expression which faintly relieved that pallid hue; with frowning brow and eye-brows deeply knit; with lips parted, teeth set, hands clenched, and with all the violent shaking of one in an ague fit. Instinctively he seized his sword which lay ever ready near him, he cast hasty but furtive glances around him, and seemed, to all appearance, distraught; but presently recalling his scattered ideas, his features by degrees relaxed of their fierce and anxious cast, his half-drawn sword was slowly returned to its sheath, he seated himself on the nearest bench, and languor succeeded to the eagerness which had beamed from his eyes.

But what has caused this blanched cheek, this bloodshot eye, this perturbation of spirit in the King? It is *a dream!* With all his boasted courage, with all his headstrong impetuosity, in the midst of all his insolence of power, he has been terrified by—*a dream!* Blasphemous and desecrating as he was in his daily ravages and self-willed commands, grinding as both church and churchmen ever found him, greatly as he shocked the public ear and the hearts of the devout by the license of his tongue upon holy subjects, this despotic and ruthless tyrant was the slave of superstition. A visitation of the night shook his very soul; the attendants round his couch perceived his convulsive motions, heard the muttered sounds which escaped from his lips during his disordered sleep, shrunk with apprehension as the half-choked and unwonted cry escaped him of "Mercy, sweet Virgin; save me, blessed lady!" and marked the drops of cold perspiration which stood on that frowning forehead, whilst his bosom, heaving with uncontrollable groans, seemed to rend the iron frame of the commonly audacious sufferer. Astounded, they remained for a while uncertain how to act, but soon recollecting how dangerous it is to know too much of a powerful man's secrets, they deemed it expedient to awake the agonized monarch. In doing this, the sudden glare of light and the presence of armed men became mingled with the horrors of the scene he had shared while sleeping, and —*up, he sprang!*

Before the subject of that dream be related, it may be well to take a retrospective glance at the life and actions of this "bold bad man," for, without such glance, the mind would fail in the attempt to take in the force which shook the Red King's soul. Well indeed is the denunciation in the decalogue, that the sins of the fathers shall be visited on their children unto the third and fourth generation, illustrated in the descendants of the Conqueror. Unnurtured in kindly affections towards each

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other, the whole family of the first William were in constant hostility among themselves; the sons against the father, the brothers against each; selfish ambition or thirst of vengeance alternately swaying their hearts and actuating their conduct. The eldest son only, Prince Robert, possessed any feelings of humanity and brotherly love. Yet his best qualities were rendered useless through the torpor of indolence which was his besetting vice. The second son, Richard, had indeed given promise of many a fine quality; but here the hand of Heaven may be said to have interfered, for in that very New Forest which had been appropriated to royal disport at the expense of all that was humane, all that was just, did the ruthless Conqueror lose the finest scion of his house, by a fall whilst hunting. The third son, William, the Red, possessed not one virtue under heaven; nor one good quality save that of courage. His character may be summed up in few words; he was brave, but crafty, false and treacherous; he was tyrannical, capricious, debauched, reckless, and imperious. Rapacious in obtaining riches, prodigal in spending them, he was remorseless in breaking all ties to effect his ends, and as ready to break a ribald jest on holy things, as on the licentious pleasures of court and table. The fourth, and youngest, Henry, differed from all the rest; he was no soldier, like his elder brethren, but had studied the learning of the age. His disposition was cunning, he pursued his ends by wiles, and schemes, and by watching the "signs of the times." Selfish and ambitious was this Henry, as any of his house, but he depended more on the sagacious head than the strong hand. Alternately fostering the bad passions in each of his brothers, he shifted his side whensoever his crooked policy dictated; and although sometimes his case was desperate enough to lead weaker men to despair, yet did he live to triumph over opposition, and become himself the possessor of the English throne.

Such were the offspring of the first William, and well did the father understand the characters of his sons, notwithstanding that the affairs of his "own times" left him small leisure to attend to them, and notwithstanding that from early years they had began to lift up rebellious hands against him. That he did so is evident from his final bequests to them; bequests, which had then nearly the authority of law and the sanction of religion. To Robert was left the patrimonial territory of Normandy, his own by indefeasible right, but indolence unfitting him for the rule over a large conquest and an impatient people, he was wisely excluded from authority in England; and, for-as-much as England was obtained by the sword he deemed that he could give as he pleased his own achievements, he assigned that kingdom to Rufus; well knowing that at least neither pusillanimity nor sloth would make him relax his grasp. Was it a prescience like that of the patriarchs of old, which dictated to this father a bequest of but a small sum of money to his youngest son? Did his glance into the future enable him to see the future monarch of England and the avenger of filial impiety in Henry the *beau clerc?* And did he in anticipation rejoice that on *all*—even on the avenger himself—would fall that weight of Divine displeasure which awaits all who honor not "their father and mother?"

Woe! to the prince that is surrounded by evil counsellors, might Robert have exclaimed. The restless Norman barons persuaded his easy nature that his father's will had despoiled him of right; he waged war with Rufus and was defeated. Many of the English, and some of the Anglo-Normans had joined Robert in his unsuccessful expedition,—these found, too surely, that the King was a Rehoboam in vengeance, and that he seemed to have said to them, "My father made your yoke heavy, and I will add to your yoke; my father also chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions." In this sense, his "little finger" was indeed "thicker than his father's loins."

The only person whom William Rufus held in respect, and who had any influence over his conduct, was Archbishop Lanfranc, and the only principle which ever continually held him in restraint, was superstition. Lanfranc had been his tutor, and towards him the King manifested some signs of regard. While that prelate lived, Rufus contained himself, and was not addicted to the excesses which subsequently broke out; but on the death of the Archbishop, all the most odious features of the King's character became fully developed. Bishoprics and abbacies, as they became vacant, were retained on his hands, that he might appropriate their revenues to himsel; his rapacious usurer, Ranulph, well surnamed *Flambard*, or The Wolf, ground and oppressed the wretched people, particularly the English, and money was exacted without mercy or remorse, to gratify the insatiable desires of the grasping monarch.

And this money! Let the gluttony, the revelry, the vitiated appetites of Rufus and his crew, account for a part, and, for the rest, the splendor of his apparel, the sumptuousness of his palace, his taste for building and decoration, consumed the remainder. With unblushing cheek justice was sold, with unfaltering voice blasphemy was uttered; rigorous as his father in executing the severities of the forest laws, he had been heard to exclaim against the justice of Heaven itself, which permitted an offender against them to escape; and although aware of the deep curses and maledictions which hung on the memory of his father, for the miseries consequent on the establishment of the New Forest, he added to those miseries, and to the execrations of all good men, by the destruction of four abbeys and seventeen churches more, with the spoliation and dispersion of the inhabitants in their neighborhood, in order to enlarge the arena of his despotic and iniquitous pleasures of the chase.

Superstition, as it has been observed, held some sway over him; this, however, was only perceptible by fits and starts. His father had left the large sum of sixty thousand pounds, to be distributed among the church and poor of England, as some expiation of the enormities he had committed. Greedy and violent as Rufus undoubtedly was, he did not dare to divert that sum from the purpose of the bequest, and it was actually

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given according to the will of the donor. In sickness, also, this otherwise ruthless man would endeavor to propitiate offended Heaven by a temporary relaxation of severity, by some remission of claims, by promises of mild government and impartial laws; but a return to health brought a return to lawless rule and rapacious exactions; of him it might well be said—

> "The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be;
> The Devil was well, the devil a monk was he."

Such was the monarch whose midnight slumbers were thus so unusually affected, and to whom, in this condition, the narrative now returns.

Although now awake, and entirely in possession of his faculties, the King continued to shiver as though perishing of cold, and for a while he eyed his attendance askance. At length breaking silence, he related the horrid cause of his disturbance. His *dream* was a continuation of his sleep, which seemed to be interrupted by a constantly increasing cold wind. This, at first but annoyed him, by degrees it pierced him; he struggled to throw it off, it prevailed against him, it penetrated through his sides, it reached his heart; he felt all the agonies of a living death, and whilst bolts of ice seemed to pass through every artery, and to occupy every pore, he felt himself like the hopeless struggler against a powerful and devouring monster. In these horrible moments, all the passages of his life seemed to concentrate themselves before him, as in one agonizing word, and he struggled to utter the dying prayer, to the virgin mother, for mercy on his soul.

And how did that soul rejoice on perceiving that all his inquietude was but a dream, a fantasy of the brain? Did he fall down in thankfulness, that he was yet spared to make some atonement for the mountain of evil which he had committed, and the enormity of which had been placed full before his vision? Ah! no. He commanded that the wine-cup should be brought to him, and resolved that the remainder of the night should be spent in jollity and revelry; for he would not—though he kept that secret to himself—encounter the risk of another such a dream. Wine and wassail then prevailed, but though ribaldry was in the mouth of the King, a gnawing vulture was at his heart; and the ghastly expression of his features remained unaffected by the feasting and the license of which he endeavored to partake.

Morning arrived, and daylight now gladdened the spirits of Rufus more than all the factitious aids which had been placed before him; nevertheless, he refused to permit the field sports which he had ordered the night before. Upon his mind still hung sad forebodings, and although his heart beat high for the chase which he loved, and his eye roved over the field where the attendants were passing with hounds and horses, he resolved that, for this day at least, he would remain within the walls of Malwood Keep, and find his joys in the conviviality of the table. So passed on the time until the dinner hour.

The noontide repast was on the board, the wine and the mirth went round; already was past care forgotten, and the cautious Prince Henry, who at this period was on friendly terms with the King, was covertly urging him to the sport he loved; he had consented, and had given to his favorite knight, Sir Walter Tyrrel, two out of six arrows deemed especially good in the workmanship. Once more the noise of steeds, and hounds, and attendants, was heard without; the heart of the Red King was elate, his dream was forgotten, or remembered as but the effect of a distempered brain; the wonted audacity of his soul was again predominant within him. His foot was in the stirrup, but before he mounted into the saddle, a messenger,

> "Bloody, with spurring, fiery red with haste,"

rode up, and with more eagerness than respect presented a packet.

"Read, read, Sir Walter," exclaimed the irate King; "what brings the knave, and whence comes he?"

"So please you, my lord King," replied the man, with deep obeisance, "my message is from the lord Abbot of St. Peters', and I was commanded to spare neither horse nor man, until the packet should be delivered unto your highness."

"Read, read, Sir Walter," again exclaimed the monarch. "What says the shaveling, what asks he; *Dents-dieu*, how dares he interrupt our course? Thou dost hesitate, man; give me the scroll; *Dents-dieu*, the priest dares not to palter with us."

He snatched the missive from the knight, and threw his eyes over the contents. What saw they? The relation of *a dream!* A monk of St. Peters' had dreamed he saw the King tearing and gnawing with his teeth at the blessed symbol of his faith, as though he would destroy it, not devour it; and that the sacred image spurned and trod down the impious monarch, from whose mouth, nostrils and eyes, streamed forth flames of fire, which consumed him. This dream the friar had reported to his superior, who, deeming it ominous of danger to his sovereign, had forwarded the account with loyal haste.

A sudden pang shot across the heart of Rufus at the word "dream." It was but for a moment, for the wine wrought in his head, and love of the chase wrought in his heart. He laughed a scornful laugh as he cried aloud, "Give the slave an hundred pence; the monk is wise, he dreams for money, and practises on credulity. What! He would prate his idle dreams, and presume to stay the course of his master's pleasure. To horse, my lords; *Dents-dieu*, shall we be checked because an old woman sneezes?"

Insensate man! Onward he goes towards his fate; onward from the castle which should never again receive him. His heart beat high as he chased the bounding deer, and little he recked that the setting sun should witness his setting also. Little he recked, that when he cried to his favorite knight and nearest attendant, "Shoot, Walter! shoot—in the devil's name!" he commanded his own death, in the name of the master he had so faithfully served. Scarcely had he spoken, when an arrow pierced his heart, and his soul instantly fled from its mortal abode.

The mind recoils, on contemplating the fearful and sudden end of one so ill prepared for his great account;

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of one, in whom reigned every passion hateful to God and man; of one who, to the last, exhibited all the insolence of pride, all the audacity of unbridled power, and all the impiety of an unchastised spirit. What a change! At one moment an absolute and despotic King, at the next, a lump of lifeless clay, forsaken and shunned, *like that of his father*, by all, even by his brother! He, on whose nod had hung the safety and property of millions, was now thrown into the dirty cart of a charcoal burner, and received the last obsequies of religion unaccompanied by a tear from one of those millions.

In charity it may be hoped that the current belief of the manner of his death is correct; that it was the casual glance of an arrow—the arrowg iven by the Red King himself—which struck the wretched monarch. But there is reason enough for the suspicion that his evil deeds had brought on their punishment. Spurred to madness by the desolation which his predecessor and himself had caused in making this New Forest, an avenging hand was probably found, to rid the world of a tyrant.

And now perhaps we have arrived at the end of his mortal history, and may fancy that his remains could suffer no farther dishonor. Not so. Heaven itself seems willing to give one awful sign of its displeasure, and to mark the spot where the disturber of his people found his grave. The tower of Winchester cathedral, in which the Red King was interred, was soon afterwards destroyed by lighting, and his tomb was covered by the ruins.

Again we say "he that runs may read." The vices and impiety of private individuals may exist in as large a degree as those of Princes, although they may neither have so extensive a scope, nor be so publicly perceptible; and no offender is so mean that he may not be cut off "with all his imperfections on his head."

Original.

AILIEEN ASTHORE.

IRISH BALLAD.

BY JOHN BROUGHAM.

The morning is sweet on the mountain,
But cold, chilly cold is its breath;
The sunbeam plays sweet on the fountain,
But dark waters murmur beneath.
The spring-breeze is sweet while 'tis ranging
Its brief time the meadow-land o'er,
But thou art all sweetness unchanging,
My Collieen-dhas! Ailieen Asthore!

The lily's a beautiful flower,
And so is moreover the rose,
But were you to garnish a bower
With every fine blossom that grows,
There's one to my thinking above it,
And dear to my very heart's core,
The cabin where dwells my beloved,
My Collieen-dhas! Ailieen Asthore.

Original.

THE DEPARTED YEAR.

Of Time's unquiet sea, another wave
Hath by us swept into the awful void
Of dim oblivion! the eternal grave
Of man's brief years, by all the past uncloyed.
Another billow rolls, and we are buoyed
And borne still onward to the gulf, whose shore
Is strown with wrecks of human hopes destroyed,
And with the dust of all that's gone before:—
Where all that is to come shall perish evermore.

All, save the deathless, the triumphant soul,
Which shall behold the chaos of that hour,
When Time's old foot has reached its utmost goal,
And falls the fire-storm eager to devour
Earth's rock-ribb'd mountains, whose iced summits tower
Like beacon-lights above the boiling sea!
Then o'er the ruin shall the spirit soar
To that fair world, whose peaceful years shall be
The bright—the hallowed cycles of Eternity.

A year hath pass'd—e'en as the dial's shade,
That moves so swiftly, silently away.
What fearful changes hath its passage made!
How much of sorrow saw each fleeting day!
How oft hath Disappointment barred the way
To Hope's most eager footsteps—turning back
The weary heart,—to go again astray.
Oh, man! thou wanderest on a cheerless track
Compelled at bitter streams thy burning thirst to slake!

Within thy narrow scope, departed year,
How oft hath opened the remorseless grave!
While death sat smiling o'er the sable bier,
In silent mockery of the pangs he gave.
How hath the monster on the ocean wave
Flapp'd his dark wings amid the awful storm!
Where strove in vain the hardy and the brave?
In joy's bright halls, how many a beauteous form
Hath the stern spectre pierced, to feast the grov'ling worm!

These tell thy history—but tell not all—
A fairer page thy brighter hours may claim;
Thou hadst thy scenes, the heart would fain recall,
Sweet, joyous moments, worthy of the name,
O'er which, with sadd'ning spell, no sorrow came.—
When from his deep debasement rose again,
The husband and the father, won from shame;
Resolved no more the madd'ning cup to drain—
How great, how sweet the joy, tho' bought with years of pain!

Scarce boasts our darksome lot a sweeter hour,
Than when from wand'ring o'er the trackless tide,
The anxious watcher by the surf-worn shore,
Sees o'er the wave the vessel gaily glide,
Bearing again the loved one to her side,
And when on fever's restless couch is laid
The form more cherished than the world beside,
And to our prayer death's threatened blow is staid—
Oh! is not then the heart by joy's blest spirit swayed?

And such were thine old year,—nor these alone—
Each month—each changing season gave its store
Of rich and varied blessings freely strown,
To teach man's thankless spirit to adore.
The early Spring the buds of promise bore—
Advancing Summer her kind influence shed—
And her fair gifts did bounteous Autumn pour
In needy Winter's lap. But thou art fled
For ay, to thy dark home with the returnless dead!

G. W. S.

Bangor, Dec. 1842.

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LITERARY REVIEW.

THE CONDITION AND FATE OF ENGLAND: *by the Author of the Glory and Shame of England; J. & H. J. Langley.*—The author of this compilation, for it scarcely merits any other name, glorying in his shame of his former publication, has again come forward with the laudable effort to overturn the throne of England, and bestow upon her a fresh constitution and code of laws. Now this is magnanimously patriotic, and for which we have no doubt this American Cade, Tyler or whatever appellation he delights in, will receive the gratitude of the three or four millions of Chartists, and immediately on the dethronement of Queen Victoria,—but not 'till then,—be elected by universal acclamation, Protector of the British Commonwealth. But badinage apart, the present work is remarkable for nothing but the same acrimonious spirit which distinguished his "Shame and Glory," and a tissue of gross blunders and bitter prejudices; with a plentiful budget of quotations numbering upwards of two hundred, making nearly one half of the work of five hundred and eighty-five pages.

BRANDE'S ENCYCLOPEDIA, PART I.; *Harper & Brothers.*—The public is certainly greatly indebted to this enterprizing firm for its praiseworthy efforts in the cause of literature, in publishing the works of the most choice authors at the lowest possible prices. The present issue now before us, is one of inestimable value, comprizing the history, description, and scientific principles of every branch of human knowledge, with the derivation and definition of all the terms in use, illustrated by engravings in wood. The value and utility of the work are at once apparent, and cannot fail of being extensively patronized by all classes of the community. It will will be completed in twelve parts, of one hundred and twelve pages, each for the price of three dollars.

THE NABOB AT HOME: *by the Author of Life in India; Select Novels, No.* 10: *Harper & Brothers.*—This is one of the best numbers of this delightful series, as yet issued from the press.

CLAIMS OF THE COUNTRY ON AMERICAN FEMALES: *by Miss Coxe; Isaac N. Whiting.*—The authoress of these volumes displays a mind of a high order; indeed among our lady writers, we question if there can be found one who thinks deeper or writes with so vigorous and convincing pen.

THE WING AND WING: *J. F. Cooper; Lea & Blanchard.*—This novel is a faithful transcript of a historical epoch, fraught with events of the most exciting character. The hero Raoul Yvard, is a masterly conception, equal to any of our author's characters of fiction, while the historical personages which figure in the scene, are graphic, faithful, and life-like. No one can rise from the perusal of this work without being delighted and instructed.

PLEASANT MEMORIES OF PLEASANT LANDS: by *Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. James Munroe & Co.*—It is a green spot in our editorial existence, to meet with a volume such as this, teeming with generous feelings, bright fancies, and "pleasant memories," exempt from that censorious and illiterate spirit which too frequently characterizes the works of our modern tourists. Mrs. Sigourney travelled with a determination to be pleased, to look upon the works of nature in a foreign land, with the eye of a sincere worshipper at her shrine—to regard its monuments of antiquity with veneration,—to judge of society of a different character from that of her native land, with a discriminating and unprejudiced spirit, and above all, to glean from every object, matter of utility and instruction to twine into the rich coronal she has given us in the form of this delightful volume. From the moment that she touches the soil of her mother land, she becomes imbued with love towards its meanest creature, you feel there is a sincerity in her every thought and word, you enter into her feelings, join in her enthusiasm, and become a participator in every spot, object, or being she describes. Did our limits permit us, we should like to extract most copiously from this delightful volume, although we fear it would be a difficult task to select, where all are alike so beautiful, bright, and redolent with mind,—blossoms of genius that will form a never-dying chaplet to keep alive in the hearts of after ages the memory of one of the most gifted daughters of "our own green forest land." We cannot however close this brief and imperfect notice, without quoting the following lines. In their sentiment we are certain, every philanthropist and christian will cordially concur.

"Peace be within thy walls, Ancestral clime!
And in thy palaces, and on thy towers,
Prosperity. And may no war cloud rise
'Tween thee and the young country of my birth.
That Saxon vine, thou plantedst in the wild
Where red men roamed. Oh! lift no sword again
Mother and daughter! Shed no more blood
That from one kindred fountain feeds thy veins;
Show the poor heathen, in earth's darkest place
The excellence of faith, by its sweet deeds
Of peace and charity. So may ye stand,
Each on her pedestal that breasts the surge,
Until the strong archangel with his foot,
On sea and land, shall toll the knoll of time.

SELF CULTURE: by *W. E. Channing; James Munroe & Co.*—Like all productions of its gifted author, this little volume is distinguished for its philanthropy, and the high moral, and religious principles it inculcates. The title of the work speaks its character, and its dissemination will confer incalculable benefit on society.

ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE, FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION: No. 1; —*Harper & Brothers.*—The publication of this invaluable work cannot be too highly appreciated by the American public, In Europe, it is published at a cost of fifty dollars, while here it can be obtained for four. It is the greatest historical production that has ever appeared, and should be carefully studied by every one desirous of acquiring a thorough knowledge of the French Revolution, and the various events connected with that eventful period.

THE DESERTED BRIDE, AND OTHER POEMS: by *G. P. Morris; D. Appleton & Co.*—A more beautiful volume than this, was never published in America, and will no doubt be the popular gift at this season of festivity. There are not less than twenty six illustrations of the most exquisite character from original designs of native artists. The typography and other mechanical portions of the volume are of the highest order, while the contents are the most choice *morceaux* of the poet's numerous productions.

THEATRICALS.

WE have little to say about the drama this month, nothing of any importance having been produced, if we except a new comedy entitled *Alma Mater*, by the author of *London Assurance*, but which is neither more nor less than a clever farce, extended unnecessarily to three acts. Like the former production of its author, the dialogue is flippant, light, and occasionally pointed, and the plot unconnected and unnatural, yet withal, it is a piece that cannot be seen without exciting your "risible propensities." The character of Count Pavé was supported by Mr. Brougham with an easy nonchalance of manner, its peculiar characteristic—and that of Sir Sarcasm by Mr. Placide, naturally and effective. Mrs. Brougham played the coquettish Lily Venture with great *naiveté* and grace. Mr. Hill, the personator of Yankee character, for a few nights, fulfilled a tolerably successful engagement. At the Bowery, the manager, in consideration of the universal monetary depression among all classes of our community, has made a *great* reduction in the prices of admission, which has had the effect of nightly filling the house, and we trust, also, the treasury—and although such a movement must militate greatly against his pecuniary interests, still the same excellent stock company is retained, and a succession of novelties brought forward. The Chatham maintains its ground in public favor, and the Olympic is basking in the sunshine of success.

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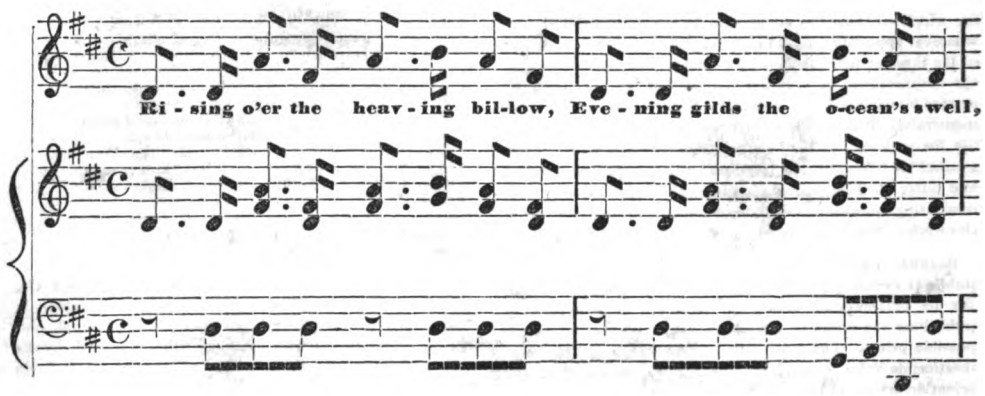
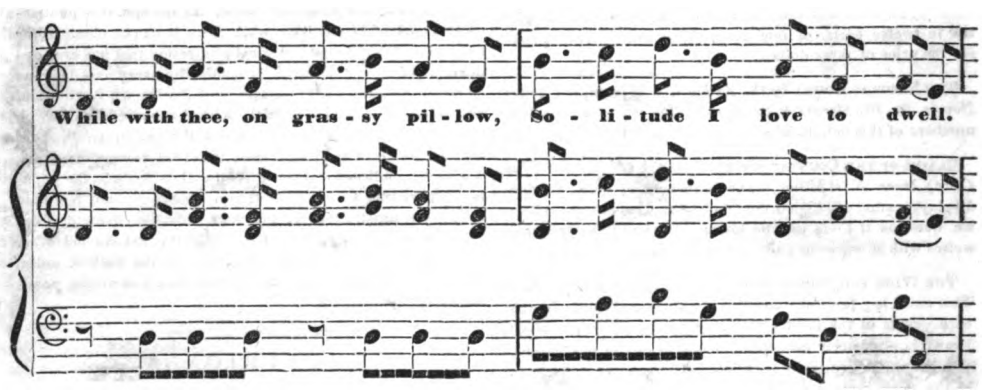
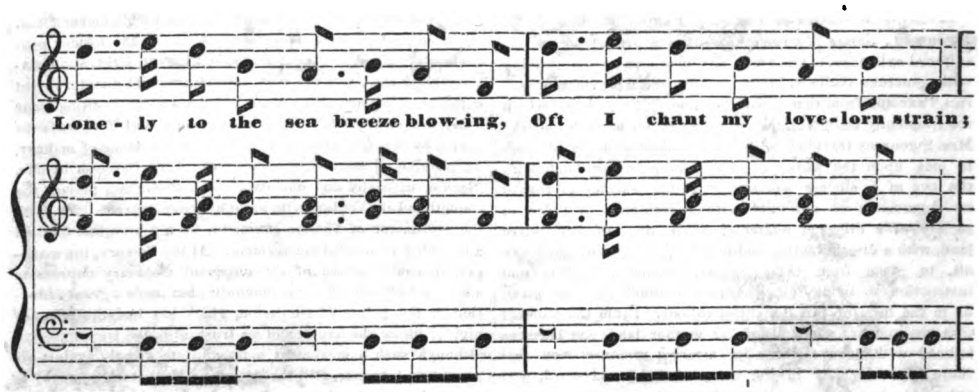
THE MAID OF ISLAY.

A POPULAR SCOTCH AIR.







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To the stream-let, sweet - ly flow-ing, Mur-mur oft a lo - ver's pain.

'Twas for her the maid of Is - lay, Time flew o'er me wing'd with joy;

'Twas for her the cheer-ing smile aye Beam'd with rap - ture in my eye.

2. Not the tempest raving round me,
Lightning's flash, or thunder's roll;
Not the ocean's rage could wound me,
While her image fill'd my soul.
Farewell days of purest pleasure,
Long your loss my heart shall mourn;
Farewell hours of bliss, the measure,
Bliss that never can return.
Cheerless o'er the wild heath wand'ring,
Cheerless o'er the wave worn shore,
On the past with sadness pond'ring,
Hope's fair visions charm no more.

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EDITORS' TABLE.

THE "COMPANION."—We tender our thanks to our kind friends who in the midst of these times of gloom and despondency, have enabled us to close the labors of the past year with satisfaction to ourselves, and we trust with gratification to them. The contents of the present number will be found equal to those of our cotemporaries, while our engravings, it must be conceded, are of a character of excellence superior to the generality of magazine illustrations. Much, however, as this department of our publication claims our attention, we shall never permit it to take precedence of the literary one of the Companion, which shall, as it has ever been, be composed of the lucubrations of the first authors of our land, and occasionally those of European distinction. In accomplishing this, our subscribers must be aware that a large outlay of capital is necessary, and we will therefore feel greatly obliged to such of them as are in arrears, if they will remit the same without delay to our office. We trust this intimation will not be disregarded, from each subscriber supposing his single account cannot materially affect the monetary relations of our publication; for small as these may appear, in the aggregate, they amount to several thousands, which at this period, we assure them, would be highly acceptable.

BRAHAM'S CONCERTS.—This veteran singer, assisted by his son Charles, has been delighting our citizens for the past month with a series of concerts. It is universally allowed by competent judges, that this father of English vocalists, for such Braham is at this day, never was heard to greater advantage. Of his son, we entertain considerable hopes that he will yet take a high position in the musical world, provided he eschews all mannerism, and sedulously devotes himself to the study of his profession. While on this subject we may remark the singular coincidence of our city at this moment, containing two of the greatest living vocalists, Sinclair and Braham, artists whose names some twenty years since, were the idols of the British public, and who are yet superior to any of the star-twinkling vocalists. But those times have departed, other and younger faces people the scene of their triumphs. The names of Braham and Sinclair are heard of, but as brilliant meteors that were; or remembered by those, coeval with themselves, who believe the world will never look upon their like again.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.—We have to record the death of one of our esteemed contributors, Samuel Woodworth, whose name is intimately connected with the poetical literature of our country. He died at his residence in New York, on Friday, 9th December, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. He was a native of Scituate, Massachusetts, and at an early age removed to New York, where for many years he was engaged in the profession of a printer, and latterly, combining with it the duties of an editor. His principal writings, were of the lyrical school of poetry, among which we may particularly instance his beautiful ballad of "The Old Oaken Bucket," which for simple, yet natural imagery, and beauty of expression, is unsurpassed by any American poet, and equal to some of the finest lyrics of Burns, Tannahill, or Motherwell. He was also the author of several operas and comedies, and many powerful articles in defence of the rights of his country, in a paper edited and published by himself, during the last war. His last productions were composed for the Ladies' Companion, to which he has been a contributor, since its commencement. He was a man of strict moral principles, a true Christian, kind husband, and an affectionate father. To him are truly applicable the lines of Scott:

> "Call it not vain—they do not err,
> Who say, that, when the poet dies,
> Mute Nature mourns her worshipper
> And celebrates his obsequies.
> Who say tall cliff and cavern lone,
> For the departed bard makes moan;
> That mountains weep in chrystal rill;
> That flowers in tear of balm distil;
> Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
> And oaks in deeper groan reply;
> And rivers teach their rushing wave
> To murmur dirges round his grave."

RUTGER'S FEMALE INSTITUTE.—We are glad to learn by the fourth annual report of this institution, that it is progressing steadily in the path of prosperity. By its last summary, we see that not less than four hundred and nine pupils composed its different departments of education. The names of the trustees are a proof of its moral and intellectual character.

MUSIC.—THE SHIP ON FIRE—*Words by Charles Mackey, Music by Henry Russel.* This is a composition of considerable merit, but one which depends solely upon a peculiar style of singing, such as the composer himself makes so very effective. It has been extremely popular in England, and is now for the first time published here, by Atwill, Broadway, New York.

ONCE more, gentle reader, we greet you on the threshold of another year. *Another year!* how many slumbering emotions do these words awaken in the bosom, how many regrets for the past, and how many anxious hopes for the future—smiles for the living, and tears for the dead. Even in our circle of companionship, we can remember many, who, at the birth of the departed year, were alive in all the freshness of health and brilliance of prosperity, alas! now slumbering in the silent grave. The domestic tie has been severed, the young head cut down, the time honored parent gathered to his fathers, and new pilgrims of mortality ushered into life. How fraught with lessons of wisdom and warning are these events, yet how little of our consideration do they win. Like our footsteps upon the sands of the ocean, for a moment, only, they leave their impress upon our feelings, 'till the sea of change and circumstance cometh, and no trace is left behind. Again, how many joyous feelings, associations and enjoyments does this festal period create. Around the Christmas board, are gathered, children and parents, dear loved relatives and friends—hearts that have been long separated, forms that have been stricken by disease, and restored once more to happiness and health. Sorrows are banished, friendships renewed, and feuds forgotten. Yet in this season of festivity, how many thousands are suffering in our land. Abundant as have been the fruits of the earth, the demon of want walks fearfully among us. Thousands that once knew happiness and wealth, who have tasted of

> "The luscious sweets of plenty,
> And never waked but to a joyful morning,"

now eat of the bread of poverty and pain—for them no Christmas board is spread, no fire sparkles on the hearth, or kindred heart invokes a blessing. To these, then, let our thoughts revert, and while we partake of the blessings of plenty, from our garner yield a portion to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked. Let the charitable seek out the abode of wretchedness, wipe the tear from the eye of sorrow, and pour the balm of consolation on the head of affliction, and let the rich diffuse the blessings which a benign providence has bestowed upon them. Such deeds will give them a claim to the bright circlet of saints in that land where there is no night—where sorrow cometh not, and life knows no decay.

WINTER FASHIONS.—*Morning Dress.* Silk robe, with full skirt—sleeves half full—body tight and fitting closely to the neck. A new description of costume has become quite fashionable of late. It is called a *cardinal*, being a habit of silk, in the form of a mantle, with a capuchin hood, leaving the face only exposed. It is lined with fancy colored silk. Muffs are generally worn. Hair plainly braided or in ringlets.

Evening Dress.—Nearly similar to that of morning, with a mantle of silk or velvet. Bonnet close to the face—trimmed with flowers or feathers.

Full Dress.—Muslin or silk dress—full skirt—tight body, low on the bust—half sleeves, or full and open ones—bracelets. Silk cap or half turban, decorated with flowers or feathers.

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E. Meadows. A. L. Dick.

Diana Vernon.

Engraved for the Ladie's Companion.

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Jeannette la Suissesse.

Engraved for the Ladies' Companion.

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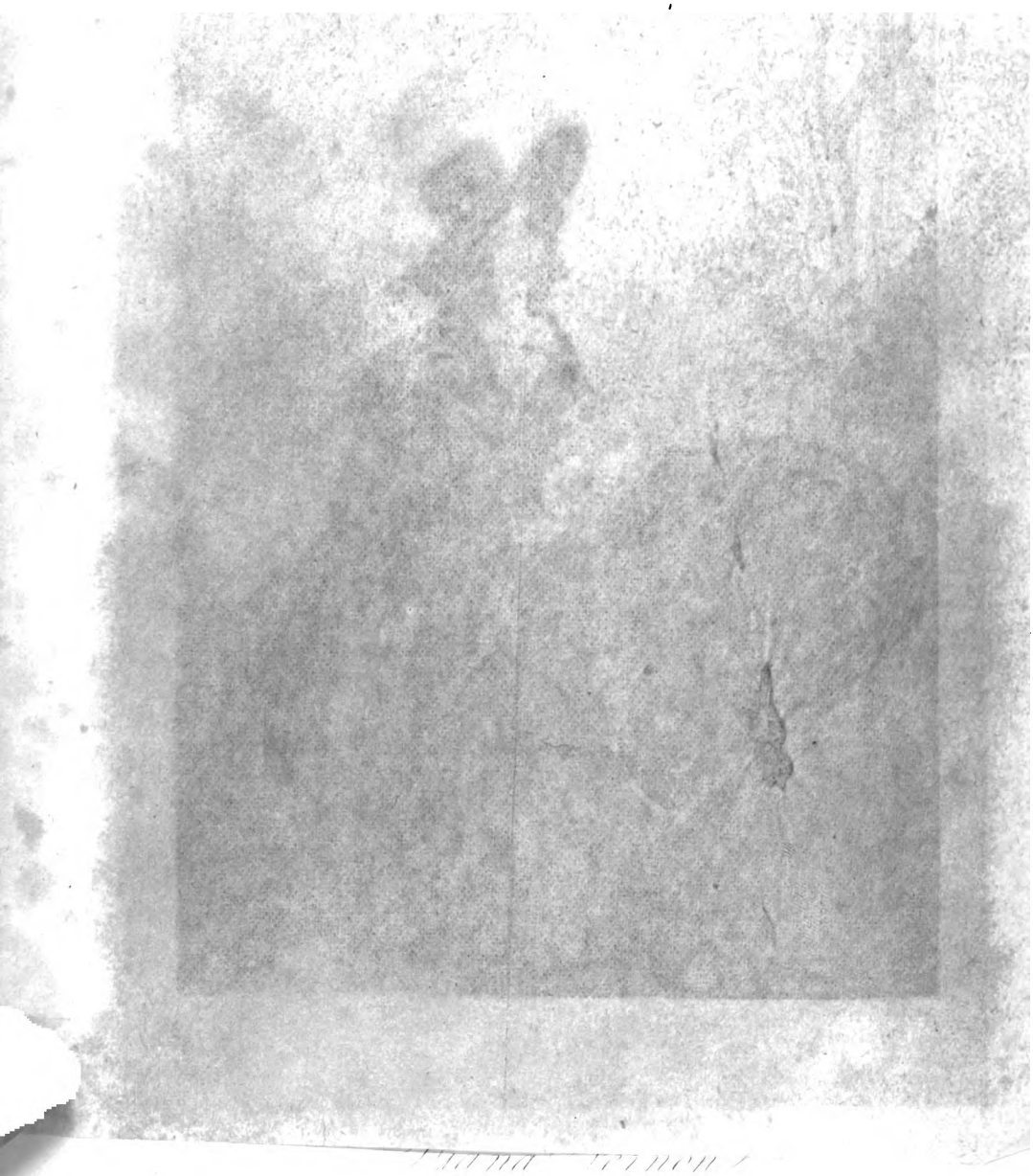

Engraved for the Ladie's Companion.

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Jeannette la Suissesse.

Engraved for the Ladies' Companion.

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The Latest Paris Fashions
FOR
Feb. 1 1853.

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, FEBRUARY, 1843.

DIANA VERNON.

"How melts my beating heart! as I behold
Each lovely nymph, our island's boast and pride,
Push on the generous steed that sweeps along
O'er rough o'er smooth, nor heeds the steepy hill,
Nor falters in the extended vale below."

Our first engraving, it will be perceived, is the portrait of that ideal beauty, Diana Vernon, in that masterpiece of literary romance, Rob Roy. The attitude in which the artist has depicted her, is the most favorable in the novel; and as it would be little less than sacrilege to attempt a description of that which has been so graphically done by the author himself, we will, without comment, transfer it to our columns.

"From the summit of an eminence, I had already had a distant view of Osbaldistone Hall, a large and antiquated edifice, peeping out from a Druidical grove of huge oaks; and I was directing my course towards it, as straight and as speedily as the windings of a very indifferent road would permit, when my horse, tired as he was, pricked up his ears at the enlivening notes of a pack of hounds in full cry, cheered by the occasional bursts of a French horn, which, in those days, was a constant accompaniment to the chase. I made no doubt that the pack was my uncle's, and drew up my horse with the purpose of suffering the hunters to pass without notice, aware that a hunting field was not the proper scene to introduce myself to a keen sportsman, and determined when they had passed on, to proceed to the mansion house at my own pace, and there to await the return of the proprietor from his sport. I paused, therefore, on a rising ground, and not unmoved by the sense of interest which that species of sylvan sport is so much calculated to inspire, (although my mind was not at the moment very accessible to impressions of this nature,) I expected, with some eagerness, the appearance of the huntsmen."

While thus pausing, the chase broke full upon his view—"The dogs pursued the trace of Reynard with unerring instinct; and the hunters followed with reckless haste, regardless of the broken and difficult nature of the ground." At that moment Diana appeared before him, and is thus so perfectly depicted.

"It was a young lady, the loveliness of whose very striking features was enhanced by the animation of the chase and the glow of the exercise, mounted on a beautiful horse, jet black, unless where he was flecked by spots of snow white foam which embossed his bridle. She wore, what was then somewhat unusual, a coat, vest and hat, resembling those of a man, which fashion has since called a riding habit. The mode had been introduced while I was in France, and was perfectly new to me. Her long black hair streamed on the breeze, having, in the hurry of the chase, escaped from the ribbon which bound it. Some very broken ground, through which she guided her horse with the most admirable address and presence of mind, retarded her course, and brought her closer to me than any of the other riders had passed. I had, therefore, a full view of her uncommonly fine face and person, to which an inexpressible charm was added by the wild gaiety of the scene, and the romance of her singular dress and unexpected appearance. As she passed me, her horse made, in his impetuosity, an irregular movement, just while, coming once more upon open ground, she was again putting him to his speed. It served as an apology for me to ride close up to her, as if to her assistance. There was, however, no cause for alarm; it was not a stumble or a false step; and, if it had, the fair Amazon had too much self possession to have been deranged by it. She thanked my good intention, however, by a smile, and I felt encouraged to put my horse to the same pace, and to keep in her immediate neighborhood. The clamor of "Whoop, dead, dead!" and the corresponding flourish of the French horn, soon announced to us that there was no more occasion for haste, since the chase was at a close. One of the young men whom we had seen, approached us, waving the brush of the fox in triumph, as if to upbraid my fair companion.

"I see," she replied, "I see; but make no noise about it; if Phoebe," she said, patting the neck of the noble animal on which she rode, "had not got among the cliffs, you would have had little cause for boasting."

"They met as she spoke, and I observed them both look at me, and converse a moment in an undertone, the young lady apparently pressing the sportsman to do something which he declined shyly, and with a sort of sheepish sullenness. She instantly turned her horse's head towards me, saying, "Well, well, Thornie, if you wont, I must, that's all. Sir," she continued addressing me, "I have been endeavoring to persuade this cultivated young gentleman to make inquiry of you, whether, in the course of your travels in these parts, you have heard any thing of a friend of ours, one Mr. Francis Osbaldistone, who has been for some days expected at Osbaldistone Hall?"

I was too happy to acknowledge myself to be the party inquired after, and to express my thanks for the obliging inquiries of the young lady.

"In that case, sir," she rejoined, "as my kinsman's politeness seems to be still slumbering, you will permit me, (though I suppose it is highly improper,) to stand mistress of ceremanies, and to present to you young Squire Thorncliff Osbaldistone, your cousin, and Die Vernon, who has also the honor to be your accomplished cousin's poor kinswoman."

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Original.

THE MYSTERY OF MARIE ROGET.*

A Sequel to "The Murders in the Rue Morgue."

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Es giebt eine Reihe idealischer Begebenheiten, die der Wirklichkeit parallel lauft, Selten fallen sie Zusammen. Menschen und zufalle modificiren gewohnlich die idealische Begebenheit, so dass sie unvollkommen erscheint, und ihre Folgen gleichfalls unvollkommen sind. So bei der Reformation; statt des Protestantismus kam das Lutherthum hervor.

There are ideal series of events which run parallel with the real ones. They rarely coincide. Men and circumstances generally modify the ideal train of events, so that it seems imperfect, and its consequences are equally imperfect. Thus with the Reformation; instead of Protestantism came Lutheranism.—Novalis. Moral Ansichten.

"BEFORE proceeding farther, let us now consider the supposed scene of the assassination, in the thicket at the Barrière du Roule. This thicket, although dense, was in the close vicinity of a public road. Within were three or four large stones, forming a kind of seat with a back and footstool. On the upper stone was discovered a white petticoat; on the second, a silk scarf. A parasol, gloves, and a pocket-handkerchief, were also here found. The handkerchief bore the name, Marie Rogêt. Fragments of dress were seen on the branches around. The earth was trampled, the bushes were broken, and there was every evidence of a violent struggle.

"Notwithstanding the acclammation with which the discovery of this thicket was received by the press, and the unanimity with which it was supposed to indicate the precise scene of the outrage, it must be admitted that there was some very good reason for doubt. That it *was* the scene, I believe—but there was excellent reason for doubt. Had the *true* scene been, as Le Commerciel suggested, in the neighborhood of the Rue Pavée St. Andrée, the perpetrators of the crime, supposing them still resident in Paris, would naturally have been stricken with terror at the public attention thus acutely directed into the proper channel; and, in certain classes of minds, there would have arisen, at once, a sense of the necessity of some exertion to re-divert this attention. And thus, the thickets of the Barrière du Roule having been already suspected, the idea of placing the articles where they were found, might have been naturally entertained. There is no real evidence, although Le Soliel so supposes, that the articles discovered had been more than a very few days in the thicket, while there is much circumstantial proof that they would not have remained there, without attracting attention, during the twenty days elapsing between the fatal Sunday and the afternoon upon which they were found by the boys; 'they were all *mildewed* down hard,' says Le Soliel, adopting the opinions of its predecessors, 'with the action of the rain, and stuck together from *mildew*. The grass had grown around and over some of them. The silk of the parasol was strong, but the threads of it were run together within. The upper part, where it had been doubled and folded, was all *mildewed* and rotten, and tore on being opened.' In respect to the grass having 'grown around and over some of them,' it is obvious that the fact would only have been ascertained from the words, and thus from the recollections, of two small boys; for these boys removed the articles and took them home before they had been seen by a third party. But grass will grow, especially in warm and damp weather, (such as was that of the period of the murder,) as much two or three inches in a single day. A parasol lying upon a newly turfed ground, might, in a single week, be entirely concealed from sight by the upspringing grass. And, touching that *mildew* upon which the editor of Le Soliel so pertinaciously insists, that he employs the word no less than three times in the brief paragraph quoted just now—is the editor really unaware of the nature of this *mildew?* Is he to be told that it is one of the many classes of *fungus*, of which the most remarkable feature is its upspringing and decadence within twenty-four hours?

"Thus we see, at a glance, that what has been most triumphantly adduced in support of the idea that the articles had been 'for at least three or four weeks' in the thicket, is most absurdly null as regards any evidence of that fact. But, on the other hand, it is exceedingly difficult to believe that these articles could have remained in the thicket specified, for a longer period than a single week—for a longer period than from one Sunday to the next. Those who know any thing of the vicinity of Paris, know the extreme difficulty of finding *seclusion*, unless at a great distance from its suburbs. Such a thing as an unexplored, or even an unfrequently-visited recess, amid its woods or groves, is not for a moment to be imagined. Let any one who, being at heart a lover of nature, is yet chained by duty to the dust and heat of this great metropolis—let any such one attempt, even during the week-days, to slake his thirst for solitude amid the scenes of natural loveliness which immediately surround us. At every second step, he will find the growing charm dispelled by the voice and personal intrusion of some ruffian or party of carousing blackguards. He will seek privacy amid the denses foliage, all in vain. Here are the very nooks where the unwashed most abound—here are the temples most rife with desecration. With a deadly sickness of the heart the wanderer will flee back to the polluted Paris as to a less odious because less incongruous sink of pollution. But if the vicinage of the city is so beset during the working days of the week, how much more so on the Sabbath! It is especially that, released from the claims of labor, or deprived of the customary opportunities of crime, the lower order of the town blackguard seeks the precincts of the town, not through love of the rural, which in his heart he despises, but by way of escape from the restraints and conventionalities of society. He desires less the fresh air and the green trees, than the

* Continued from page 99.

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utter *license* of the country. Here, at the road-side inn, or beneath the foliage of the woods, he indulges, unchecked by any eye except those of his boon companions, in all the mad excess of a counterfeit hilarity—the joint offspring of liberty and rum. I say nothing more than what must be obvious to every dispassionate observer, when I repeat that the circumstance of the articles in question having remained undiscovered, for a longer period than from one Sunday to another, in *any* thicket in the immediate neighborhood of Paris, is to be looked upon as little less than miraculous.'

"But there are not wanting other grounds for the suspicion that the articles were placed in the thicket with the view of diverting attention from the real scene of the outrage. And, first, let me direct your notice to the *date* of the discovery of the articles. Collate this with the date of the fifth extract made by myself from the newspapers. You will find that the discovery followed, almost immediately, the urgent communication sent to the evening paper. These communications, although various, and apparently from various sources, tended all to the same point—viz., the directing of attention to *a gang* as the perpetrators of the outrage, and to the neighborhood of the Barrière du Roule as its theatre. Now here, of course, the suspicion is not that, in consequence of these communications, or of the public attention by them directed, the articles were found by the boys; but the suspicion might and may well have been, that the articles were not *before* found by the boys, for the reason that the articles had not before been in the thicket; having been deposited there only at so late a period as at the date, or shortly prior to the date of the communications, by the guilty authors of these communications themselves.

"This thicket was a singular—an exceedingly singular one. It was unusually dense. Within its naturally walled enclosure were three extraordinary stones, *forming a seat with a back and footstool.* And this thicket, so full of a natural art, was in the immediate vicinity, *within a few rods*, of the dwelling of Madame Deluc, whose boys were in the habit of closely examining the shrubberies about them in search of the bark of the sassafras. Would it be a rash wager—a wager of one thousand to one—that *a day* never passed over the heads of these boys without finding at least one of them ensconced in the umbrageous hall, and enthroned upon its natural throne? Those who would hesitate at such a wager, have either never been boys themselves, or have forgotten the boyish nature. I repeat—it is exceedingly hard to comprehend how the articles could have remained in this thicket undiscovered, for a longer period than one or two days; and that thus there is good ground for suspicion, in spite of the dogmatic ignorance of Le Soliel, that they were, at a comparatively late date, deposited where found.

"But there are still other and stronger reasons for believing them so deposited, than any which I have as yet urged. And, now, let me beg your notice to the highly artificial arrangement or disposal of the articles. On the *upper* stone lay a white petticoat; on the *second* a silk scarf; scattered around, were a parasol, gloves, and a pocket-handkerchief bearing the name, Marie Rogêt. Here is just such an arrangement as would *naturally* be made by a not-over-acute person wishing to dispose the articles *naturally*. But it is by no means a *really* natural arrangement. I should rather have looked to see the things *all* lying on the ground and trampled under foot. In the narrow limits of that bower, it would have been scarcely possible that the petticoat and scarf should have retained a position upon the stones, when subjected to the brushing to and fro of many struggling persons. 'There was evidence,' it is said, 'of a struggle; and the earth was trampled, the bushes were broken,'—but the petticoat and the scarf are found deposited as if upon shelves. 'The pieces of the frock torn out by the bushes were about three inches wide and six inches long. One part was the hem of the frock and it had been mended. They *looked like strips torn off.*' Here, inadvertently, Le Soliel has employed an exceedingly suspicious phrase. The pieces, as described, do indeed 'look like strips torn off;' but purposely and by hand. It is one of the rarest of accidents that a piece is 'torn off,' from any garment such as is now in question, by the agency *of a thorn.* From the very nature of such fabrics, a thorn or nail becoming entangled in them, tears them rectangularly—divides them into two longitudinal rents, at right angles with each other, and meeting at an apex where the thorn enters—but it is scarcely possible to conceive the piece 'torn off.' I never so knew it, nor did you. To tear a piece *off* from such fabric, two distinct forces, in different directions, will be, in almost every case, required. If there be two edges to the fabric—if, for example, it be a pocket-handkerchief, and it is desired to tear from it a slip, then, and then only, will the one force serve the purpose. But in the present case the question is of a dress, presenting but one edge. To tear a piece from the interior, where no edge is presented, could only be effected by a miracle, through the agency of thorns, and no *one* thorn could accomplish it. But, even where an edge is presented, two thorns will be necessary, operating, the one in two distinct directions, and the other in one. And this in the supposition that the edge is unhemmed. If hemmed, the matter is nearly out of the question. We thus see the numerous and great obstacles in the way of pieces being 'torn off' through the simple agency of 'thorns;' yet we are required to believe not only that one piece but that many have been so torn. 'And one part,' too, '*was the hem of the frock!*' Another piece was '*part of the skirt, not the hem,*—that is to say, was torn completely out, through the agency of thorns, from the unedged interior of the dress! These, I say, are things which one may well be pardoned for disbelieving; yet, taken collectedly, they form, perhaps, less of reasonable ground for suspicion, than the one startling circumstance of the articles' having been left in this thicket at all, by any *murderers* who had enough of precaution to think of removing the corpse. You will not have apprehended me rightly, however, if you suppose it my design to *deny* this thicket as the scene of the outrage. For, in fact, this is a point of minor importance. We are not engaged in an attempt

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to discover the scene, but to produce the perpetrators of the murder. What I have adduced, notwithstanding the minuteness with which I have adduced it, has been with the view, first, to show the folly of the positive and headlong assertions of Le Soliel, but secondly and chiefly, to bring you, by the most natural route, to a further contemplation of the doubt whether this assassination has, or has not been the work of *a gang*.

"We will resume this question by mere allusion to the revolting details of the surgeon examined at the inquest. It is only necessary to say that his published *inferences*, in regard to the number of the ruffians, have been properly ridiculed as unjust and totally baseless, by all the reputable anatomists of Paris. Not that the matter *might not* have been as inferred, but that there was no ground for the inference.

"Let us reflect now upon 'the traces of a struggle;' and let me ask what these traces have been supposed to demonstrate. A gang. But do they not rather demonstrate the absence of a gang? What *struggle* could have taken place—what so violent and so enduring as to have left its 'traces' in all directions—between a weak and defenceless girl and the *gang* of ruffians imagined? The silent grasp of a few rough arms and all would have been over. The victim must have been absolutely passive at their will. You will here bear in mind that I *admit* the thicket as the scene of the outrage; and you will immediately perceive that the arguments urged *against* the thicket as the scene, are applicable, in chief part, only against it as the scene of an outrage committed by *more than a single individual*. If we imagine but *one* violator, we can conceive, and thus only conceive, the struggle of so violent and so obstinate a nature as to have left the 'traces' apparent.

"And again. I have already mentioned the strong and just suspicion to be excited by the fact that the articles in question were suffered to remain *at all* in the thicket where discovered. It seems almost impossible that these evidences of guilt should have been accidentally left where found. There was sufficient presence of mind to remove the corpse; and yet a more positive evidence than the corpse itself (whose features might have been quickly obliterated by decay,) is allowed to lie conspicuously in the scene of the outrage—I allude to the handkerchief with the *name* of the deceased. If this was accident, it was not the accident *of a gang*. We can imagine it only the accident of an individual. Let us see. An individual has committed the murder. He is alone with the ghost of the departed. He is appalled by what lies motionless before him. The fury of his passion is over, and there is abundant room in his heart for the natural awe of the deed. His is none of that confidence which the presence of numbers inevitably inspires. He is *alone* with the dead. He trembles and is bewildered. Yet there is a necessity for disposing of the corpse. He bears it to the river, but leaves behind him the other evidences of guilt; for it is difficult, if not impossible to carry all the burthen at once, and it will be easy to return for what is left. But in his toilsome journey to the water his fears redouble within him. The sounds of life encompass his path. A dozen times he hears or fancies the step of an observer. Even the very lights from the city bewilder him. Yet, in time, and by long and frequent pauses of long agony, he reaches the river's brink, and disposes of his ghastly charge—perhaps through the medium of a boat. But *now* what treasure does the world hold—what threat of vengeance could it hold out—which would have power to urge the return of that lonely murderer over that toilsome and perilous path, to the thicket and its blood-chilling recollections? He returns *not*, let the consequences be what they may. He *could* not return if he would. His sole thought is immediate escape. He turns his back *for ever* upon those dreadful shrubberies, and flees as from the wrath to come.'

"But how with a gang? Their number would have inspired them with confidence; if, indeed, confidence is ever wanting in the breast of the arrant blackguard; for of arrant blackguards alone are the supposed *gangs* ever constituted. Their number, I say, would have prevented the bewildering and unreasoning terror which I have imagined to paralyze the single man. Could we suppose an oversight in one or two or three, this oversight would have been remedied by a fourth. They would have left nothing behind them; for their number would have enabled them to carry *all* at once. There would have been no need of *return*.

"Consider now the circumstance that, in the outer garment of the corpse when found, 'a slip, about a foot wide, had been torn upward from the bottom hem to the waist, wound three times round the waist, and secured by a sort of hitch in the back.' This was done with the obvious design of affording *a handle* by which to carry the body. But would any *number* of men have dreamed of resorting to such an expedient? To three or four, the limbs of the corpse would have afforded not only a sufficient, but the best possible hold. The device is that of a single individual; and this brings us to the fact that 'between the thicket and the river, the rails of the fences were found taken down, and the ground bore evident traces of some heavy burden having been dragged along it! But would a *number* of men have put themselves to the superfluous trouble of taking down a fence, for the purpose of dragging through it a corpse which they might have *lifted over* any fence in an instant? Would a *number* of men have so *dragged* a corpse at all as to have left evident *traces* of the dragging?

"And here we must refer to an observation of Le Commerciel; an observation upon which I have already, in some measure, commented. 'A piece,' says this journal, 'of one of the unfortunate girl's petticoats was torn out and tied under her chin, and around the back of her head, probably to prevent screams. This was done by fellows who had no pocket-handkerchiefs.'

"I have already suggested that a genuine blackguard is never *without* a pocket-handerchief. But it is not to this fact that I now especially advert. That it was not through want of a handkerchief for the purpose imagined by Le Commerciel, that this bandage was employed, is rendered apparent by the handkerchief left in the thicket; and that the object was not 'to prevent

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screams' appears, also, from the bandage having been employed in preference to what would so much better have answered the purpose. But the language of the evidence speaks of the strip in question as 'found around the neck, fitting loosely, and secured with a hard knot.' These words are sufficiently vague, but differ materially from those of Le Commerciel. The slip was eighteen inches wide, and therefore, although of muslin, would form a strong band when folded or rumpled longitudinally. And thus rumpled it was discovered. My inference is this. The solitary murderer, having borne the corpse, for some distance, by means of the bandage *hitched* around its middle, found the weight in this mode of procedure, too much for his strength. He resolved to drag the burthen—the evidence goes to show that it *was* dragged. With this object in view, it became necessary to attach something like a rope to one of the extremities. It could be best attached about the neck, where the head would prevent its slipping off. And, now, the murderer bethought him, unquestionably, of the bandage about the loins. He would have used this, but for its volution about the corpse, the *hitch* which embarrassed it, and the reflection that it had not been 'torn off' from the garment. It was easier to tear a new slip from the petticoat. He tore it, made it fast about the neck, and so *dragged* his victim to the brink of the river. That this 'bandage,' only attainable with trouble and delay, and but imperfectly answering its purpose—that this bandage was employed *at all*, demonstrates that the necessity for its employment sprang from circumstances arising at a period when the handkerchief was no longer attainable—that is to say, arising, as we have imagined, after quitting the thicket, and on the road between the thicket and the river.

"But the evidence, you will say, of Madame Deluc, points especially to the presence of *a gang*, in the vicinity of the thicket, at or about the epoch of the murder, I grant. I doubt if there were not a *dozen* gangs, such as described by Madame Deluc, in and about the vicinity of the Barriére du Roule at *or about* the period of this tragedy. But the gang which has drawn upon itself the pointed animadversion, although the somewhat tardy evidence of Madame Deluc, is the *only* gang which is represented by that honest and scrupulous old lady as having eaten her cakes and swallowed her brandy, without putting themselves to the trouble of making her payment. *Et hinc illæ iræ?*

"But what *is* the precise evidence of Madame Deluc? 'A gang of miscreants made their appearance, behaved boisterously, ate and drank without making payment, followed in the rout of the young man and girl, returned to the inn *about dusk*, and recrossed the river as if in great haste.'

"Now this 'great haste' very possibly seemed *greater* haste in the eyes of Madame Deluc, since she dwelt lingeringly and lamentingly upon her violated cakes and ale—cakes and ale for which she might still have entertained a faint hope of compensation. Why, otherwise, since it was *about dusk*, should she make a point of the *haste*. It is no cause for wonder, surely, that even a gang of blackguards should make *haste* to get home when a wide river is to be crossed in small boats, when storm impends, and when night *approaches*.

"I say *approaches;* for the night had *not yet arrived*. It was only *about dusk* that the indecent haste of these 'miscreants' offended the sober eyes of Madame Deluc. But we are told that it was upon this very evening that Madame Deluc, as well as her eldest son, 'heard the screams of a female in the vicinity of the inn.' And in what words does Madame Deluc designate the period of the evening at which these screams were heard. 'It was *soon after dàrk*,' she says. But 'soon *after* dark' is, at least, *dark;* and '*about dusk*' is as certainly daylight. Thus it is abundantly clear that the gang quitted the Barrière du Roule *prior* to the screams overheard by Madame Deluc. And although, in all the many reports of the evidence, the relative expressions in question are distinctly and invariably employed just as I have employed them in this conversation with yourself, no notice whatever of the gross discrepancy has, as yet, been taken by any of the public journals, or by any of the Myrmidons of police.

"I shall add but one to the arguments against *a gang;* but this *one* has, to my own understanding, at least, a weight altogether irresistible. Under the circumstances of large reward offered, and full pardon to any King's evidence, it is not to be imagined, for a moment, that some member of *a gang* of low ruffians, or of any body of men, would not long ago have betrayed his accomplices. Each one of a gang so placed, is not so much greedy of reward, or anxious for escape, as *fearful of betrayal*. He betrays eagerly and early that *he may not himself be betrayed*. That the secret has not been divulged, is the very best of proof that it is, in fact, a secret. The horrors of this dark deed are known only to *one* living human being, and to God.

"And *who* that one? It will not be impossible—perhaps it will not be difficult to discover. Let us sum up meagre yet certain fruits of our long analysis. We have attained the idea of a murder perpetrated, in the thicket at the Barrière du Roule, by a lover, or at least by an intimate and secret associate of the deceased. This associate is of swarthy complexion. This complexion, the 'hitch' in the bandage, and the 'sailor's knot' with which the bonnet-ribbon is tied, point to a seaman. His companionship with the deceased, a gay, but not an abject young girl, designates him as above the grade of the common sailor. Here the well written and urgent communications to the journals are much in the way of corroboration. The circumstance of the first elopement, as mentioned by Le Mercurie, tends to blend the idea of this seaman with that of the 'naval officer' who is first known to have led the unfortunate into crime. We are not forced to suppose a premeditated design of murder or of violation. But there was the friendly shelter of the thicket, and the approach of rain—there was opportunity and strong temptation—and then a sudden and violent wrong, to be concealed only by one of darker dye.

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"And here, most fitly comes the consideration of the continued absence of him of the dark complexion. Let me pause to observe that the complexion of this man is dark and swarthy; it was no common swarthiness which constituted the *sole* point of remembrance, both as regards Valence and Madame Deluc. But *why* is this man absent? Was he murdered by *the gang?* If so, why are there only *traces* of the assassinated *girl?* The scene of the two outrages will naturally be supposed identical. And where is his corpse? The assassins would most probably have disposed of both in the same way. But it may be said that this man lives, and is deterred from making himself known, through dread of being charged with the murder. This consideration might be supposed to operate upon him now—at this late period—since it has been given in evidence that he was seen with Marie—but it would have had no force at the period of the dark deed. The first impulse of an innocent man would have been to announce the outrage, and to aid in identifying the ruffians. This *policy* would have suggested. He had been seen with the girl. He had crossed the river with her in an open ferry-boat. The denouncing of the assassins would have appeared, even to an idiot, the surest and sole means of relieving himself from suspicion. We cannot suppose him, on the night of the fatal Sunday, both innocent himself and incognizant of an outrage committed. Yet only under such circumstances is it possible to imagine that he would have failed, if alive, in the denouncement of the assassins.

"And what means are ours, of attaining the truth? We shall find these means multiplying and gathering distinctness as we proceed—provided that our preparatory analysis of the subject has not greatly diverged from the principles of truth. Let us sift to the bottom this affair of the first elopement. Let us know the full history of 'the officer,' with his present circumstances, and his whereabouts at the precise period of the murder. Let us carefully compare with each other the various communications sent to the evening paper, in which the object was to inculpate *a gang*. This done, let us compare these communications, both as regards style and MS., with those sent to the morning paper, at a previous period, and insisting so vehemently upon the guilt of Mennais. And, all this done, let us again compare these various communications with the known MSS. of the officer. Let us endeavor to ascertain, by repeated questionings of Madame Deluc and her boys, as well as of the omnibus-driver, Valence, something more of the personal appearance and bearing of the 'man of dark complexion.' Queries, skilfully directed, will not fail to elicit, from some of these parties, information on this particular point—information which the parties themselves may not even be aware of possessing. And let us now trace *the boat* picked up by the bargeman on the morning of Monday the twenty-third of June, and which was removed from the barge-office, without the cognizance of the officer in attendance, and *without the rudder*, at some period prior to the discovery of the corpse. With a proper caution and perseverance we shall infallibly trace this boat; for not only can the bargeman who picked it up identify it, but the *rudder is at hand*. The rudder *of a sail-boat* would not have been abandoned, without inquiry, by one altogether at ease in heart. And here let me pause to insinuate a question. There was no *advertisement* of the picking up of this boat. It was silently taken to the barge-office, and as silently removed. But its owner or employer—how *happened* he, at so early a period as Tuesday morning, to be informed, without the agency of advertisement, of the locality of the boat taken up on Monday, unless we imagine some connexion with the *navy*—some personal permanent connexion leading to cognizance of its minute interests—its petty local news?

"In speaking of the lonely assassin dragging his burden to the shore, I have already suggested the probability of his availing himself *of a boat*. Now we are to understand that Marie Rogêt *was* precipitated from a boat. This would naturally have been the case. The corpse could not have been trusted to the shallow waters of the shore. The peculiar marks on the back and shoulders of the victim tell of the bottom ribs of a boat. That the body was found without weight is also corroborative of the idea. If thrown from the shore a weight would have been attached. We can only account for its absence by supposing the murderer to have neglected the precaution of supplying himself with it before pushing off. In the act of consigning the corpse to the water, he would unquestionably have noticed his oversight; but then no remedy would have been at hand. Any risk would have been preferred to a return to that accursed shore. Having rid himself of his ghastly charge, the murderer would have hastened to the city. There, at some obscure wharf, he would have leaped on land. But the boat—would he have secured it? He would have been in too great haste for such things as securing a boat. Moreover, in fastening it to the wharf, he would have felt as if securing evidence against himself. His natural thought would be to cast from him, as far as possible, all that had held connection with his crime. He would not only have fled from the wharf but he would not have permitted *the boat* to remain. Assuredly he would have cast it adrift. Let us pursue our fancies.—In the morning, the wretch is stricken with unutterable horror at finding that the boat has been picked up and detained at a locality which he is in the daily habit of frequenting—at a locality, perhaps, which his duty compels him to frequent. The next night, without daring to ask for the rudder, he removes it. Now *where* is that rudderless boat? Let it be one of our first purposes to discover. With the first glimpse we obtain of it, the dawn of our success shall begin. This boat shall guide us, with a rapidity which will surprize even ourselves, to him who employed it in the midnight of the fatal Sabbath. Corroboration will rise upon corroboration. *The murderer* will be traced."

[For reasons which we shall not specify but which to many readers will appear obvious, we have taken the liberty of here omitting, from the MSS. placed in our hands, such portion as details the *following up* of the

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apparently slight clew obtained by Dupin. We feel it advisable only to state, in brief, that the result desired was brought to pass; that an individual assassin was convicted, upon his own confession, of the murder of Marie Rogêt, and that the Prefect fulfilled punctually, although with reluctance, the terms of his compact with the Chevalier. Mr. Poe's article concludes with the following words.—*Eds.*]

It will be understood that I speak of coincidences *and no more*. What I have said above upon this topic must suffice. In my own heart there dwells no faith in præter-nature. That Nature and its God are two, no man who thinks, will deny. That the latter, creating the former, can, at will, control or modify it, is also unquestionable. I say "at will;" for the question is of *will*, and not, as the insanity of logic has assumed, of *power*. It is not that the Deity *cannot* modify his laws, but that we insult him in imagining a possible necessity for modification. In their origin these laws were fashioned to embrace *all* contingencies which *could* lie in the Future. With God all is *Now*.

I repeat, then, I speak of certain things only as of coincidences. And farther: in what I relate it will be seen that between the fate of the unhappy Mary Cecilia Rogers, *so far as that fate is known*, and the fate of one Marie Rogêt *up to a certain epoch in her history*, there has existed a parallel in the contemplation of whose wonderful exactitude the reason becomes embarrassed. I say all this will be seen. But let it not for a moment be supposed that, in proceeding with the sad narrative of Marie from the epoch just mentioned, and in tracing to its *dénouement* the mystery which enshrouded her, it is my covert design to hint at *an extension of the parallel*, or even to suggest that the measures adopted in Paris for the discovery of the assassin of a grisette, or measures founded in any similar ratiocination, would produce any similar result.

For, in respect to the latter branch of the supposition, it should be considered that the most trifling variation in the facts of the two cases might give rise to the most important miscalculations, by diverting thoroughly the two courses of events; very much as, in arithmetic, an error which, in its own individuality, may be inappreciable, produces, at length, by dint of multiplication at all points of the process, a result enormously at variance with truth. And, in regard to the former branch, we must not fail to hold in view that the very Calculus of Probabilities to which I have referred, forbids all idea of the extension of the parallel:—forbids it with a positiveness strong and decided just in proportion as this parallel has already been long-drawn and exact. This is one of those anomalous propositions which, seemingly appealing to thought altogether apart from the mathematical, is yet one which only the mathematician can fully entertain. Nothing, for example, is more difficult than to convince the merely general reader that the fact of sixes having been thrown twice in succession by a player at dice is sufficient cause for betting the largest odds that sixes will not be thrown in the third attempt. A suggestion to this effect is usually rejected by the intellect at once. It does not appear that the two throws which have been completed, and which lie now absolutely in the Past, can have influence upon the throw which exists only in the Future. The chance for throwing sixes seems to be precisely as it was at any ordinary time—that is to say, subject only to the influence of the various other throws which may be made by the dice. And this is a reflection which appears so *exceedingly* obvious that attempts to controvert it are received more frequently with a derisive smile than with any thing like respectful attention. The error here involved—a gross error redolent of mischief—I cannot pretend to expose within the limits assigned me at present; and with the philosophical it needs no exposure. It may be sufficient here to say that it forms one of an infinite series of mistakes which arise in the path of Reason through her propensity for seeking truth *in detail*.

Original.

ASTRONOMER'S HYMN.

I.

NIGHT with her jewelled curtain is outspread
O'er half a sleeping world. The earth is dim
That lately glowed with hues of gold and red,
And hushed each voice that swelled her evening hymn.

II.

In silent worship now, Father Divine,
With eyes that drink the streams of crystal light
Flowing from fountains that adorn thy shrine
I send my burning thoughts to read thy might!

III.

They must return with longings unsubdued,
Since not the heaven of heavens can thee contain!
There is no cheerless space, no solitude,
No spot so lonely thou dost not sustain!

IV.

Vainly my curious eye hath sought to trace
The path of worlds that move before thy throne!
Each at thy mandate holds its lofty place,
A gem 'mid countless jewels yet unknown!

V.

Often I deem those lesser points of light,
But watchfires kindled at the birth of time,
And, 'till it be no more, with splendor bright
Crowning its march as in its morning prime!

VI.

They were, who deemed that sweetest music flowed
From the smooth gliding of each little star!
Must not the breast with holy rapture glowed
To which those sounds were wafted from afar?

VII.

But I, most holy God, whom thou hast taught
To trace thy finger on creation's chart,
I to thine altar melody hath brought
From the deep places of a trustful heart!

VIII.

Alone with thee at this still midnight hour,
Hope plumes her pinions for a lofty flight,
Faith, from her converse with the stars hath power
To fill my spirit with a flood of light! IONE.

Boston, Mass.

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Original.

CHOOSING A WIFE.

BY MRS. M. E. DOUBLEDAY.

STEPHEN STEBBINS, as he was called by the grave, elderly gentlemen, and men of business—*our* Stephen, as he was termed by his doating mother—Mr. Stebbins, as it was prettily spoken by the young ladies, or Steve, as he was rather spitefully called by those who owe a man a grudge for being too rich, or who may despise him for being too poor. Our hero, whatever he was to the rest of the world, found himself when he had completed his minority, very differently situated from most young gentlemen of his acquaintance. His father, a careful, shrewd man, first, by hard work, then by good bargains, good management, and, as he termed it, by good luck, had acquired, secured, and well invested a large fortune, when just as he was ready to enjoy it, he was called where he could not conveniently take it with him, where, it is much to be feared, he had made no especial deposits, against an hour which he must have foreseen, but an hour for which, with an improvidence very unusual to him, though too common to his class, he had made no provision.

Mr. Stephen Stebbins took possession of his estate, and being an unambitious, unaspiring man, he wisely concluded that if he took good care of that he inherited, and well invested the interest which he did not wish to spend, he should be doing all that could be reasonably required. He lived with his mother in the large house which his father had built, but did not like to occupy, and kept up about the old establishment. All things were left in good order, and he was willing to take pains enough to keep them so. The trees which his father had planted, grew, the farms yielded their produces, and the stocks their interest. He had no vices—some cost too much trouble, others too much money. We do not say that he had no virtues. The absence of evil seems to presuppose the presence of good, and if a man be not vicious, we seem to take it for granted that he is virtuous; but he had no virtues which benefitted others. A more active man might have done more harm—it was hardly possible for any human being to do less good.

But he lived quietly and peaceably with his mother, ate good dinners, went to bed early, and rose late. "*Our* Stephen was not like his father in that respect," his mother often said—read some novels—more newspapers—rode out to look over his farms, walked up to the bank to receive his dividend, or lounged about the post-office to hear the news.

Quite a phenomenon was he in the midst of the busy bustling generations around, and many were the schemes devised by wise heads, to rescue him from all this idleness, and to put him into *business*. It was indeed hinted that it would be better for a man to lose a few thousands, than to spend all his life doing nothing, and many ways were pointed out in which he might profitably invest his money, from a partnership, and make or lose a fortune. But Stephen shook his head—it cost too much trouble, or he ran too much risk. Then political preferment was thought of, and he was talked of for member, or sheriff, or justice of peace; still Stephen declined. He was not ambitious of hearing all the evil that could be said of him; offices cost trouble, and there were more bustling and eager aspirants.

As he would not be benefitted in these ways, the good people, in the plenitude of their benevolence, began to devise other schemes for his happiness. He was now five-and-twenty. It was unanimously concluded that Stephen Stebbins ought to take a wife, that he might be doing something useful in the world. The good mothers thought that matrimony would exert a most happy influence upon his character, and it was a shame for that large house to stand almost uninhabited, those handsomely furnished rooms to be so seldom opened. The poor old lady—she must be lonely—she needed a daughter, and really Mr. Stebbins' manners would be much improved, if he associated more with the ladies. The ladies succeeded where their lords had failed. We cannot say in what manner these intimations reached the ears of Mrs. Stebbins—we never heard that a committee were duly appointed to wait upon her, but she was made to understand that it was high time for her son to be looking out for a wife, and the good woman immediately assented. The plan met with her cordial approbation. It was rather feared that she might be found unwilling to relinquish the head of the establishment, but with remarkable disinterestedness, she declared that she was tired of housekeeping, tired of looking after careless, sluttish girls, or of doing without any; and "Stephen was so particular about his collars and his bosoms and his cooking, she did wish he would get married." Besides, she had some sisters down east she had not seen these twenty years. She did not like to shut up the house, and go with Stephen when he went to the springs and the city, or go and leave her "*things*" with such help as it was her lot to find; so the poor lady had been kept a close prisoner.

The mother broke the matter to her son, and though he seemed a little surprized and somewhat annoyed, the old lady was not discouraged; with true feminine perseverance she renewed the attack. "Get married, mother?" said he, picking his teeth after dinner. "Well, mother, who shall I have?" What an opening. The mother was delighted. She ran rapidly over all the young ladies of the village. There were the five Miss Burts—homely and old, Stephen said. There were the three Miss Whites—short and dumpy. Then there was Miss Clark—tall as a liberty-pole. Well, there was Miss Wilson—proud and poor. Well, there is Ann Smith. How can you do better? She is handsome, and she will have money, you know. She's been three years at boarding-school, and she plays on the piano, and all that. Her mother is a real good housekeeper and cook; where will you see whiter clothes than on her line? To be sure, she keeps the best of help; I wish I could get such—and Stephen stretched and yawned, and left the room.

It seemed a remarkable coincidence. I am almost afraid it will be thought that I invent; but so it happened that about this very time, Miss Ann Smith gave

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a large party, to which Mr. Stephen Stebbins was duly billetted. A very pretty girl was Miss Smith, and no where does a very pretty girl, if she be well bred, appear to greater advantage, than when receiving her young friends at her father's house. The young mistress of a household may possess equal beauty, and more grace, but she is apt to look a little jaded, and a little anxious. The servants may be awkward, and the thoughts of the supper, or the nursery, or, it may be, the kitchen, may intrude, and she may forget to reply to a compliment, as she thinks that the ices may not be sent in season, or the baby may cry, or the cut glass be broken. But none of these cares disturbed Ann Smith. They all rested upon her mother, and graceful and buoyant and happy all her business was on that evening to receive, and dispense enjoyment. A good figure, a fine complexion, a bright eye, a sweet voice, and a light heart, Ann Smith had all these. She was not a decided beauty; she was just near enough to be very anxious to be considered one. A pre-eminently beautiful woman is more proud than vain. She has not half the anxiety, and the restlessness, and the desire for admiration, which characterize those who are pretty enough to be flattered, but not sufficiently beautiful to be worshipped. A beautiful and proud woman may despise the hearts which are laid at her feet; a pretty and vain woman will make all the conquests possible. Ann Smith loved admiration, and eagerly sought it. She was very desirous to convert Stephen into an admirer. She had not the least desire to become his wife, and Stephen feeling, that evening, a little awkward, was very glad to have some one on his arm who could laugh and talk, introduce him to the pretty girls, point out the beauties of the prints, and lead the way to the supper-room. It seemed very easy, after this evening, for Mr. Stebbins to lounge into Miss Smith's parlor, and loll on the sofa, or lean against the piano. It became an almost regular evening habit, and when Miss Smith happened to be out, he felt as uneasy as if he had lost his tooth-pick. His mother, too, showed more ingenuity than she had ever been suspected of possessing, in devising little errands and messages to Mrs. Smith, and if Stephen demurred—for he was not fond of trouble—there was always some imperative reason why they should be carried by him, and by nobody but him, and Ann began to call him "the errand-boy," while her mother shook her head and looked reproof.

Matters had proceeded so prosperously, that the whole village considered the thing as settled. When Mrs. Smith commenced her spring cleaning, it was decided that she was preparing for the wedding, and when Mrs. Stebbins went to see about getting her old rocking-chair mended, it was declared that she had been to purchase some new furniture, and it was remembered that her sofas were old-fashioned, and she had neither ottomans, nor divans, nor many other things that were necessary, and undoubtedly, for once, she would wish to open the house and give a party.

But Stephen "*made haste slowly.*" He was not the man to be hurried. He had found Mrs. Smith's sofa easier than his own, and he felt about as much at home upon it. He had about made up his mind to marry Ann, but he had not spoken of the matter to her. Indeed, he had not said much to her about any thing. It *was* rather surprizing how he could have managed to spend so much time with her, and yet avoid any commitment of himself by saying so little. Diplomatists might have benefitted by observing him. Through the long winter evenings, he ate apples, and no man can make a declaration with his mouth full, and Ann laughed and talked and sung to him. He looked very well. It was much pleasanter than sitting alone. Her mother was always busy. It would not do for her to bring her large, old-fashioned work-basket into the drawing room, and her father read his newspapers by her side in the back parlor. Stephen had eyes, she knew; for once he said—"You have beautiful hair, Miss Smith"—and he raised his hand as if to feel of it, and then he bethought himself. He felt the same temptation to pass his hand over her smooth polished hair that he would have had to stroke the back of a sleek kitten. He was fond of cats. Spring passed, and summer came, still Stephen made no proposal. His mother declared that she must go east this fall. Once Stephen got so far as to be playing with Ann's work-box. It was open, and very neatly arranged, and with her small white hand, she was plying the needle very diligently. It touched Stephen's heart more than all the songs he had ever heard her sing. "You are very industrious, Miss Smith."—and then he thought of something to say of the charms of domestic life, and what an addition to his happiness such a companion would be, but his heart rose in his throat, and he felt choked. No need of a hurry, he thought; I am hardly six and twenty.

But Ann had other visitors, and her time and thoughts were by no means devoted to Mr. Stebbins. She sometimes wished he would come to the point, that the thing might be done with, and sometimes she thought she did not know but she would take him yet. She liked his house, and *he* was not actually disagreeable. Stephen had found the resort of other young gentlemen to Miss Smith's parlor, rather an addition to its attractions. He felt himself a favored man, and he was not troubled with any petty anxieties or jealousies. But at length he met one young gentleman so regularly—one who had so much of the air of—"as good a right as yourself, sir," that he began to open his large grey eyes still wider. Certainly, his rival, or friend, or whatever he might be, had his advantages. He looked extremely well, was both well bred and well educated, accompanied Miss Smith's piano with his flute, and abounded in all manner of small talk. But the gentleman did not confine his visits to the house in which he might expect to meet a man of Stephen's regular habits. No; he shopped with her, he walked with her, he rode with her. He carried her bouquets for the parties, he sent her fish from the streams, and game from the woods, magazines from the office, and novels from the press. Such activity astounded Stephen. A wife is not worth it all, thought he. As he passed into the house one summer evening, he saw that though the hall lamp was

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burning, there was, as yet, no light in the parlor. "I'll go it," thought he—"she can't see me blush, and if I do stammer I'll out with it, and ask her to have me." His step was rather heavy. As he entered the room, Miss Smith met him with a face crimson enough to satisfy a reasonable lover, and Mr. Wentworth, with the air of a man, who felt himself intruded upon, took his flute and walked into the hall to examine the keys by the lamp. Stephen was not a fool, and the next day saw his trunk packed, and him off for the springs, four weeks earlier than usual. Eight years from that time had passed, and Stephen Stebbins was yet a bachelor. Was it his fault? He had visited every pretty girl in all the country round, and he had even gone to some distance to look at others who were both rich and pretty. Still he was not married. There was always something objectionable; the mother was imperious, or the father was poor, or the young lady became too fond, or remained too indifferent, or he was afraid the brothers might wish him to lend them money, or the sisters were extravagant. And all this while Ann Smith had not married. It had been, at the time, verily believed, that she was engaged to Wentworth, but suddenly his visits ceased, and soon after he left the place, and established himself elsewhere. Whether he jilted her, or she jilted him, may be supposed to be a question very interesting only to the parties more immediately concerned. Not so thought the inhabitants of Allentown, and all their ingenuity was exercised in endeavoring to penetrate the secret—to find out the real truth, as children say. But why Ann Smith did not marry Mr. Wentworth, yet remains a mystery to these good people, and as they could not fathom it, we may justly conclude it unfathomable. A poor engagement, from which Wentworth could not get absolved, was rumored, and Stephen thought he managed these matters so handily, he must have had some previous practice, but the young people were very sure that the disappointment could not have been on Ann's side, for they had never seen her so gay. She was really half wild with spirits. But as I said before, the facts were not known, and Ann remained yet unmarried. She had had many admirers, and her flirtations were innumerable. She had jilted, and coquetted, and it was believed that she had herself more than once been disappointed, but here she was, Ann Smith yet! not quite so pretty, but bright, animated, and intelligent in conversation, elegant and winning in manner, tasteful, and judicious in dress. A tacit agreement seemed to be established between Ann and Stephen. Sometimes he visited her for months or weeks regularly, as on the days of their first acquaintance, then for months he hardly seemed to remember that she was in existence; and Ann, while she sought attention from all others, never refused it from Stebbins. He was always welcomed when he came, and never reproached when he staid away.

Poor old Mrs. Stebbins found her patience fairly exhausted. "Poor Stephen would never marry." Her journey had been delayed until her sisters were dead, and she was getting rheumatic. She gave it up,—Oh, the blindness of human wisdom—never had she been so near the attainment of her great object. Stephen had determined to make a vigorous campaign, and to effect something this year. He thought of offering to accompany his mother to the land of boarding schools, and single ladies, but concluded that he could hardly have the time on such a jaunt, necessary for all the deliberation the subject demanded, and happily his attention was drawn to a bevy of village maidens just emancipated from boarding school, and of course entirely fitted to enter upon the serious consideration of matrimony. Very pretty girls were they, who had often got their sun bonnets out of shape, as they put their faces through the palings of the "*old bachelor's*" fence, to cast admiring looks upon his flowers, or longing ones upon his fruit, and as some young ladies from the city came up to spend the summer with their country cousins, Stephen thought he might do quite as well at home as abroad, and he was getting tired of rail roads, and steam boats, and hotels, and stages.

The village was very gay that summer. There was a large circle of young ladies, some very *young*, some rather *passé*, and Stephen moved around among them, not like a butterfly, or a humming bird in a garden of flowers—dear me—think of his burly figure—but like no other animal in the animal creation, feathered, furred or scaled. Like an old bachelor seeking a young wife—and with that pick and choose air which they always acquire. Well, poor Stephen was more puzzled than ever. There was Miss Grant from the city—decidedly pretty, very genteel, and it was whispered she had a fortune, but she had never lived in the country, and how would she be able to get along with country cooks, and country ways, and country servants? How could she live where she might be obliged to milk her own cow, or get her husband's dinner, or even his linen? Besides, she was fond of jaunting, and she talked of Washington, and Boston, of Charleston, and Montreal, of Detroit, and New Orleans, until Stephen fairly sighed from the thought of the fatigue. He thought her a bird of passage, and then as he became more familiar, she talked about dress, and fashion, until he almost fancied her a milliner's apprentice. He shook his head. It would not do.

In a retired part of the village, lived a gentleman of rapidly increasing property. He had one daughter. Stephen did not remember her a child—for she had been delicate, and timid, and sent from home to school at an early age. She was now eighteen, and rose like the evening star among the galaxy of village belles.

Many are pretty—Alice Lanning was beautiful. In figure light, graceful, yet full and beautifully proportioned, of the purest complexion, features that the sculptor might have delighted to find for a model, eyes of that deep and brilliant, yet soft, sweet blue—she stood confessed the village beauty. What so natural as for Stephen Stebbins to turn his feet to her father's door, and after having paid her one visit, how like himself to come again. He was roused from his usual apathy. He acknowledged her the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, he felt that in no one had he ever become so interested—and Alice who was accom-

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plished but not cultivated,—whose imagination had been excited, but whose mind had been left undisciplined,—whose affections were warm, but whose temper was uncontrolled; invested her first admirer with all the charms of her favorite heroes, and gave him, almost before he had made up his mind to seek them, all the warm affections of her heart. Her face spoke the feelings of her heart, and her complexion showed too plainly all the emotions which agitated her. The deepest color would suffuse cheek, neck, and brow, when she unexpectedly met him, and her eyes would dance with joy, and light up with triumph, at any little preference or marked attention; while her pale cheek, quivering lip, and haughty air, showed both how she felt and resented, any thing like neglect of herself, or attention to others. Now Mr. Stebbins wished to be loved; he wished—it was the only sentimental speech he ever perpetrated—he had read it somewhere—he wished the warm affections of a maiden heart; but while it flattered and gratified, it still annoyed him to have that preference so marked, so obvious to others. A woman who lays her heart at the feet of any man, must expect it to be trodden upon.—And Stephen was too sure of obtaining Alice not to be aware of all the evils of her temper. I never thought I should like a tropical climate, thought he, as he was musing; a segar in his mouth, his chair leaning back upon two legs, and his feet on the window sill,—upon a level with his head,—I don't like thunder storms or hurricanes. She'll cry when I don't get home in season, and she'll pout when I do come. Notwithstanding these weighty considerations, Mr. Stebbins resolved, after much *pro* and *con*, to address Miss Lanning. Yet he still treated her very much as a cat plays with the mouse which has been so unwary as to fall into her claws. He paid her just attention enough to keep her affection alive, but he was very careful not to commit himself, so that she could feel any assurance of a decided preference. To one of the temperament of Alice, nothing could be so irritating, so trying. Sometimes blushing at the interest she betrayed, then fearing that she had offended by her petulance,—alternately blaming him, or accusing herself, poor Alice was very unhappy.

The village had long since decided that Stephen Stebbins would marry Ann Smith yet. A friend intimated this to Stephen. He indignantly repelled the idea. "Do you think I would marry a woman whose heart has been kicked around like a foot-ball?" But he found, accidentally, that Alice was jealous of Miss Smith. It gave him a fine opportunity of displaying his power. Talk of the vanity of *women*. When will you find vanity equal to that of a veteran trifler in the male ranks? No young lady in Allentown received more attention than still did Miss Smith. If she was not so young or so pretty as many, she was more accomplished, more intelligent, more elegant, sung and played and conversed better than these she began to consider as children, more fit for the nursery than for society. Besides, a young gentleman could pay Miss Smith much attention without being suspected of any serious design.

Her parlor was always open, always pleasant—it was the most convenient lounging place in town. With true tact she received Stebbins as usual, while nothing in air, language, or manner, indicated that she had ever supposed him in the least interested in Miss Lanning; and Stephen had never taken so much pains to be agreeable and insinuating: still watching the effect upon Alice. Her patience was exhausted. He might have stabbed her and been forgiven, but all her spirit rose as she thought how she was trifled with.

At an evening party at which Stephen had promenaded with Miss Smith, and waltzed with Miss Smith, and invited Miss Smith to the piazza to admire the plants by moonlight, he saw the deep crimson spot on the cheek of Alice. He offered her his arm—she thanked him, but preferred to sit. Would she take some refreshment? She had just left the supper room. Would she join the dance? She was fatigued already. The promenade on that moon-lit balcony, was most inviting. She slightly shivered as she said she thought it must be rather cool. Mr. Stebbins had never seen her appear so well with so much dignity, but he hardly knew what to make of it. He hovered round her, to say something more to her, to see her home, or at least lead her to the carriage, when some one called his attention for a few minutes. When he turned, Alice was gone. He saw no more of her that night. He felt rather uneasy. He ordered his carriage rather early the next morning, and walked over to ask Miss Lanning to ride.

The servant who showed him into the parlor, soon returned with the word that Miss Alice was engaged.

"If she was not very busy, Mr. Stebbins would hope to see her a few moments."

Alice soon appeared in her neat but perfectly plain morning dress: her very attire showed the change that had passed over her. Paler than usual, but her eye shone like the deep blue sky in a bright, cloudless day. She was calm, polite, dignified. All her childishness, all her pettishness had vanished. She had entered upon the stern realities of life. She had taken one deep draught of the cup of disappointment. The dreams of sorrow had fled. A few months had wrought the change of years. She was no longer a child, playful, affectionate, and ardent, but a woman, injured, outraged, and self-respecting, and she was neither to be coaxed nor flattered. Stephen felt this, and thus pressed he made a direct, unequivocal offer of his heart and hand. He was a little embarrassed. It was the first time he had ever offered what he prized so highly, but he felt no doubt of being accepted. He found himself promptly, decidedly, indignantly rejected.

"That I might once," said Alice, "have heard this offer with pleasure, I do not wish to deny; but I am not yet sunk so low, so beneath contempt, as to receive the addresses of one who has proved himself so unworthy,—of one who has delighted to display his power by wounding and crushing the heart he has sought to win. I would not marry you, sir," said she proudly rising, "were you the sovereign of the world, and could you lay it at my feet. I would tear your image from my heart, though it wrung every fibre with agony. I will

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never marry a man to despise him, and he who would wound the heart he has won to gratify his vanity, would surely become a tyrant to display his power."

Stephen felt stunned, confounded—and as he left the darkened parlor and came out into the bright day, he walked home like a man in a dream. He told the boy to put out the horse—then recollecting himself, he got into the carriage, and drove deliberately round the square, to ask Miss Ann Smith to ride that fine day.

Three months after this, as Miss Smith, with her bride's-maid was carefully looking over her wedding paraphernalia; adjusting the rich lace and seeing that every fold and plait of the white satin, was *au fait*,—in that light tone so often adopted to conceal a truth *spoken* but not *acknowledged*, she said—

"I do not think that I would have consented to marry Mr. Stebbins, if I had not determined to let the world know that I could."

"And if you had not found out that you could not do any better," muttered the dress-maker, as Ann left the room.

Calm, grave, dignified, Stebbins stood with his splendidly dressed, and really brilliant bride at the altar. The surpliced priest with open book stood before them. The ceremony commenced, but when he took the hand of his bride, his own was cold and trembling. At that moment, the image of Alice Lanning, her beautiful face glowing with the feelings which animated it in their last interview, was before him. It was a passing shadow.

The responses were distinctly and properly made, the ceremony was completed. Stephen Stebbins and Ann Smith were pronounced husband and wife, and to the great joy of his mother, our Stephen was actually married.

Original.

SORROWS PAST.

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

Grief is bitter in the hour
When we feel its goading power;
When beneath its venomed smart
Reels the brain and sinks the heart;
Then the laboring bosom swells
Struggling with its deep distress,
And from Feeling's inmost cells
Gush the drops of bitterness.

But when Time sweet opiates flings
From his swift, invisible wings,
Bearing from the heart away
Some slight anguish day by day;
Grief, through Memory's medium scanned,
Mellow, sweet and soft appears;
Though no smile the Past demand,
Still it does not ask for tears.

And when, better still than this,
Comes Religion's soothing kiss,
Breathing on the wounded heart
Balm no other can impart,
Grief thenceforth is grief no more,
All its power on Earth shall cease,
But shall give, when life is o'er,
Birth to deathless joy and peace.

Original.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF LOT WYMAN.

BY SEBA SMITH.

CHAPTER VI.

The Fishing, and its consequences.

"And this is Bear Pond, is it?" said Parson Brown, as they came down from the road on to the sandy beach.

"Yes, this is it," said Mr. Wyman; "and don't you think it is a nice pond?"

"It is, indeed," said Parson Brown; "a most beautiful sheet of water; and how clear! you can see the bottom half a dozen rods off. How inviting it looks," he continued, stepping down to the very margin, and dipping his hands in the water; "and the temperature is very agreeable. This would be a beautiful place for swimming, Mr. Wyman. If I lived here, I should be a boy again in the matter of fishing and swimming. Don't you often swim here, Mr. Wyman?"

"Well, sometimes," said Mr Wyman; "when I've been ploughing, or hoeing, or clearing up burnt ground, or any sich kind of work, I generally come down here and have a good wash. It is the quickest and easiest way I can do it, and I come out bright and fresh as a new pin."

"Oh, is it possible?" said Parson Brown; "you must pardon me, Mr. Wyman, "but I cannot help marvelling how little you understand the true pleasures of life. You go a fishing and catch fish, because they are good to eat; and not because of the exquisite delight derived from the simple act of fishing, in itself. And you go into the free and open bath, in such a heavenly place as this, merely for the purpose of washing and cleanliness, without seeming to understand the high employment afforded by this healthful and manly exercise, that gives such fine play to the muscles, and fills the soul and body with exhilaration."

"Well, I know I'm a plain kind of a farmer," said Mr. Wyman, "and have always had to work and be industrious in order to get a living, and I suppose I am in the habit of regarding every thing according as it is useful, more than any thing else."

"Can Lot swim?" said Parson Brown.

"Yes, like a duck," said Mr. Wyman. I begun to teach him to swim that summer that he was carried off by the bear, and came so near being drowned in this pond, when he wasn't only four years old. I thought then the sooner a boy learnt to swim, the better; for there was no knowing how soon it might be of use to him. So I went right to work to learn him to swim; and I don't know but he could swim half a day now without getting tired; he swims like a duck, I can tell ye. Lot, how fur could you swim?"

"Well, I don't know," said Lot, "I guess I could swim 'till I got hungry, if the pond was wide enough."

"Upon my word," said Parson Brown, "I should be delighted to go in a swimming with Lot; but I suppose we shan't have time to-day, if we go on our fishing cruise. But if I return here to your place again, as I

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hope to before many weeks, I must certainly come out here to Bear Pond, and have a swim with Master Lot. But whereabouts was it, that perilous affair happened with the bear, when Lot was four years old?"

"It is but a little ways," said Mr. Wyman, "just round that point yonder."

"Is the tree standing yet," said Parson Brown.

"Yes, just exactly as it was then," said Mr. Wyman.

"Well, can't we walk round and see the place?" said Parson Brown, "I should like to see it very much; it won't take us long."

"It will be easier to row round in the boat," said Mr. Wyman; "it will be partly on our way, where we are going to fish."

"Ah, so much the better, then," said Parson Brown; "when you can kill two birds with one stone, one of them may be regarded as clear gain. And this is the boat you go in, is it?"

"Yes," said Mr. Wyman, "this is the wherry. It is rather small, and a little crank; but if we manage it carefully we can go safe. You had better sit on the middle seat, in the widest part of the boat; Lot may sit in the bow, and I'll sit in the starn and paddle the boat along. We won't row, we can go fast enough by paddling."

According to this arrangement, the little party took their respective seats; Mr. Wyman pushed off the boat, and paddled it along the shore towards the point of land they were to go round, and before they had gone a dozen rods they perceived a long fishing pole thrust out from the bushes on the shore, and trailing a baited hook upon the surface of the water.

"Hullo!" said Mr. Wyman, "here's somebody fishing here before us now."

"That's Mr. Jonathan Riggs' pole," said Lot; "I know it by the crack towards the end."

Parson Brown, who was always upon the alert to see every thing that was to be seen, started up on his feet so eagerly, that he tipped the little boat on one side and caused it to take in several gallons of water; but the rocking of the boat threw the reverend gentleman from his balance, which brought him down again with as much precipitation as he had exhibited in rising.

"Take care!" said Mr. Wyman, "take care, sir, you will upset us if you aint careful. You had better keep your seat, and you shouldn't put your hand on the side of the boat. Only keep perfectly balanced in the centre of the boat, and she is as steady as a mill-horse."

Parson Brown placed himself very upright again in a central position, and promised to be more careful. Lot took the scoop and bailed out the water that had been taken in, and Mr. Wyman continued to paddle the boat ahead. Half a dozen rods further brought them up with the fishing pole.

"Good morning, Mr. Riggs," said Mr. Wyman, as they came in sight of the tall figure of Jonathan. "Then you are after fish to-day."

"Yes," said Jonathan, "I thought I'd come out and get a mess of pickerel, as I hadn't much else to do to-day." Which last remark may pretty safely be regarded as having its foundation in truth, inasmuch as Jonathan seldom had much else to do on any day.

"Do you catch any yet?" said Mr. Wyman.

"Oh, no," said Jonathan; "I haint but jest put my hook in. Haint been here five minutes; had one good bite, though."

"Have you?" said Parson Brown, eagerly; "what, a pickerel? Could you see how large he was?"

"A stout feller," said Jonathan; "would weigh as much as four pounds, I guess. I hooked him and drawed him his length out of water, and then he dropped off."

"Upon my word," said Parson Brown, "I would willingly fish three hours to get such a bite as that. Mr. Wyman, would it not be advisable to go ashore here, and fish awhile?"

"Oh, there's many other places," said Mr. Wyman, "full as good as this is. I thought we had better go out to the ledge first, and fish a spell for perch and chubs."

"Well, well, you know best," said Parson Brown; "but let us go ahead, for I want to get my hook out."

Again Mr. Wyman plied the paddle, and they soon doubled the cape, and headed in towards Bear Cove. As they approached the shore,

"There," said Mr. Wyman, "do you see that large white birch tree hanging out some ways over the water?"

"Yes," said Parson Brown, "I see it."

"Well, that is the tree," said Mr. Wyman, "that the bear run up on with Lot in his arms, after we had chased him all the way through the woods clear from my mowing field here. And do you see that large limb that hangs down below the rest almost to the water?"

"Yes. I see it," said Parson Brown.

"That is the limb," said Mr. Wyman, "that I cut half off on the upper side, and let the bear and the boy slide off together into the water. It hangs there jest as it did six years ago; and although the upper side of the limb died, the lower side remains green, and leaves out with the rest of the tree every year."

Parson Brown gazed at the tree and the limb with intense interest. They paddled the little boat along under the tree, and sat and looked up at it. And then they had to go ashore and stand by the roots of the tree while Parson Brown had to be told just how the bear went out among the branches, and how Mr. Wyman followed him, and where-abouts he stood when he cut the limb, and where-abouts the boat was in waiting to pick up little Lot. All these matters having been properly explained, and Parson Brown having declared it to be one of the most wonderful providential escapes he ever knew, the party took their seats in the little boat again, Mr. Wyman at the same time cautioning Parson Brown not to forget about putting his hands on the side of the boat, and to keep as nearly in the middle as possible.

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"Now," said Mr. Wyman, "we'll go out to the great ledge and get some fish." And when they had put out a few rods from the shore, they discovered Jonathan Riggs again, who had crossed the point, and who was now fishing from the shore in Bear Cove. They passed so near him as to learn that he had caught one fine pickerel, which he held up to their view, and which excited Parson Brown to such a degree that he could hardly keep his seat, and but for a timely caution from Mr. Wyman, reminding him that his hand was on the side of the boat, the reverend gentleman in his eagerness to get a better view of the fish, was in a fair way of filling the boat again with water.

After paddling off upon the smooth, still water nearly half a mile from the shore, as Parson Brown was looking steadily down into the bright but fathomless flood, he was suddenly electrified by the appearance of an enormous boulder, that reared its huge, sandy-colored back from the dark depths below, and loomed up in its frightful solitude, within two feet of the surface of the water.

"Hullo!" said Lot, "here's Chub Rock;" and in a moment more another solitary rock towered up with its giant form, near the surface, as if struggling for the light, and then another and another appeared, and when they had gone three rods further, the whole rocky and pebbly bottom rose up to view, and the little boat was resting in three feet of water.

"You may drop the killick, Lot," said Mr. Wyman. Upon which Lot threw over a line, with a stone weighing ten or fifteen pounds fastened to it, and as the skiff swung round and rested at her cable's length, it was poised over the brink of the ledge, so that the bow was in three or four feet of water, while at the stern no bottom could be seen.

"Now, Lot, bait the hooks," said Mr. Wyman. Lot accordingly opened his box of grasshoppers, and running one carefully upon each of the hooks, handed one of the poles to Parson Brown, and the other to Mr. Wyman. Lot then baited a hook for himself, which was attached to a line without any pole, and dropped it over the side of the boat, holding the line in his hands. His hook had scarcely descended three feet into the water, when he commenced hauling the line in, hand over hand, and a fine perch dropped fluttering and quivering in the bottom of the boat.

"That is beautiful," said Parson Brown; "I never caught a trout quicker than that." The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when he gave his own pole a sudden and tremendous jerk, that sent a shivering chub some twenty feet into the air, which fell again into the water upon the other side of the boat. Parson Brown gazed at the ripple, which the fish had made in falling, as earnestly as if he were inclined to jump in after it.

"Oh, dear," said he, "how amazing unlucky! I would rathar go a journey of five miles on foot than to have lost such a delightful fish. A chub, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said Mr. Wyman, "a clever little chub; but you can get another as good as that in five minutes, if you will jest let Lot bait your hook, and try again."

"Oh, my bait *is* gone, isn't it?" said Parson Brown, swinging his pole round so as to bring the hook within the reach of Lot.

While Lot was adjusting a new bait to the reverend gentleman's hook, Mr. Wyman drew in a large perch with brown back and yellow sides, that would weigh something over a pound. He disengaged it from his hook, and dropped it in the bottom of the boat, when the fish commenced dancing such a merry jig that the spray flew almost the whole length of the boat. Parson Brown looked at his hose and small clothes, and as he saw the spots rapidly gathering upon them, and thought of the company he was to meet at Mr. Wyman's at four o'clock, and that he had no change of clothes with him, he began to feel a little uncomfortable. As Lot, however, at this moment, drew in a beautiful chub, which went to dancing on the other side of Parson Brown, the reverend gentleman felt such an intense desire to do his part of the fishing, that he made up his mind that he would not be bothered by a little water, let what would be the consequence. He threw his hook over resolutely, let it sink to the usual depth, and waited with restless impatience for the space of a minute, when he felt a bite, so decided and heavy, that it operated a little like an electric shock upon his nerves, and he drew his line with such sudden force, that though he brought the fish to the top of the water, it broke its hold before it reached the boat, dropped into its native flood and darted away out of sight. Parson Brown's face was a perfect picture of distress.

"You pull a great deal too quick," said Mr. Wyman. "You should pull as slow as I do now," he added, at the same time drawing in another fine perch.

"I never had such luck before," said Parson Brown, despondingly. "To be sure I have never been used to catching such fish as these; but in trout fishing, if I had a bite I was sure of my fish. I don't think I used to lose one in twenty."

"These fish want to be treated differently from trout," said Mr. Wyman. "A trout is a more earnest and rapid fish to bite; he takes the hook at once, and will bear a more sudden and heavy pull. But the perch and the chub will come up and feel of the bait, and nibble two or three times before they get fairly hold. You must humor them a little; give way to 'em a little at first while they are nibbling the bait and when you find they begin to pull in real earnest, then you must pull too. But be sure and pull slow; that's the way to take 'em."

By this time Mr. Wyman and Lot were each of them drawing in another fish. Lot had a perch, this time, and Mr. Wyman a chub, a very large chub with very bright shining scales. Parson Brown took it up and examined it, and thought it almost as beautiful a fish as a trout. Having had his bait renewed again by Lot, the Parson committed his hook once more to the deep with a full determination to have more control over his nerves, and to follow Mr. Wyman's directions. The result was, that in two minutes he brought in his fish; a fine large perch. Mr. Wyman told him he had better

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let Lot take the fish off his hook; but Parson Brown said, "No, he always hooked and unhooked his own fish." He seized the fish in his left hand, and took hold of the hook with his right, in order to disengage it, when the struggling of the fish, and the parson's earnestness to hold it, caused the sharp points of the dorsal fin to penetrate deep into his hand. He persevered, however, notwithstanding the wound, took off the perch, and laid it down triumphantly in the bottom of the boat. And as the fish hopped and danced and spattered the water, joy danced in Parson Brown's eyes.

"There," said he, "Mr. Wyman, did you ever see a finer fish than that?"

"A very nice fish," said Mr. Wyman; "it's nearly equal to the large one that I caught."

"Oh, its a plumper, handsomer fish than that," said Parson Brown, "don't you think it is?" So saying, he took the two fish and placed them side by side. "There," he continued, "I think it is a decidedly better looking fish; it is thicker, and has a healthier and fatter look; don't you think it has?"

"Well, I don't know but it has," said Mr. Wyman; I think it is rather thicker."

"Oh, certainly," said Parson Brown, "decidedly."

At the end of half an hour, they had caught about thirty fish, which Mr. Wyman said was "a plenty for a mess," and they might as well "pull up killick and be a moving."

Though Parson Brown had caught but a small number compared with what had been caught by the other two, he consoled himself with the idea that he had caught what he considered the finest fish in the lot, and therefore started for the shore pretty well contented. They came back to the point from which they started, and found Jonathan Riggs still there, fishing for pickerel. He was standing on the trunk of a large tree, which had been fallen some time, with its top running off twenty or thirty feet into the water, and under whose branches the pickerel loved to lurk for shelter.

"What luck, Jonathan?" said Mr. Wyman, as they passed a few rods from him.

"Oh, middlin' good," said Jonathan; "I've ketched five or six pretty clever ones."

"Have you, indeed?" said Parson Brown. "Well, come, Mr. Wyman, we *must* go ashore and fish for pickerel awhile. I think it would seem more like trout-fishing; no tottling about in a little boat, but standing on the shore, or on old trees, and pulling the fish out upon the land. It's more delightful a great deal, I think."

Accordingly they brought their little skiff to land, and got out upon the shore, and when Parson Brown had examined and greatly admired the fine string of pickerel that Jonathan had caught, he desired that his hook might be properly baited. Mr. Wyman cut a thin piece of pork, about an inch wide, and two inches in length, and run the hook through one end of it. Parson Brown had never caught a pickerel in his life, and was not acquainted with the habits of the fish, but he had watched the movements of Jonathan Riggs, and imitating his example, he threw his hook off from the shore, and began to trail it back and forth upon the surface of the water, and the same time slightly shaking his fishing-rod, which caused the bait to flutter and play upon the water like a living insect. He continued at this exercise some five minutes without any result, and began to grow a little impatient. Jonathan, in the mean time, had sent ashore another fine pickerel, which was kicking about among the bushes with great spirit, and Mr. Wyman, who had gone a few rods farther on, and thrown his hook in by a little pile of brush that lay in the water, had also caught one, and Lot, who was on the other side of Parson Brown, and scarcely two rods distant, had a noble pickerel whirl at his hook twice. Parson Brown could stand this inequality of fortune no longer. He appealed to Jonathan Riggs to know if he was fishing in a good place.

"Wal," said Jonathan, "I think it looks rather too bare there. A pickerel is one that likes to be under some kind of a shelter. May be you'd like to take a stand on this tree, awhile; for I've ketched as many as I keer about."

Parson Brown thanked him for his politeness, and said he should like to, very much. He accordingly walked out upon the trunk which Jonathan had left, threw out his hook in the same spot, and commenced trailing it in the same manner as Jonathan had done, when he caught his last fish. He remained in this situation about ten minutes, diligently drawing his hook first one way and then the other, and wondering what could be the reason that he didn't get a bite, when just as he was almost upon the point of giving it up, and had become rather careless about watching the hook, a very large pickerel jumped at the bait with a sudden and tremendous whirl upon the surface of the water, which proved to be too much of a shock for the parson's nerves. He started violently, gave an involuntary jerk at his pole, lost his balance, and fell backward into the water. In falling, his three cornered hat was brushed from his head, and floated away several feet from him, and his first struggles in the water caused his white wig to share the same fate. The reverend gentleman threw his arms about him to such a degree, as to cause as much commotion in the water as the fish had done in attempting to seize his bait. But as his feet were a little tangled in some of the small limbs of the tree, and his fishing-pole was lying across his breast, he seemed to make but slow progress towards recovering himself from his awkward and perilous situation. And it must be recorded as a matter of doubt, which can never be solved, whether he would not, in fact, have been drowned, if there had been no one near to render him assistance. Mr. Wyman, who had seen the catastrophe from the station where he was fishing, came running as fast as he could to the spot, but before he had reached it, Jonathan Riggs had manfully rushed into the water to the reverend gentleman's rescue. As the water was hardly five feet deep, he found no difficulty in wading out to him, and even Parson Brown probably could have managed to keep his chin above water, if he could only once have succeeded in getting his feet upon the bottom. Jonathan carefully took the parson by the shoulders, pulled him out from among the limbs, and

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partly lifted, and partly led him along to the shore. Mr. Wyman met him as he ascended the bank, took him by the hand, and led him to a log, where he was seated, while Jonathan returned again to the water and recovered the hat and wig. He brought them up dripping from the shore, and the parson took them and held them in his hand with a sorrowful look. Mr. Wyman sat down on one side of him, and Jonathan took a seat at a respectful distance on the other side, while Lot came round and stood in front, and looked very pitifully in his face.

"This was amazing unlucky," said Mr. Wyman; "how did it happen?"

"Well, I hardly know," said Parson Brown, squeezing the water out of the locks of his white wig, "but I went to give a pull upon a monstrous large pickerel, and I believe my feet slipped, and before I was aware of it, I was in the water."

"Well, I think it was lucky," said Jonathan, "that I was standing so near."

"It was, indeed," said Parson Brown, "and I feel under very great obligations to you. Oh, there's my pole and line, now," continued the parson, as he glanced down upon the scene of his misfortune.

"Fact, so it is," said Jonathan; "I forgot that. I'll go and get it."

So saying, he went out upon the old tree, got hold of the end of the pole, and in drawing the hook from the water, he drew out a stout pickerel with it. When Parson Brown saw that, he started upon his feet with new life.

"There," said he, "I verily believe that is the same fellow that jumped at my hook, and I am inclined to think he had hold of it when I fell."

"I think it very likely he had," said Mr. Wyman.

"Well, who should you say in that case, caught the fish," said Parson Brown, "the one that hooked him, or the one that drew him out of the water?"

"Well, that's a pretty nice question to decide, I think," said Mr. Wyman; "it appears to me it would nigh upon puzzle a Philadelphy lawyer."

"That's what 'twould," said Jonathan, who came up in season to hear the question stated. "I think one would have to cypher as fur as the rule of three, to know how to do that are sum."

"Well, now it doesn't appear to me," said Parson Brown, "to be so dark a case as all that comes to. Let us look at it a minute. Suppose the fish is fairly hooked; how is he to get away? The hook is bearded, and he couldn't get off; and the hook is fastened to a line, and the line is fastened to a pole, and lies entangled among limbs. The fish must hang there by the gills 'till he dies, for all he can do himself towards getting away. It appears to me very clear that in this stage of the business he should be considered as caught. For as to the mere matter of pulling him ashore, it requires no skill at all; any child can do it."

This lucid exposition of the case seemed to setttle the question.

"I rather think you have the right of it," said Mr. Wyman. "I should say, the one that hooks the fish, catches him, that is, provided the line is fastened so the fish can't run away with it."

"Well, in such a case as that," said Jonathan, "I guess the fish belongs to the hooker, any how."

Under all these circumstances, it seemed to be the opinion of the company that the pickerel in question was caught by Parson Brown, and it was accordingly numbered among his portion of the spoils.

When Parson Brown had squeezed the water out of his large white wig as well as he could, he drew it upon his head. It seemed to be very much diminished in size, and instead of the large bushy curls that before set out round and full under his hat, the lank ringlets hung about his neck, and now and then a drop of water trickled upon his shoulders. His three-cornered hat, too, had suffered considerably from the wetting, but he brushed off the water, and righted up the rim, and placed it on the top of his wig. It is altogether probable that the whole appearance of Parson Brown, within the last ten minutes, had been very much changed; and the way that Lot stood and stared at him, certainly indicated as much.

"I wonder if my watch is wet inside," said the parson, drawing it from his pocket, and opening it. "Oh, no, there's some good luck, after all; it is as dry as a bone; it shuts very tight. But, dear me, it is half past one, now, and we were to be at home at two, to get ready for that company."

"Yes," said Mr. Wyman, "and besides that, I think we had better be walking for fear you may take cold, sitting here with wet clothes on."

Parson Brown cast a distressful look down to his small clothes and hose, and put his hand up and felt of the pendant locks of his wig.

"This is a very unfortunate affair, Mr. Wyman," said the parson; "I have no change of clothes with me, and I shall be in an awkward predicament to see company this afternoon. And yet I am exceedingly desirous to meet old Mr. Green and the other friends who may call with him."

"Well, we'll get along home as soon as we can," said Mr. Wyman, "and see what is best to be done. Perhaps we can get your clothes dried and put in middling good order by four o'clock again, or else may be we can send word to company not to come 'till to-morrow."

"I should hate to do that," said Parson Brown, "for fear they might not be so ready to come to-morrow, if they are disappointed to-day."

With these remarks they prepared to start for home. Mr. Wyman took a couple of strings of fish, one in each hand, and told Lot he had better take both of the fishing-poles, as the Reverend Mr. Brown wouldn't want to be troubled with one now. But the Reverend Mr. Brown insisted upon returning in the same character as he came out. He accordingly shouldered his pole, and followed Mr. Wyman into the path across the point. Lot followed with the other pole, and Jonathan Riggs brought up the rear with his fine string of pickerel.

(*To be continued.*)

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Original.

MOMENTS OF TERROR.

BY WILLIAM E. BURTON.

"CAPTAIN, you have led a busy life—have seen much service both at sea and on shore. We want to call on your experience, to settle a point of dispute between us."

"At your service, gentlemen."

"You are doubtless acquainted with the Orkney Islands, where the wild fowls breed in the clefts of the rocks which are piled in fearful height along the shore. The fishermen fasten a stick at the end of a long rope, which is well secured round a tree, or to a stake driven into the brow of the cliffs, and then, placing one of their number astride the stick, he is lowered down the precipice in search of the game. You have most likely heard the account of the man who, in striking at the birds with an iron-pointed boat-staff, as they flew from their holes, cut two of the strands of the rope that suspended him between heaven and earth. He saw the severed strands slowly uncoil themselves, and run upwards, leaving his whole weight, with a heavy prize of birds attached to his girdle, dependant upon one small strand, which already began to strain and crack. Below him was certain death—above him, a terrific wall of rock, that seemed to reach the sky. He gave the signal for hauling up, by striking the rope twice with his staff. Never did his comrades pull the line so lazily. He plucked the birds from his belt, and dropped them on the rocky beach—he kicked off his heavy fishermen's boots—he threw away his staff. Slowly, slowly dragged the rope over the edge of the cliff, while the severed strands seemed to fly upwards with the rapidity of thought. Every instant he dreaded that a weak place in the remaining portion would be untwisted, and so certain appeared his doom, that he felt that every foot he advanced up the face of the precipice, would but increase the height of his fall. A sudden pause in the motion, struck him with a new fear—when the untwisting part of the rope came into the hands of the fishermen above, they at once perceived his danger, and instantly lowered another line. The fowler was rescued from his peril, but such was the effect of his terror during the few minutes of his frightful ascension, that his dark brown hair was changed to grey. I have often thought of this incident; and believe that nothing in man's experience can be brought to rival the agony of that situation. What think you, captain? my friend here, treats the fowler's danger light"

"Bad enough," said the captain, "but not quite the worst in the world. I don't know whether the chance which a young *nevvey* of mine run foul of, during his first v'yage, in the Bay of Biscay, wasn't just as bad. We were in a stumpy tub of a 'mafferdite brig, trying to claw off a lee shore, with a rolling sea, and plenty of wind in short sudden puffs. The boy—about sixteen—slim built and pale—was an out-and-out lubber, fond of reading, and skulking his duty whenever he could; his mother, my only sister, a widow, by the way, had made me promise to take care of him—but we were short-handed, and he was forced to work his turn. Some of the hands had gone aloft to shake out a reef in the fore topsail—the rigging was covered with ice—it was a January morning—well, the boy slipped, or was thrown, or blown from the yard—his foot caught in a bight of some of the running rigging, and he hung by the heels, head downwards from the end of the yard, dipping into the sea at each plunge of the old craft, and hoisted up again, high and dry, every time she came to the wind. I expected every roll, to see him washed or jerked from his foothold; and no boat that we had could have lived a minute in that sea. I did not dare to luff, for fear of being taken aback. When I thought of his mother, I had a great mind to save him, even if I beached the old tub; but the point I wanted to weather was close ahead, and the roar of the surf did not sound altogether the thing. We did save him, at last, and I guess his feelings were quite as queer as that of your friend, the fowler. *He* had but one pull up, while my nevvey had better than a hundred—with a cold dip in a frosty sea, between each pull—nothing but an accidental half-hitch round his ankle—and head downwards all the while."

"Horrible, indeed. What did you say to the poor fellow when he was relieved?"

"Told him he deserved a starting for being so clumsy, when he knew I was short handed—made him swallow some hot coffee, and turn in. He never went aloft again; and at the end of the v'yage, cut the sea, and took to carpentering. That's some years ago, and his hair aint turned grey yet."

"Pray, sir," said another of the passengers, "have you seen Hoffman's tale of the drunken fireman who crept in at the man-hole of a boiler undergoing repairs, on board one of the western steamboats? it is very well told. The poor fellow woke up in total darkness, as the water was being pumped in—then he heard the roar of the huge fire beneath, and felt the boiler glowing round him, while the firemen continued to 'wood up.'"

"A good idea; but it resembles 'The Involuntary Experimentalist' in Blackwood. We were speaking of facts, not fiction. I have heard a veteran officer, in the service of England, declare that he has stood the brunt of the peninsular campaign, besides a tolerable seasoning in India, where fearful sights were every day matters—and that he never actually suffered under the influence of fear, even when death slew down his thousands, except once, and that, strange to say, occurred in the heart of the city of London.

"A ghost story?"

"No, indeed—a street affair, in open daylight. A couple of notorious murderers, Haggerty and Hollaway, were to be executed in front of the Newgate jail. It is said that upwards of forty thousand spectators were collected in the neighborhood of the place of execution, crowding from every point to a common centre. Just as the criminals were placed upon the gallows, a cart full of women broke down; this accident alarmed the by-standers, and gave an impetus to the whole body of that immense assemblage, which swayed to and fro like the waves of the sea. Persons of short stature and

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weak frame, unable to compete with their more burly neighbors, sunk down, and rose no more. Shrieks of 'murder' sounded on every side—the crowd was forced over the writhing bodies of several females and boys, without the power of rendering the slightest aid. The mob were absolutely struggling with each other for their lives. In the midst of the alarm, the criminals were swung from the gallows' beam, an incident, which, although expected, materially increased the confusion. The outer portions of the mob pressed furiously to get near the disgusting sight—several persons were squeezed to death as they stood in the crowd, and their bodies remained wedged in the living mass for a full hour. The major often spoke of the scene as one of peculiar horror. A short and stout person of considerable respectability, with whom the major had been conversing for some time, previous to the panic, had one of his shoes forced down at the heel; he stooped to put it in its place, when a sway, or rolling of the crowd occurred, pushing him from his balance, and overwhelming the unhappy man. In one minute, above a hundred persons had been forced over his body, pounding it into a mass of blood and dirt. A woman, with an infant at her breast, sunk under the feet of the mob from sheer exhaustion; as she fell, she put her babe into the arms of a man who stood beside her. He threw it over the heads of the crowd, aware that he was unable to save it where he stood. The infant was again tossed forward—and again—until a person received it near the edge of the crowd, and he placed it under a cart 'till the mob dispersed. The child was taken away alive.

"How many persons lost their lives on that occasion?"

"I do not know. The major declared that when the crowd separated, which was not until the bodies of the criminals were removed from the platform, that upwards of one hundred were found senseless in the street—but many were doubtless restored to life.

"I am not superstitious, gentlemen," said the captain—

"Not more so than captains in general, I suppose."

"But I do believe that that fearful panic was infused into the minds of the mob, as a punishment for making holiday in the death hour of their fellow creatures."

"I have heard a story somewhere of a merchant, who collected a party together to give eclat to one of those little family festivals which brighten the dark track of life, and cheer the human heart in every clime. It was his daughter's wedding day; crowds of her young acquaintance circled round her, and as the father gazed proudly on the face of the young bride, he wished as bright a prospect might open for his other children, who were gambolling merrily among the crowd. Passing along the passage connecting the lower rooms, he met the servant-maid, an ignorant country wench, who was carrying a lighted tallow candle in her hand, without a candle-stick. He blamed her for this dirty conduct, and went into the kitchen to make some arrangements with his wife about the supper-table. The girl shortly returned from the cellar, with her arms full of ale bottles, but without the candle. The merchant immediately recollected that several barrels of gun-powder had been placed in his cellar during the day, and that his foreman had opened one of the barrels to select a sample for a customer. 'Where is your candle,' he inquired, in excessive agitation. 'I could not bring it up with me, for my hands were full,' said the girl. 'Where did you leave it?' 'Well, I'd no candle-stick, so I stuck it into some black sand that's there in one of the tubs.' The merchant dashed down the cellar steps; the passage was long and dark, and as he groped his way, his knees threatened to give under him, his breath was choked, and his flesh seemed suddenly to become dry and parched, as if he already felt the suffocating blast of death. At the extremity of the passage, in the front cellar, under the very room where his children and their friends were revelling in felicity, he discerned the open powder-barrel, full almost to the top—the candle stuck lightly in the loose grains, with a long and red snuff of burnt-out wick topping the small and gloomy flame. This sight seemed to wither all his powers, and the merry laugh of the youngsters above, struck upon his heart like the knell of death. He stood for some moments, gazing upon the light, unable to advance. The fiddlers commenced a lively jig, and the feet of the dancers responded with untired vivacity—the floor shook with their exertions, and the loose bottles in the cellar jingled with the motion. He fancied that the candle moved!—was falling! With desperate energy he darted forward—but how was he to remove it? the slightest touch would cause the small live coal of the wick to fall into the loose powder. With unequalled presence of mind, he placed a hand on each side of the candle, with the open palms upward, and the distended fingers pointed toward the object of his care—which, as his hands gradually met, was secured in the clasping or locking of his fingers, and safely removed from the head of the barrel. As he lifted the candle from its bed in the powder, the exuberance of the wick fell off, and rolled, a living coal, into the hollow of his hands. He cared not for the burning smart; he carried it steadily along the passage to the head of the cellar stairs. The excitement was then over—he could smile at the danger he had conquered—but the re-action was too powerful, and he fell into fits of most violent and dreadful laughter. He was conveyed senseless to bed; and many weeks elapsed ere his nerves recovered sufficient tone to allow him to resume his habits of every day life."

"I confess that you have evidenced a stronger instance or cause of terror than I did when I produced the fisherman of the Orkneys. Yes, sir, your merchant had not only his own life in forfeit, but the consideration of the almost certain death of the whole of his family. I can thoroughly understand that man's feelings while gazing upon the candle of death. He must have lived fifty years in twice as many seconds. And then the blankness of despair so suddenly following the fulness of delight—his visions of mangled limbs, and the scorched bodies of his own flesh and blood, exciting the passions of the father, the husband, and the friend—the close proximity of a horrid death to himself and all he loved

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—the result of his own carelessness, and only to be avoided by the utmost self-possession in that trying scene."

"The merchant's chance," said the captain, "was a trifle worse than my nevvey's, as far as feeling and all that goes; but still he did not get the duckings in a January sea. You havn't capped the climax yet, though; and you can't do it on dry land—you must take our mishaps at sea, by and large, if you want horrible situations in perfection."

"Can you instance one or two, captain?"

"Half a dozen, if you like. I'll mention one, that in my opinion, combines the most awful point of all your stories—and I know my portion of it to be fact. A small schooner was chartered in New York, in '37, to take a company of players to Texas. I forget the manager's name, but he was with his troop, and contemplated a junction with Corri, who is of some standing as a public caterer in the young republic. Among the company, were Mr. and Mrs. Barry, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, Mr. Page, Mr. Dougherty, Mr. Williams, with the manager, and several others. The little craft was caught in a gale off Cape Hatteras; a heavy sea struck her stern and forced her head into the wind; her bows were seized by the gale, and she went down stern first. Being light-freighted, she soon rose to the surface, keel upwards. The captain, with all his little crew, and some of the passengers who were on deck, were swept away like so much chaff; but the suddenness of their destruction was mercy compared to the sufferings endured by the unfortunates in the cabin. The companion-way had been left open, and the rushing water soon engulphed the inmates, already sorely bruised by the loose furniture and luggage that knocked against them in the capsize. When the water in the cabin reached its level, it was found that by standing on the beam or roof-tree, there was a vacancy of about six inches between the top of the water and the bottom of the cabin overhead. Consequently full grown persons could find breathing room by holding their faces in a horizontal position, but were liable to lose their standing every instant from the rolling of the vessel in the trough of the sea. But few of the passengers could avail themselves of this tantalizing assistance for any length of time; the weak-bodied and short-sized men gradually sunk, maugre all the assistance that the stronger class could render. The husbands fought with death most manfully in behalf of their wives—but were unable to save them. One of the ladies had an infant, and intent upon its salvation, literally drowned herself in endeavoring to hold her babe above the water. Thrice did her husband dive and rescue all he held dear on earth; and thrice was he compelled to let them sink. Now, I affirm that no imagination can picture a scene of more perfect horror than this floating chamber of death presented to the survivors, who were struggling to maintain life for a few seconds in almost hopeless agony. Without a ray of light to cheer them—dashed from side to side as the vessel gave to the fury of the sea, with the dead bodies of their wives, and comates rolling about them—the howling of the storm without rendering the despair within more terrible, by forbidding the hope of rescue—the occasional moments of silence interrupted by the muttered prayer or agonized supplication of the sufferers, with the bubbling struggling deaths of the victims, as they writhed about the limbs of the survivors—all this is truly horrible; no romance can equal it, and the annals of suffering cannot afford a parallel case.

"Death was gradually dwindling the number of the passengers, when one of them proposed to dive down under the companion ladder, swim along beneath the deck, dive still deeper under the bulwarks, and come up in the open sea, by the side of the capsized hull. The attempt was difficult to a practised swimmer, and but two of the four survivors were able to swim at all. There was also the chance of being caught in one of the sails, or getting entangled in the rigging—and, supposing all these difficulties conquered, what certainty was there that the swimmer would be able to secure a holding-place on the hull in that fierce, raging sea? But, on the other side, the scheme afforded a hope of escape—while certain death awaited them inside. The best swimmer volunteered to make the first essay; and if successful, he was to knock loudly upon the upturned keel. He made several attempts before he was able to clear the ladder; at last, he succeeded in getting out of the cabin, but they waited in vain for the encouraging sound. One of them declared he heard a wild shriek mingle with the gale shortly after the adventurer disappeared. Another ventured, and was fortunately thrown on the hull by a wave as soon as he reached the surface. He kicked loudly against the side of the craft, and in a few minutes beheld another of the sufferers struggling furiously to reach the hull—he was successful. The third and last appeared, and also gained a hold upon the vessel; but he was too exhausted to remain. He fell off in the course of the night, and Williams and Dougherty were the only survivors of that ill-fated company and crew.

"For four days, these poor fellows were tossed about, clinging to the upturned vessel, and suffering from famine, thirst, fatigue, and cold. A brig, bound to New Orleans, rescued them, but Williams never recovered; he was too exhausted to speak, when picked off the wreck, and died shortly after he reached the brig. Dougherty still survives.

OF WARRIORS.

One cannot, without a mixture of indignation and contempt, and pity, observe, that such ambitious, cruel wretches, such madmen as we have been speaking of, should be able to trail at their heels vast numbers of men, through so many hardships, and sometimes remote parts of the world, only to gratify their own ambition; and for this purpose, those who compose opposite armies, though, for the most part, perfect strangers, and without personal dislike or quarrel, should nevertheless meet with a determined resolution to destroy one another; and accordingly perform this inhuman, butcherly work with all the rage and fury imaginable.—*Considerations upon War, Cruelty, etc.*

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Original.

THE DEATH BANQUET.

BY WILLIAM P. WILSON, M. D.

"Come, all, you spirits
That 'tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it!"—*Macbeth.*

In the year 182–, on finishing my studies, I prepared with much regret to quit Edinburgh, to spend, for the first time, some months in Paris. There is not, in my opinion, a more delightful residence than the Scottish capital, in all Europe. Situated in the very garden of Scotia, surrounded by the most magnificent scenery, noted for the high mental cultivation and frank, open and hospitable manners of its inhabitants, I know no place where life glides away more calmly and happily. Besides, during a sojourn of more than five years, I had formed many ties and associations which it was most painful to sever. Among a numerous circle of friends and acquaintances, I had the good fortune to number many of the artists of which Edinburgh boasts so large and distinguished a list. Passionately fond of the art of painting, I had eagerly embraced every opportunity of cultivating an intimacy with its professors, and many an hour stolen from the confinement of the dissecting room and the college halls, was devoted to the contemplation of my favorite art. On learning that my destination was Paris, the excellent and celebrated A——n, was kind enough to give me a letter to his friend D——a, who with his younger brother, held a high rank among the painters of the modern French school. To this letter was I indebted for many of the most agreeable moments I passed in France. D——a, a decidedly clever and accomplished man, received me with a warm and graceful politeness which at once placed me at my ease, and caused me to regard him with the familiar cordiality of long acquaintanceship. I became a constant visitor at his weekly reunions, at which were collected all the most noted individuals in every branch of art, science or literature that the renowned capital contained, and where painters, poets, dramatists, actors and warriors, of well earned and widely spread reputation, mixed in unrestrained and delightful intercourse. In a short time too, to my great delight, I found myself a daily and privileged lounger in their *atelier*, for the two brothers lived and painted together. The D——as, as I have said, were artists of high reputation, and a visit to their collection afforded to the lovers of the divine art a gratification of no common order, for the walls exhibited many paintings of fine conception, and of admirable color and finish.

Among the many gems which wooed the attention and admiration of the amateur, I was particularly struck with one painting of exquisite finish and beauty, but whose subject was so strange and peculiar that I had frequently but vainly conjectured to what probable incident it might relate. Its scene was a small but richly furnished apartment. The time was night, for the light from many silver lamps was strongly thrown on a most singular and startling group which occupied the centre of the painting. On a crimson velvet couch reclined the figure of a splendidly dressed woman, apparently quite dead. Her face was livid and distorted with pain, and a purple hue had overspread her bare and jewelled neck. At the other extremity of the same couch, clothed in the magnificent and picturesque costume of the fifteenth century, and with his dark hair hanging in curls down his neck, was a young and noble looking man, the expression of whose pale and dying countenance intimated the most dreadful agony and despair. But the most singular and striking figure of this strange group remains to be noticed. It was that of a beautiful but girlish looking female, clad in a black velvet dress, of the Spanish fashion, with her jet-black hair, braided on each side, and who, with her slight but exquisitely moulded figure drawn up to its greatest height, stood pointing with an air of haughty and malignant triumph to the figure of the dead woman.

Observing me one day intently gazing at this piece, D——a asked my opinion of it.

"I am vain enough," he said, "to think it a very tolerable performance."

"Tolerable!" I replied, "I admire your modesty! It is admirable. But pray tell me, is it a fancy sketch?"

"Not exactly; it is founded on incidents which occurred in this very city many years since."

"My dear D——a," I eagerly exclaimed, "pray take compassion on my curiosity, and have the kindness to illustrate for my information, your beautiful and interesting picture."

"Most willingly," he repeated, with a gay laugh; the palette was laid aside, and my good humored acquaintance related the following tale, which may with truth be considered as partaking somewhat of the "convulsive school." D——a, like most of his lively countrymen, possessed the happy art of narrating well and gracefully, and I entirely despair of imparting at second hand the same interest to his story.

"The circumstances, which gave rise to the picture you do me the honor to admire so much, occurred during the regency of that gay and witty profligate, the Duke of Orleans, when the court and city of Paris,—never, by the way, much renowned for purity of manners—had reached a pitch of licentiousness absolutely astounding. At this period, a young girl made her appearance as a dancer on the Madrid stage, and from her extreme grace and beauty as well as her wonderful talents in her profession, created a considerable sensation in the theatrical world of the Spanish metropolis. Our ambassador to the court of Spain, whatever might have been his capacity as a *diplomate*, was an admirable judge of saltatorial excellence, formed the patriotic determination of transplanting this fair creature into the more congenial soil of his adored Paris, and of bestowing on his countrymen the rich gift of such rare and unequalled talent. Negotiations were consequently

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set on foot with all due diligence. You smile, and are perhaps not duly sensible of the importance of the subject. Know then that it requires more tact and address to obtain the favor of the loan of a celebrated opera dancer, than to settle the preliminaries of a treaty of peace between two first rate powers.* However, the praiseworthy efforts of the worthy ambassador were crowned with success, and he returned in triumph on his recall, bearing in his train the beautiful and accomplished Niña, for such was the Spanish *soubriquet* of the fair dancer. As soon as it was known that a young and beautiful opera dancer was to make her *debut*, all Paris was in a tumult of feverish expectation. With us, the first appearance of a new actor or actress of celebrity, was then, and is even now, a matter of serious and overwhelming importance. A thousand rumors were in circulation respecting the new comer, and all of course the most contradictory and irreconcilable. The most correct account, however, appeared to be, that she was young and handsome, that her name was Maria Gonzaga, and that she was the illegitimate offspring of a pretty Manola—a woman of the lower ranks—and of a licentious Spanish grandee, who, however, had never treated her with much parental affection.

The eventful night fixed for her appearance at length arrived. The curtain rose and discovered the beautiful Niña, richly dressed in the Spanish costume, and glittering with precious jewels. Her figure was slight, —almost girlish, but charmingly proportioned, her hands and arms were models of perfection, while her beautiful and elastic little feet and ankles were enough to turn the brain of an anchorite. The warm rich tint of her cheeks, betrayed her Spanish origin, and her features though exquisitely beautiful, wore at times an air of wildness and *hautcur*. But the great charm of this lovely girl was her eyes. Dark as night, lustrous as the diamond, they seemed fitted to express all the workings of a lofty and passionate soul.

Her reception was warm and flattering, but when she had performed one of the fascinating, but somewhat voluptuous dances of her native Spain, the enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds, and her success was complete and triumphant.

The first impressions of the fair *debutante* on the public were afterwards fully maintained, and she became the rage. In vain the critics—a surly race—found a thousand faults with her style, and protested that she violated all the established rules of her art; her admirers were steadfast and declared that the lovely Spaniard possessed a charm beyond the reach of criticism. In that licentious age it was not to be supposed that a beautiful girl, in her position, could escape the pursuit of libertines. But to the surprize of all, it was soon discovered that the young actress was of inflexible chastity. In vain did a crowd of the gay and glittering court butterflies flutter around this fair exotic; in vain did many an old and wealthy debauchee make her the most tempting and dazzling offers. The advances of the first were repelled with haughty indifference, and of the latter, with gay but bitter mockery. Even the most veteran *habitués* of the *coulisses* confessed with a shrug of pity, that the virtue of Niña was without spot or reproach. But matters were not to remain long in this situation. "The hour was come and the man." The handsome, the noble Colonel de Valmont at this period returned from the army, with just a sufficient wound as to render him interesting, and to allow him to wear his arm in a graceful scarf. Young, rich, of high birth, witty, accomplished, but heartless and profligate, he had long assumed a prominent rank as a man of gallantry and pleasure. The favorite companion of the regent, the idol of the ladies, the terror of husbands, the envy of his vicious companions, De Valmont had fought more duels and broken more hearts than any other man in Paris. To see and admire the young dancer and to attempt her conquest was with him a natural consequence. But why detail the arts of an accomplished seducer? It is enough to say they were successful and Niña became his mistress. These matters are easily arranged at the opera. But the connection was an unhappy and stormy one. Yielding up every thought and energy of her passionate nature to the new and overwhelming feeling which engrossed her whole being, this young creature could not long be content with the imperfect and scanty love of such a heart as De Valmont's. Besides, it must be confessed that she was dreadfully jealous. At the theatre she watched him like a lynx. A smile, or the slightest attention or courtesy to another woman, would drive the blood from her cheek and make her dark eyes flash like lightning. Matters could not long continue thus. It was the old story, devoted affection on one side, indifference, coldness, disgust on the other. They parted. But not content with abandoning the victim of his sensuality, De Valmont still farther outraged her feelings by immediately commencing a *liaison* with a pretty *fille d'opera*, named Rosalie. This was an injury never to be forgiven, and aroused every dark and baleful passion in the breast of the young Spaniard. Her former love was changed to deadly hate, and vengeance became the sole impulse of her thoughts,—her dream,—her existence. From *that* moment De Valmont was a doomed man!

Among the crowd of lovers who had knelt at the shrine of her beauty, was one who had been most persevering in his pursuit, and whose rejection had occasioned him much unhappiness. Indeed, the Chevalier De Nanci still loved her, and a smile of encouragement was sufficient to cause him to renew his homage. This young man was destined by Niña to be the instrument of her revenge. One night, after the performances had finished, he was permitted to accompany her to her house, for the first time. Seated beside the object of his wishes, he warmly pushed his suit.

"How long," he exclaimed, "charming Niña, are you determined to make me languish in hopeless despair? Take pity on my sufferings and reward my long and faithful love."

The young girl turned her dark eyes on her lover as he knelt before her and seemed to hesitate.

* In France, and indeed on the continent generally, the theatres are under the immediate jurisdiction of the government.

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"No! no!" she at length answered, "it cannot be; while De Valmont lives I can never be yours."

"Ha! you love him then, you still love that false and ungrateful man!"

A dreadful expression crossed the countenance of the dancer as she almost shrieked with a wild laugh,

"Love him! *him*, who has outraged, who has trampled on me, no, De Nanci, I hate him with a bitter, an unutterable hatred! Listen to me," she said in a hoarse whisper, and taking a small scarf from her neck, "bring me this steeped in his blood, in his *heart's* blood, and I am yours for ever, body and soul."

De Nanci listened to the enchantress with conflicting feelings; all that he had dared to hope for was within his reach; but at what a price! He was silent.

"Ah! you falter, you renounce me then; well, so be it. Coward! take back your vows!"

"You wrong me most grievously," replied De Nanci, "the word *coward* cannot be coupled with my name. But *murder!* No! Even to gain *your* love. I cannot stoop to *that*."

"Who talks of murder?" exclaimed Niña. "*Murder?* No! I could never clasp a *murderer* in my arms. But you fiery young gallants of the court, I know you well, a word, a look if you choose it so, produces a duel. Slay him in *that* way, or if your heart fails you, leave me, and for ever."

De Nanci,—forsaken by his good angel,—turned one glance on the temptress, and yielded.

"Give me the scarf! I accept your conditions. You shall be avenged, or I return to you no more."

The next night there was quite a sensation at the opera. As the gallant Colonel de Valmont was engaged in conversation with some acquaintances, the Chevalier de Nanci trod heavily on his foot, and passed on without making any apology.

"Ha! Monsieur de Nanci!" called out De Valmont, "may I request you to return, I would speak with you."

In a moment, De Nanci confronted him with a cool, and rather insulting air.

"Have you not forgotten something, Monsieur?"

"No, sir, nothing."

"I think you have forgotten to apologize for the insult you just offered me, and have added to it by your manner. Come, sir, let us bring this matter to an end; you must do me reason."

"Now, sir, or when you will," replied De Nanci."

"No, not now," was the general exclamation of the friends of both parties, who, by this time, had crowded round them—"not now, it is too dark to fight."

"Gentlemen," exclaimed an old *militaire* with a huge moustache, and his neck contracted from a former wound, "no doubt it is extremely dark; but what of that? We have plenty of servants here, and plenty of torches. Let us adjourn to the *Pré aux Clercs*, and terminate this silly affair. The sooner these things are ended the better."

In those days, in consequence of the numerous robberies and assassinations which took place in the streets of Paris, it was the custom of all those of the higher ranks who stirred abroad at night, to be accompanied by a numerous train of lackies with torches, for, as yet, gas was not known. The objectors to the obscurity of the night, who had, by the way, not the slightest opposition to the excitement of a duel, made no farther objection, and the whole party started for the *Pré aux Clercs*, a meadow near Paris. On arriving at the ground, and ere preparations could be made for the approaching combat, lights were seen approaching from a distance, and shortly after, the measured tread of a body of men. "The guard! the guard!" was the exclamation of most of the party; "we must adjourn to some other place."

"Not at all, messieurs," said the man with the large moustache, "I am convinced that we are more than sufficient to drive back those rascally cuckolds."

"Bravo! bravo!" was the universal cry of those thoughtless young men, who now rushed with drawn swords and loud peals of laughter against the unfortunate city guards, who, after a short resistance, were put to the route.

"Now, messieurs," said the man with the moustache, "you can fight in peace."

During the skirmish which had taken place, De Nanci advanced to his antagonist, and whispered in his ear, "this duel is to *the death;* one of us *must* fall."

De Valmont seemed much surprized, but contented himself with bowing in silence. In a few minutes every thing was arranged for the deadly encounter which was to take place. The seconds were chosen, the principals were examined, to see that no hidden armor might afford them an unfair advantage, and the word was given "*en garde, messieurs!*" The swords crossed each other with a sharp clash, and the combat commenced. It was however by no means an equal one. On one side, exquisite skill and temper were opposed to rashness and passion, and the result could not very long be doubtful. After an impetuous and spirited assault on the part of De Nanci, which was however baffled and completely turned aside by the skill of his cool and wary antagonist, he began to lose his temper, and received several slight flesh wounds. Summoning every energy for one last and desperate effort, De Nanci rushed on his opponent, but in the act of advancing his foot, slipped, and De Valmont's sword passed entirely through his body, the point coming out near the left shoulder blade. His friends rushed forward immediately to raise and support the unfortunate young man who had fallen heavily to the ground. But it was useless; the wound was a dreadful and fatal one; there was a gasp, a slight shudder, and all was over. The gay and reckless group which surrounded the dead man, looked on the bloody tragedy for a short time in unbroken silence. At length the man with the moustache relinquishing the body which he had attempted to lift up, exclaimed, "It is, no doubt a great pity; he was an excellent fellow! but as we can do no good here, I propose that we decamp forthwith, before that rascally guard gets reinforced, and returns to attack us."

"Yes, yes," cried another, "the comedy is finished; let us go to supper,"—and the thoughtless crowd swept

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away to their various pursuits and amusements, leaving the corpse of their late associate to be taken care of by his servants. Now-a-days, such conduct and remarks would be considered cold blooded and revolting. But it was the tone of that age to treat the most serious and sacred subjects, in a light and mocking spirit. Religion, virtue, morality, even the Deity himself, all was a jest.

Whatever might have been the feelings of the young Spaniard on learning the result of her scheme of vengeance, she confined them to her own bosom. By neither word nor look did she betray her interest in the events which had become the public topic of conversation, nor did she for a moment neglect her theatrical duties.

A few nights after the duel, as De Valmont was walking rather hastily behind the scenes, a hand was lightly laid on his arm, and on looking, he was somewhat surprized to see Niña. "Ha! truant," she exclaimed, with a gay and joyous smile, "have I found you at last; you shall not go again until you promise to grant me my request."

"Fair Niña," replied the former lover, with an air of gallantry, "what could you ask that I should refuse?"

"Then promise to sup with me to-night," she replied with a quick and eager glance. "What! you hesitate! nay, then I must bribe you, for, know, fair sir, that the charming Rosalie will be there; so no refusal."

"Since you are so kind," at length said De Valmont, "be it so; I will wait on you."

"'Till then, adieu," said the fair dancer, kissing her hand to him.

That night a merry party of three was gathered around the sumptuous repast of Niña, who did the honors of her table with charming grace and simplicity. The rich viands, and the rare and costly wines were seasoned by many a sparkling jest; and the light musical laugh of the young Spaniard, was a constant echo to all the lively sallies of her companions.

Thus passed the hours away unheeded, in mirth and revelry, until De Valmont declared that it was time to part. "Fair Niña," he exclaimed, "it is a pity that such charming moments as we have spent this night, should have an end. But, alas! so it is. Farewell, and a thousand thanks for your delightful entertainment."

"Nay," said the dancer, "go not yet, sit, I entreat you. Before you depart, you must drain one bright and sparkling cup, and the pledge shall be, 'love and pleasure.'"

While speaking, she rapidly changed color and slightly trembled, but recovering her calmness by a strange effort, she went to a large sideboard covered with glittering and costly plate, and filling two richly chased gold cups from a flask of wine, which she appeared to select with some care, handed them to De Valmont and his companion. The pledge was named, and the fatal goblets emptied. After a time, a deep and prolonged silence fell on the party. The Spaniard sat watching her guests with anxious and troubled looks. De Valmont seemed ill at ease. "Fair lady, your wine, methinks, is strangely potent! My brain whirls round, and the lights look dim and ghastly! Ha! what mean these strange and dreadful feelings?"

He buried his face in his hands, and leant on the table. Niña still continued to watch him eagerly, until, at length, she arose and shook him with violence. "What ho! De Valmont, look up! see, your lady love, the fair Rosalie smiles on you!"

With a painful effort the young man lifted his head, and fixed a dim and ghastly stare on a sight, which filled his guilty soul with horror and dismay. Reclining in one corner of the couch, was the frail partner of his hours of dalliance, a swollen and discolored corpse. With a dreadful execration, and struggling desperately to rise and draw his sword, he shouted—"Wretch, you have poisoned us! But thou shalt not escape; thou, too, shalt accompany me." But the effort was vain, his nerveless limbs refused their office, and he sunk back on the couch in an agony of pain and dismay. And there stood the fair fiend, gazing with flashing eyes and a smile of triumph, on the scene of her revenge.

"Yes, perjured traitor, you have guessed truly, you are indeed poisoned. I tell thee, De Valmont, thou hast not an hour to live. No power on earth can save thee. And now I leave thee to thy thoughts. Think on all the crimes of thy life, think on thy wrongs to me, and despair!" Saying this, and with one long look at her victims, she rapidly left the apartment, locking the door, and removing the key. But we draw a veil over the death pangs of this wretched man.

The next morning, De Valmont's servants, who had accompanied him to the house of the dancer, and who had awaited his departure in a room below, with many a smothered curse of impatience at his long delay, became alarmed, and proceeded to the door of the apartment. After loudly knocking, and calling without receiving any answer, they burst open the door, and entered the room, where an appalling sight met their astonished view. Amidst the scene of the late festivity, surrounded by all the gorgeous and glittering appliances of revelry, in horrible mockery of the place, sat the ghastly and disfigured forms of the two *dead guests*.

"And what," I inquired, "became of the agent in this terrible deed of vengeance? Did she escape?"

"No," replied D——a. "That night, in the nets which are placed to intercept the bodies of the victims of suicide or assassination, was entangled the form of a fair and richly dressed girl. And on a marble table of the *Morgue*, was exposed to the eager gaze of a thousand spectators, all that remained of the once lovely and admirable La Niña. Struck with remorse at her awful crime, or despairing to escape the pursuit and punishment of the outraged laws, she had thrown herself into the *Seine*."

If promises from man to man have force, why not from man to woman? Their very weakness is the charter of their power, and they should not be injured because they can't return it.—*Farquhar*.

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Original.

ILDEFONSE, THE NOBLE POLISH MAIDEN.

A TALE OF WARSAW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE," "KYD," AND "THE QUADROONE."

"Marvellous is woman's love! strong and deep,
Like a full river that o'erflows its banks,
It rushes on, nor Death itself hath power
To put a barrier to its rolling flood."

It was a soft balmy night of June. The moonlight converted the broad flowing Vistula into a moving mirror, lighting up many a snow-white sail, and sparkling from many a flashing oar. Warsaw lay beneath its beams like a silver city in the green embrace of gardens and groves! Ever and anon, music rose from the water, and the sound of a sentinel's cry swelled along the battlements. It was midnight, and the whole scene was peaceful as it was beautiful; but not so the hour and the time! Amid all this repose, throbbed a thousand anxious hearts! for war wasted the borders of Poland, and the tread of the Russian barbarian almost shook the capital he menaced. An hour before, an express had entered Warsaw, with the startling intelligence that the Gothic invader, with a conquering force, thirsting for slaughter and conquest, were within thirty leagues of the place!

At this time, the situation of Poland was most critical. In 1795, it will be remembered that the political existence of Poland ceased, and that it was subsequently divided between Prussia, Austria and Russia. Under Napoleon, a joint part of Poland was constituted the Dutchy of Warsaw, including within its limits the city of Warsaw. This portion, after Napoleon's fall, was erected by the Russian Emperor into a kingdom, governed by a king, senate and diet; but the king was the Emperor's brother, the Archduke Constantine, and his rank was only that of the Emperor's viceroy, the royal dignity being really vested in the Emperor Nicholas, who assumes, as one of his titles, that of King of Poland. The tyrannical conduct of the Archduke, who represented the Emperor's person on the throne of Poland, and the unsubdued desires of the Poles for freedom, finally caused an insurrection of the people, which commenced at Warsaw, on the 29th of November, 1830. Thirty thousand citizens armed themselves, drove the Russian troops stationed there with the Archduke's guard out of the city, and compelled Constantine himself to flee thirty leagues beyond the suburbs, for safety. No sooner had these daring patriots driven out their masters, than they assembled in the Hall of State, and formed an administrative council, to preside over the destinies of the liberated country; and this council soon after declared the throne vacant and Poland independent. All eyes were directed towards Poland! The great heart of the United States throbbed in sympathy with her new life. But gigantic Russia was active, powerful, irresistible! She assembled a force of 160,000 men, and entered Poland under Count Diebitsch. It was on the evening of our story, that an express spread the intelligence of his approach, which, however, had been anticipated. Instantly the council assembled, and after a hurried, but calm discussion of their situation, the patriotic Prince Czartowitz was chosen President of Poland; and General Skryznecki appointed commander of the army. The council then broke up and separated, to put Warsaw into a state to meet the overwhelming power of Russia. Never was a country placed in a more interesting position in the eyes of civilized nations! All Europe looked on to behold the issue! But no arm was lifted! no sword drawn to aid poor Poland at this crisis of her fate! It was a great political game of chess in which the kings of Europe were only deeply interested spectators! Even our sympathy was exhausted in newspaper paragraphs, and Poland was left to defend, alone and single handed, the glorious liberties she had recovered, with her best blood spilled, like water, in the streets of her capital.

It was a calm, bright, serene moonlight, when the council broke up, each member of it to go to his post! At the same time, the tocsin of war rung from the cathedral towers, and the cry of "to arms!—to arms!" resounded through the streets! This fearful cry, besides the thousand sleepers it aroused from their deep repose, reached the ears of a maiden, who slept in a noble chamber, in the wing of one of the most magnificent palaces of Warsaw. She flew to the terrace on the tesselated pavement of which, the moonlight streamed between the columns, creating almost the brilliancy of day. She cast her eyes over the gardens and roofs, and listened for a moment in silent awe, as the booming tones of the tocsin of alarm fell upon her heart, and the shrieking shout of "to arms!—to arms!" pierced her ear.

She was very beautiful! The moon shone upon her snowy night-robe, 'till it looked like a robe of light enfolding her! Her form was slender, and graceful as a bending flower; her hair had escaped its confinement and covered her ivory shoulders in a dark glossy cloud, rich and softly waving in the cool wind that lifted it. Her brows were black and arched; her eyes very large and deep, and dark as midnight, shaded by the largest lashes ever fringed a woman's eyelid. The expression now to her beautiful face was that of fear and solicitude. She held up by one hand the folds of her robe, together across her young bosom, and with the other half raised, stood like a statue, in the attitude of liberty.

"Hark! it is the Russian comes! they cry! Cartowitz, dear Cartowitz!" she articulated in a tone so soft and musical, touched as it was with tender solicitude that never name of love was sweeter spoken than the harsh sounding one she uttered.

"Alas, dearest Carl, now must I steel my heart to hope, to trust, and perhaps to despair."

"Who speaks of despair?" said at this instant a tall, handsome youth, richly dressed in the uniform of a Polish officer of high rank, "who speaks of despair, that is so loved by me when I am near her!" and the young soldier clasped her, unresisting and uttering a low exclamation of surprize and joy, to his mailed breast."

"Carl, dear! this fearful cry that appals the ear and withers the soul! Oh, what means it? Danger to thee

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I know and feel!" and she clasped his hand between her's, and leaned her cheek upon it, while her bosom heaved and tears fell, glistening in the moonlight, to the marble floor of the terrace.

"Nay—give not away to grief, dearest Ildefonse," he said tenderly embracing her, and smiling proudly upon her, as he felt how much he was beloved by the lovely girl reposing tearful upon his arm. "'Tis too true that the hour is near we have long looked for when we must withstand the power of Russia! An express arrived an hour since to the council, bringing intelligence that the fiend Diebitsch is on the frontier, and menaces Warsaw! I was present at the council that assembled to deliberate upon the course to pursue! It is decided that we defend Warsaw, while a true breast stands to make a bulwark between her and her foes! My uncle, the noble Prince Czartonski, is chosen President for this crisis, and I am appointed a colonel, and aid de camp to Skrzynecki! We have forty thousand brave men, and our defences are good. But if the Russian will have Warsaw, he shall find neither a live Pole nor a standing roof! We will imitate his Moscow, and give our city to Heaven in flame!"

"How fearful!" answered Ildefonse, clasping her hands together with anguish. "Oh, Carl, dearest Carl, I fear—I tremble for you, in these terrific scenes to come. Let us fly together!"

"Fly! Ildefonse, what mean you?" he inquired almost sternly, and holding her back from him at arm's length.

"Oh, forgive me, Carl! but I cannot live in the midst of all the conflict of which poor Warsaw will soon be the scene, knowing your heart is exposed to every ball that flies! You will be slain! Then, oh, then, what will become of me, unless I can die with you!"

"I will remove you, dear Ildefonse, to a place of safety! It is for that I am now here. Warsaw will be no place for you!"

"No, no! never will I go away from Warsaw while it holds you, dear Cartowitz," she said decidedly; "I will remain—you may be wounded and need my care! I will *not* go from you! But, oh, that you would think of our betrothed love—think of me, dear Cartowitz, and fly *with me*, to some place where we may live and love!"

"Nay, this from thee, dear Ildefonse, from thee, the grand neice of Kosciusko!" he said with grief and reproof in his expressive face. "If one, the most trusty and veracious in all Poland had told me you had said 'flee,' when Warsaw was in peril, I would have told him he lied; for that a daughter of a Polish soldier could never utter such a craven word! Ildefonse!" he mournfully repeated, and his head dropped upon his breast.

"Forgive, forgive, dearest Cartowitz!" cried the maiden, throwing herself upon his shoulder. "I know not what I say! My love for thee makes me a traitress to Poland! But, oh, God, I cannot exist here, amid the roar of cannon, the clash of arms, and the shouts and groans of combatants! I would fly! but not to save myself from such scenes, for I have nerve to bear them! I would stay, and hourly offer prayer for my bleeding country, and this would help me to endure such scenes! But when I felt that my heart's love, the idol of my bosom, thee, dear Carl, wert risking thy precious life in every fierce struggle beneath or within the walls, my heart would sink within me! I could not stay in Warsaw! Fly, oh, let us fly to a place of safety, 'till this storm be overpast!

"You grieve me, Ildefonse," he said tenderly; "I pity and feel for you! but, dearest, bride of my soul, honor is dearer to me than my life, and even thine own! Much as I love thee, closely as the strings of my heart are entwined in thine, I would rather see thee lying here at my feet, and the still moon shining on thy pale white corpse, than that love for thee should make me prove a traitor to Poland in her hour of greatest need! Tempt me not, Ildefonse! If you love me, you will love my honor, for that is part and parcel of my nature, you will love Poland, for her interests are identified with the closest and nearest feelings I possess; you would——"

"Nay—I will speak no more of it! but, oh, if dear Carl, thou cannot appreciate the depth and power of woman's love, thou wouldst pity and forgive! I am a daughter of illustrious men, and the blood of Poland's best patriots shall never be tarnished in my veins. My heart and not my head, Carl, has made me traitress to her in my thoughts! I will remain in Warsaw, and live or die with thee and Poland!" She had elevated her person while she spoke, and the young soldier was struck with the calm energy and dignified firmness with which she uttered these words! His heart bled for her! He felt she was sacrificing herself to her love for him! He gazed upon her animated but fixedly pale features, and taking her cold hand in his, knelt at her feet and pressed it to his lips.

"Dearest Ildefonse, pardon me for speaking harshly to you! I did not believe you loved Poland less but me more! I know you could not be false to her being so true to me! Thou didst speak from thy deep love and from thy better judgment. 'Tis true the times that come are evil, and teem with fearful events! The issue of our struggle is known only to God, to whom we leave it, doing our duty as men. You say you will not leave me in Warsaw! Your love has led you to resolve to sacrifice yourself! be it so then," he added with melancholy animation; "better to die, true to our country, than live false to her! God rules all events. Neither you nor I will be injured without his permission! We are under his protection, as well here, amid the roar of battle and siege, as in the farthest vale of free America where the lightning or fell disease might deprive us of that life and that love we would shamefully flee to preserve! We are here and every where under the government of God! Let this reflection, dearest Ildefonse, sustain our courage, strengthen our hearts, and render us calm and unmoved in the hour and moment of greatest trial."

"Your words, dear Carl, have made me firm!" said the maiden smiling upon him, and looking serene and happy; "we will remain in Warsaw! Go where duty calls you, to the battlements or the field! I will go

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where mine calls me, to the altar and to prayer! My prayer shall be a shield to thee in fight; my faith shall at length return thee in safety to my arms!"

"Sweet love, thou art now worthy to be the bride of a Polish soldier," he said, embracing her. "Now, farewell 'till morning, and return to thy couch! The enemy is yet distant two days' march! I must go to my post of duty! Good night, sweet betrothed! I will see you early in the morning. Seek sleep, for thou wilt need all that nature bestows, to enable thee to bear all thou hast so nobly resolved to meet and endure!"

Thus speaking, the noble Cartowitz hastened from the terrace, and soon afterwards his form was lost to her lingering gaze amid the shadowed avenues of the palace of Poniatowski, that led in the direction of the castle. The unhappy Ildefonse still suffered her eyes long to rest upon the spot where his form had disappeared, and then sighing as if her heart would break with the deep emotion that surcharged it, she ré-entered her chamber—glad to find some refuge from the tolling bells and the cries of alarm that filled the city. She did not sleep, however! Her mind was too agitated, and she strung her harp to soothe her spirits with music. And this she sang, now in a plaintive strain, now in a lofty style, now with tender and and touching pathos, as she changed the subject of her impassioned improvisatore;

Farewell, farewell! the war-cry is whirled
Through the green vales of Poland, land of the free!
Her flag to the breeze is broadly unfurled!
To maiden no longer may youth bend the knee.
Hark, to the tocsin! *clang, clang, clang!*
"*To arms, to arms!*" oh, list that fearful cry!

Farewell, farewell! Oh, thy bosom be shielded
By my love, worshipp'd one, from war's fierce meleé!
So long as for Poland thy sword shall be wielded,
So long shall my bosom throb, loved one, for thee!
Hark, to the tocsin! *clang, clang, clang!*
"*To arms! to arms!*" oh, list that fearful cry!

Farewell, farewell! in battle contending
'Neath the flag of our country, broad waving and free;
My prayers, oh, beloved one, to Heaven ascending,
Shall be for dear Poland, for Warsaw and thee!
Hark, to the tocsin! *clang, clang, clang!*
"*To arms! to arms!*" oh, list that fearful cry!

The succeeding day and night were passed by the citizens of Warsaw in preparations, anxiety and expectation of the coming foe. Couriers were constantly arriving and reporting the fearful progress of the invaders, whose march was preceded by slaughter and flight, and followed by conflagration, and woe, and devastation. The last intelligence represented them within four leagues of the capital, and told the Poles that now was the time for action. The unanimous decision of the rulers of the council and of the army was, to march out and meet them, and offer them battle; for they wished to remove as far from their own firesides as possible the scene of contest. Cartowitz hastened to Ildefonse, to bid her a brief adieu. It was just at sunrise, and he found her waiting for him on the terrace, which commanded the approach to the palace.

"The hour has at length come, then, dear Cartowitz, that we must part," she said, advancing calmly to meet him. Her manner was quiet, and her whole bearing exceedingly proper for the occasion. He gazed on her pale but resigned face, with a look of gratitude to Heaven. He had anticipated a sad last interview. He took her hand and respectfully pressed it to his lips The time was none for light gallantry; both were serious, both dignified and as became the moment.

"Ildefonse," he said in a low tone, "I have indeed come to bid you farewell! The Russian is at hand! Behold, from this very spot where we stand, we see his floating banners and steely sea of arms flashing and glancing in the sun! In three hours, he will be at the gates of Warsaw! Dear to us are our homes, our temples, and our pleasant gardens that surround our capital! We would not make them the scenes of war. General Skrzynecki is already in the saddle, our little army are filing out of the city to offer Diebitsch battle! My own horse neighs impetuously at the portal! I must fly to the defence of Poland. Farewell, and Heaven protect you, my beloved Ildefonse!"

He hurriedly pressed her to his heart, and ere she could recover from the deep grief that sunk into her soul, she heard the thunder of his horse's hoofs along the outside of the garden wall.

"He is gone! Oh, God of battles, protect our country; and shield, oh, shield *him* in the wild warfare that soon will rage over the green fields that now glow in the golden light of thy sun! Save, oh, God! save my country! But *thy* will be done!"

And she bowed her head with humble resignation, and sought her chamber to pray, with no eye upon her but Heaven's, for her lover and her country.

Night spread her sable mantle over Warsaw, which, three hours before had poured across her bridges her thousands of brave defenders, to encounter the Russian in the open country. Every roof, tower and spire, was thronged with mothers, wives and maidens, the aged and the invalid, and all eyes were fixed in one direction —that in which their army had marched. Every one was listening to catch the most distant sound that should indicate their progress! Ildefonse had been kneeling three hours before her altar in speechless prayer for Cartowitz—for Poland! At length, her mother, came and conducted her to the highest balcony of the palace. She passively followed her. The night was beautiful! The late moon was just rising over a distant forest, and silvering with its radiance a bank of white clouds which hung suspended in her path. The large stars and planets, which her light could not dim, shone with clear and sparkling brilliance; and all nature reposed beneath the deeper repose of Heaven. Ildefonse strained her eyes towards the east, and listened, while she ceased the beating of her heart, lest its faint dull throb might prevent her hearing what she fain would not have heard. At length a faint flash lights up the distant horizon, and ten thousand eyes see it, and ten thousand hearts stand still as Ildefonse's, to hear the dreaded sound. Hark! A moment of dread silence over the living masses, and the deep boom of a cannon is borne heavily on the night air to their ears. It is answered by a groan from every

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bosom—a moaning groan so deep, that the city seemed moved by the first throes of an earthquake. Oh, God! What a moment was this to all on Warsaw's crowded walls! Hark! another deep note of cannon strikes the ear; another follows it, another and another in rapid succession! The horizon on the north-east is lighted up with a broad fitful glare like lightning playing from a summer cloud, while the deep continuous roar of artillery reverberates like thunder along the air! There was then but one mouth in Warsaw, but one posture!

"Oh, God, remember Poland!" rose from every lip, as the multitude bent the knee to Heaven.

Ildefonse sank on her knees beside her mother, and buried her face in her hands! Every report made her shrink as if the iron death that accompanied it, menaced her own life! The roar of artillery grew louder and fiercer, and was now mingled with the sharper rattle of musketry, with a sound as if a hurricane were sweeping down a forest. One hour elapsed, and the cannonade grew sensibly louder and *nearer!*

"They fly, they *fly* before the Russian, my mother!" she cried, with the energy of despair! "Oh, Poland! Cartowitz, art thou safe amid yonder terrific scenes? Would I were by thy side, I would then share with thee thy death! Hark! I hear a distant bugle winding not a league distant! List! that firing is closer! Hear, how terrible! See the long lines of flame that seem to belt the earth! What human life can there escape death? Cartowitz, dear Cartowitz! God protect thee! I have prayed for thee 'till the fountains of my heart have dried up, and I have no more utterance! Mother, oh, mother! That terrific roar of battle! Would to God it were morning! I would seek Cartowitz, and die by his side! Hear! hear! the very earth shakes with the tramp of contending armies, and Warsaw's very walls vibrate with the shock of the near artillery!" And thus giving way to her fears for her lover, Ildefonse fell upon her mother's bosom, and seemed ready to die.

"Hark, my daughter! hear that shout from the roofs and towers towards the gate of the bridge! List, I hear the clatter of horsemen's feet galloping down the street! Look up! news, news from the field, Ildefonse! The maiden raised her head, and followed the eye of her mother in the direction of the north gate, where she heard the approach of a small squadron of horse. As they came nearer, she saw they were lancers, and belonged to the regiment Cartowitz commanded. Uttering a cry of mingled hope and dread, she flew to the outer gate, and wildly waved to the leader her snowy arm as they were thundering past.

"Ho, lancers, ho, noble Tochman, stay!" she shrieked to the leader whom she recognized; "what news for poor Poland?" for true to her country, the fair Polish girl first asked after its fate, before her lover's, though her heart was bleeding to ask.

"Ah, Lady Ildefonse!" answered the noble Pole, "I was now hastening to you with a message, having just delivered one from our general to the President. Poland is hard beset, lady! The Russians have pressed us back a league; but we have taken a position on the heights by the village, and I think we shall be able to maintain it, at least, 'till day! We trust in Heaven and our righteous cause for victory!"

"Amen!" devoutly replied the maiden, "Major Tochman, you had a message from—" she was about to say, Cartowitz, but checked herself as if she felt it to be unworthy of her to think of her lover in her country's great peril.

"From Colonel Cartowitz, Lady Ildefonse," answered the officer, courteously, not forgetting amid the hurry of war the graceful suavity of social life; "he bade me call past as I returned to the field, and say that he was well, and that he had every thing to hope for ultimate success of the Polish arms!"

"Heaven preserve his life and thine, brave Tochman! for thou hast a sister and a mother! Alas, how many bosoms will be pierced this night! Has Cartowitz been exposed, sir?" she asked with anxious solicitude.

"Nay, Lady Ildefonse, I should be doing him injustice to say no! on the contrary, he has been where duty called; and that was ever, it seemed to me, in the thickest of the battle! But fear not, lady, God protects the brave! Farewell! I must return, and give my poor aid to him!"

"Have you been near him, much, sir?" she asked, detaining him with a gesture of her arm.

"Close by his side 'till General Skrzynecki despatched me hither with a message to Prince Czartoriski!"

"I do envy thee, brave Tochman! would I were in thy saddle!"

"Nay, Lady Ildefonse, thou wouldst not maintain it long in yonder fierce field, I fear. Fare thee well! I must ride!" and he spurned on at the head of his body guard of lancers.

"Not maintain it?" said she; "so I were nigh Cartowitz, I care not what danger threatens! He mingles in the thickest of the fight, did Major Tochman say? He will surely be slain! Oh, that I were by his side! I cannot endure this fearful suspense! That terrific, incessant roar of cannon! It will drive me frantic! I can endure this suspense no longer! Cartowitz, my beloved Cartowitz in danger, and *I* in safety? No, it shall not be thus! I will to the field, and share his fate whatever it be!"

"Nay, my dear Ildefonse," cried her mother, seizing her arm as she would have rushed away; "come in to thy chamber and try and sleep 'till morning."

"Sleep! sleep, my mother! when Cartowitz may be lying wounded on the cold ground, or the pale light of the moon resting ghastly upon his corpse! Let me go! I would involve my fate in his! Release me, mother!" and the impassioned maiden freed herself from her mother's grasp, and fled into the palace. In a moment she had traversed a long corridor, and reached a narrow flight of steps that descended to a postern on the street. This she opened, and fled along the street with a light step, and a look not of insanity, but of settled and firm purpose. She took her way, unpursued, for, save her mother, in that hour of horror and suspense, there were none to pursue—along the street, 'till she came to the

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entrance of a court leading to the palace of the Prince Czartoriski. The lower corridor and halls she found deserted, for the household were all on the battlements, gazing on the struggle which was to make their country free, or a province of Russia. On reaching the front, she lightly ascended the palace steps, and took her way, without meeting any one, to a wing in which was a chamber well known to her, hung with soldier's apparel and arms. She soon singled out a suit of uniform that had belonged to Cartowitz when eighteen years old he was a cadet of lancers. She retired to an ante-room, and soon re-appeared transformed into a soldier! All these movements were performed rapidly but coolly. The suit fitted her well. Her tread was firm, her eye resolute, her bearing and look prompt and decisive. She was the young cadet to the life. Girding a sword to her side, and placing pistols in her belt, which the times had taught soldier's daughters like her the use of, she left the armory without seeing a servant or a human being. The city was all a desert below its roofs and towers! She took her way to the stables, and finding there a horse she had often rode, with Cartowitz prancing at her side, she saddled, bridled, and mounted him, and spurred, unopposed, out of the gate, and took the direction out of the city that would lead her to the field where the roar of battle still rolled fearfully towards the trembling capital.

The Polish army, not one fifth of the number of the Russian forces, had, as morning approached, succeeded in entrenching itself upon a low swell of ground overlooking the Vistula. Here they fought with a courage and daring seldom paralleled in battle. The Russians planted their artillery against their position, charged with their cavalry, and assaulted with their infantry! Still the Poles, who had retreated to this point over a league of hard fought ground, maintained their post, and checked the further advance of the Russians upon their devoted capital.

It was just at dawn when Cartowitz, at the head of his regiment of lancers, decided on making a charge upon a post of artillery that greatly annoyed the right wing, sending into its ranks, at each discharge, a shower of deadly iron, that slew hundreds of his countrymen, while they had not cannon to return the fire. The charge was gallantly made; the flanking artillery was carried with great loss on both sides, and turned upon the Russians. This fine exploit produced a temporary advantage in favor of the hardly beset Poles; but Diebitsch determined to restore the fortune of the hour to his side again, despatched two battalions of Cossacks to recover the cannon. Cartowitz had already been reinforced by three thousand infantry, and he resolved to defend the artillery, as on its possession he felt the fate of the battle would turn. The Cossacks came thundering down upon them like a tornado! the earth shook with their terrible advance. Cartowitz rode every where among his soldiers; encouraged them to defend their post to the last; pointed to the spires and towers of Warsaw, visible in the grey dawn of morning, and reminded them of the thousands dear to them there that looked to them for protection!

On rolled the tide of Cossacks like a resistless wave of the enraged sea; they break like a wild surge upon the firm lancers, who stand like rocks to meet the shock. Rank mingles with rank! Cossack combats with Pole, and a wild, fearful, and most deadly carnage now takes place. One moment the Russians are victors; the next, the Poles! Thrice the lancers, with Cartowitz at their head, recovered the captured cannon, and a fourth time the Russians, by superior force, compelled them to retire. At length Diebitsch seeing the importance of re-possessing the cannon, of which there were thirty-six pieces, made his appearance on the scene at the head of his best troops. The Polish general, who had been defending the high road to Warsaw, with twenty thousand of his army, now seeing that this point was becoming of such importance, led six regiments of cavalry in person to the assistance of Cartowitz. The place around the artillery now became the centre of the battle field! and both sides seemed disposed to decide the fate of Warsaw and of Poland on this spot! But one hundred and sixty thousand Russians were opposed by but forty thousand Poles! Numbers promised to gain the victory over valor and right! The Poles at length were driven on every side, pitifully falling like grass before the scythe of the mower! They retreated to their height from which they were forced, and from thence they retreated slowly, fighting every inch of the way, upon Warsaw.

In a defile, the lancers commanded by Cartowitz, took a position to defend it until the infantry and artillery should pass and man the defences of the city. Cartowitz had lost half his regiment, and had received five wounds! He was anxious to stop the Russians, and his orders from his general were to do it at all sacrifice! He well obeyed his orders. With a few pieces of artillery and his horse, he withstood for half an hour! At length, he was opposing the Russian advanced phalanx alone! There were but thirty of his lancers left, and not two artillery men! The cannon were silenced, and Cartowitz with his brave friend, Major Tochman, by his side, and the thirty lancers, for many minutes defended the important pass, and stopped there the whole Russian army.

"We must die here, dear Tochman," said Cartowitz, as they fought hand to hand with the Russian officers of the highest rank, who had sought in person to engage in this contest of personal bravery! "Poor Ildefonse!"

"Let us be proud of the privilege, dear Cartowitz, to place our bodies barriers between the Russians and our homes!"

They had little space for exchanging words; the Russians bore upon them fiercely, and with loud revengeful shouts, Tochman soon fell! Cartowitz was borne to the ground, and the gory sword of a Cossack chief was at his breast! He breathed the name of Ildefonse, and committed his soul to God! But the sword did not enter his bosom! It was suddenly struck up, and the Cossack fell dead with a stroke from an intervening sword, and Ildefonse cast herself upon his breast!

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"Cartowitz! dear Cartowitz! I have found thee to die with thee!" and she clasped his bleeding head to her heart, and kissed his pale forehead! He recognized her, smiled upon her and died!

She gazed upon him an instant with a look of holy and elevated affection, and then starting to her feet, threw open her bosom to a Russian officer who had stood still, half suspending his sword, wondering at what he beheld, though ignorant of the cadet's sex. On seeing her suddenly rise to her feet, he meditated an attack, and levelled his sword at her breast just as she had exposed it to its point. He saw that she was a female, and half checked the fatal thrust; but it was too late to turn it aside—the steel entered her snowy bosom, and she fell upon the body of her lover which she retained consciousness enough to fold in her embrace—and so she died, even as she wished, by the side of her beloved Cartowitz.

Thus, sadly ended this little romance of the Polish struggle for liberty. It is but one painful touching incident of a thousand that occurred during that lofty struggle for independence, which, Heaven, for some mysterious end did not smile upon, as it did upon our efforts to shake off the yoke of Great Britain. Poor Poland! thou hast the sympathy of America! Thy children shall find a home in the bosom of our own happy land! Our hearts bleed for you! Our hands grasp yours as we would those of our kindred! our tongues welcome you as brothers!

The result of the advance of the Russians upon Warsaw is familiar, or ought to be, to every American reader. Numerous battles were fought between the two armies before Warsaw fell, and prodigies of valor unequalled in any country, were performed by the noble Poles: but at last they were compelled to submit to Russia, about the close of the year eighteen hundred and thirty-one. The Emperor sent thousands to Siberia, executed many of the leading men, and, altogether in his disposition of the conquered country, evinced a tyrannical and blood-thirsty spirit of cruelty that entitles him to the universal execration of mankind.

Original.

THE DEATH OF AN EMIGRANT'S CHILD.

I.

She died when spring its first green buds
Put forth on every tree;
When the streams their icy chains had burst
And the daisy deck'd the lea.

II.

We dug her grave in the forest deep,
And we sung her funeral hymn;
As the day its glory yielded up,
To the twilight sweet and dim.

III.

The oriel sang on the pendant bough,
By the home of her lovely rest
And o'er it the star of evening shone
Like the smile of angel blest.

Original.

JEANETTE, THE SWISS.

The fury of the tempest,
With night has passed away;
And over hill and valley,
Comes cheerily the day,
Each alpine peak is circled,
With a coronet of light;
And glacier and avalanche,
In glory's hues are bright.

From crag to crag, the chamois
In liberty doth bound;
The hunter quits his chalet
To seek the hunting-ground.
The shepherd's horn is sounding,
The flocks the mountains climb;
And the dashing of the cataract
Sends up a solemn chime.

The tearlets of the tempest,
Are flashing in the beam,
Of the ruby blush of morning;
Lake, river, rill and stream,
In brilliancy are glancing;
The flow'rets wave their bells,
And the golden bees are lurking
Within their fragrant cells.

Why lookest thou so sorrowful,
Jeanette? why dost thou grieve?
Why fade the roses of thy cheek?
Why does thy bosom heave?
Speak, speak unto thy sister,
Who seeks to share thy grief,
And let the youthful ministrant,
Afford to thee relief.

Oh! many a lone and weary hour,
Has fleeted since Garbois
Departed from his mountain home,
To chace the fleet chamois,
And still he cometh not, tho' fierce
The storm and hurricane
In all their madd'ning fury,
Have swept hill, peak and plain.

Who's he that cometh yonder?
Oh, God! thy sire, *alone!*
Despair hath seized upon thy heart,
Thy last fond hope is gone;
He hath searched crag, wood and valley,
Each cavern deep and drear;
But no tidings of thy lover,
He brings thy heart to cheer.

Long may'st thou tarry, maiden,
For never sight nor sign
Of him again shall greet thine eye.
Upon the ice-capp'd shrine
Of Pic du Midi, he hath found
A grave—the snow his shroud;
And his dirge—the mountain tempest
Is howling wild and loud!

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Original.

SOCIETY IN NEW ORLEANS.

AN EXTRACT FROM A MSS.

BY WILLIAM G. HOWARD.

THERE is no place within the precincts of this vast country, where the *extremes* of life stand out in such bold relief, as in the city of New Orleans. And this constitutes one of the most remarkable features in its history. Great diversities in condition and character, exist every where. They are always incident to the chequered lot of human life. Wealth and penury, honor and disgrace, health and sickness, happiness and woe, in an interminable series of gradations, are found side by side, in every region of the habitable globe. But no where are the lines of distinction so clearly marked, and the separating medium so palpably defined, as in this mighty metropolis of the "sunny south." All who have stood upon its soil, teeming with active life, have noticed this circumstance as striking and peculiar. And the reason of it is obvious. In no other section of equal extent, throughout the land, can you find such a motley population as surround you here. Indeed, the "Crescent City" may be appropriately styled one grand reservoir, within whose capacious bosom are collected those floating masses of human beings, both good and bad, that yearly drift away from almost every nation upon which the sun looks down. From the bleak mountains of the north, to those delightful climes—

"Where endless summer reigns,"

they come to live and love in "freedom's holy land." Immersed in squalid wretchedness at home, they have heard of our happy shores, and have vainly dreamed of luxury and splendor in this "fairy realm." Some enchanter's wand was to convert them into Princes, and load them with wealth. Deluded by such vain imaginings, they have emigrated hither only to reap disappointment and despair. This is the *real* secret of half the miseries of the helpless and forsaken sons of want and woe, that surround you in such great numbers in New Orleans. Now survey with me, for a moment, society in that city, after this hurried explanation. Walk slowly along its thronged *levee*, and notice the various characters that jostle you at every step. Thread its narrow and densely crowded streets; gaze upon its magnificent edifices; inspect the countenance of each passer-by; contrast the signs of opulence and destitution, of joy and sorrow, that cross your path; and then say, in all sincerity, whether the following is not, in brief, a correct representation of all that has passed under your observation.

* * * * * *

On one side, the heir of fortune revels in luxury and dissipation. Every desire of his heart, apparently, is gratified. The syren song of pleasure breaks upon his ear from each wind that blows. "He only commands, and it is done." There are those who hang upon his nod, and delight to execute his wishes. And, withal, not a cloud of sorrow ever appears to darken his brow. We view him with astonishment and envy, and are ready to exclaim, what unmixed and exquisite happiness is here! On the other side, the reckless victim of sorrow and want wallows in the lowest depths of human degradation; often with nothing but the cold, damp earth for a pillow, and the canopy of heaven for a covering; surrounded by no friends to sympathize with him, nor to succor him; and denied the last sad privilege to die, "though he seeks it carefully and with tears." There are hundreds of this description, despite the unwearied exertions of a noble and vigilant charity in their behalf, and the "yellow scourge of the tropics, when he rides forth "conquering and to conquer," is sure to single them out as his subjects.

Here is the faithful and devoted follower of Him who knew no sin. A bright and living example of all that is lovely and attractive in the Gospel of Christ; and whose daily deportment is an admirable illustration of that beautiful definition of "true religion, and undefiled before God and the Father," which is, "to visit the widow and fatherless in their afflictions, and to keep yourself unspotted from the world." And, on the other, is the hapless victim of infamy and crime; who exults in all that is debasing and revolting in human guilt; who has sacrificed the last remains of honor and virtue on the accursed shrine of sensual indulgence; and who, leprous with crime himself, is incessantly at work to infect the entire community with the contaminating influence of his vices. This is no fancy sketch. It is sober reality. There is also a medium class, (hardly distinguishable amid the swelling surges of corruption, or the brilliant developements of piety and benevolence, of riches and renown) which moves on in the even tenor of its way, alike content and happy. Aloof from the fear of distressing want, and unseduced by the flattering charms of avarice and ambition, their situation is truly most enviable. No anxious cares distract their minds by day, nor disturb their peaceful repose at night. But the numbers of this class are few indeed. Now I appeal to those who have been upon the ground, and examined for themselves to decide upon the accuracy of my strictures. They only are competent to determine.

* * * * * *

Letter-writers have, in various instances, done New Orleans the grossest injustice. Under the pretext of giving a correct portraiture—a drawing to the life—of what they have seen and heard, they have egregiously distorted its faults, and left all its merits—

"Unhonored and unsung."

The vices which prevail here, and which, circumstances considered, are proportionally less in number and fragrancy than those which predominate in other great cities, are held up to the view in all their naked deformity, while the virtues, that pre-eminently distinguish the bulk of the citizens, are left altogether "unnoticed and unknown." This is neither right nor just. Whoever would descant upon the faults of any community, should surely be magnanimous enough to touch lightly, at least, upon the better traits of its character. "The

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truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," should always be told. In no other way can an accurate and impartial judgment be formed. That iniquity abounds in New Orleans, in all its disgusting features, is not to be denied. Nor will any one attempt to extenuate its awful guilt. But, at the same time, it should be well understood that the vices which do exist, and which exert so pestiferous an influence upon all that is decent and respectable in society, are open to the broad light of day, and exposed to public inspection. All that is odious, as well as all that is excellent and lovely, is equally conspicuous. There are no *secret* haunts of wickedness. There is no concealing the lamp under a bushel as is the case elsewhere. The noble and chivalrous spirit of the south would scorn it. The same frank and manly independence that distinguishes the good, is equally a distinctive trait in the characters of the "vilest of the vile." To this cause, doubtless, is to be attributed the reason why so many strangers are misled in instituting a comparison between New Orleans and the other large cities of the Union. They do not consider, and it may be they do not know, that in the former, virtue and vice are all *public*, while in the latter, vice, at least, is all *private*. There is manifold more depravity extant in New York, and Philadelphia, and Baltimore, than here. This truth is not, however, at a *prima facie* view, obvious, because, in the northern cities, it is all nicely cloaked over, and hidden from the public gaze, while in the "Crescent City" it meets you at the corners of the streets. No effort is made at concealment.

* * * * * *

And justice is withheld in another point. The generous and Christian virtues are more frequently and effectively displayed in New Orleans, than in any other portion of the United States. These amiable and interesting features in its character, however, are never spoken of abroad, for they are always exercised without ostentation or parade. The tender and delicate sensibilities of that man, who contributes liberally of his wealth, and his exertions in the cause of suffering humanity, will not allow that a trumpet be sounded before him as before hypocrites, that he may be seen of men, and have glory of them. He is actuated by higher, and holier, and sublimer sentiments. He looks for his reward in the pleasing emotions of his own conscience, and the blessing of God. The silent tear of gratitude that glistens in the eye of the needy object of his charities, is to him a richer and sweeter recompense, than all the pompous applause a world can bestow. It bespeaks the willing tribute of a grateful, melting heart, and is more precious than rubies.

Any individual, who will spend a season here during the frightful ravages of the acclimating fever, will be favored with hourly exhibitions of benevolence in its grandest yet most unobtrusive forms. Piety is never wearied with its incessant labors of charity and mercy. The heart is never cold, the hand is never clenched. The post of distress and danger is crowded with the friends of man. Every face beams with the liveliest sympathy and compassion. Could the warmest affections, the tenderest sympathies, the most expanded benevolence avail, how speedily would the ravages of the plague be stayed! Many a poor wanderer, far away from the fireside of "home, sweet home," with no familiar face to stand by his pillow, and soothe his aching brow; yet, rescued from the fangs of the "Destroyer," by the kind assiduities of strangers, blessed by the benignant smiles of a beneficent Providence, looks back to this city from his distant abode, with emotions of thankfulness, which eternity alone can disclose. Palsied be the hand that would pen a syllable in disparagement of this Queen City of the south! The Angel of Mercy has decked her brow with a wreath of perennial verdure. For every real victim of want and woe within her borders, whose circumstances are known, receives all the attention that love and kindness and wealth can bestow. The fevered brow is bathed, the healing cordial is administered, the pillow of death is smoothed, and those glorious consolations are imparted, that prepare the spirit for—

"A happy exit from this world of woe."

Original.

LADY JANE GREY.

Not for thy regal brow,—
Nor the unwonted brilliance of thine eye,
Not for the genius to which kings might bow,
Nor the proud bearing of thy stature high,—

Not for the winning grace
That decked thee as with mantle wrought of light,
Not for the syren voice that stole apace
Into the heart's deep places as of right,—

Not for the lofty state
But a brief space removed from queenly crown,
Not that united to a lordly mate
Thine equal only in thy sad renown,—

Not for these lesser things
Art thou remembered with a hallowed pride;
But that thy spirit spread its fearless wings
Smiling on death, to seek a world untried!

Thou didst ascend a throne
And wield its gilded sceptre for a day!
Not in thy place of pride, our spirits own
A more than queenly, a *resistless* sway!

When stern misfortune's hour
Came like a dark eclipse o'er all thy fate,
Then, when the bravest felt the tyrant's power,
Thou wert beyond them all most nobly great!

Leaning with child-like trust
Upon the King of kings, thou didst lay down
The dazzling sceptre as a grain of dust,
And give an earthly for eternal crown! IONE.

Boston, Mass.

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Original.

THE LADY OF THE GREY CLOAK.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"Thine all, thine only,
Like the one star above thee bright and lonely!
Oh, that a dream so sweet so long enjoyed,
Should be so sadly cruelly destroyed."—*Lalla Rookh.*

"I AM extremely glad to find you at home this evening," said Mr. Stafford, as he entered the library of Mr. Emerton, "for I wish to consult you relative to an affair of great moment."

"I hope no misfortune has happened to you," said Mr. Emerton, as he noticed the agitated manner of his friend.

"Not exactly, but you shall hear. You know the manner in which Mr. Hildreth, my late brother-in-law, disposed of his immense property?"

"I have certainly heard, though I do not at this moment recollect."

"Why, he gave the whole to Eveline, my beautiful ward, who was, as you know, his adopted daughter, and bears his name."

"And a very good method of disposing of it, as he had no children of his own."

"Yes, if he had not given her a pair of fetters with it, all would have been well, but unless she marry Lorraine Stafford, my nephew, in the room of a million of dollars, she is to be cut off with an annuity of three hundred a year, and the property is to be transferred to him."

"Why cannot people be content to let young persons make their own matches, as they themselves did before them? Eveline is averse to marrying him, I suppose."

"No, the aversion is on his part. They have not seen each other these eight years, for she happened to be absent the time he was here previous to his setting out on his travels, but she has seen his portrait, which is handsome enough to captivate any girl's fancy, much more Eveline's, who, ever since she was a child, imagining she was destined for Lorraine, has made it the business of her life to acquire not only every accomplishment, but every useful art, which she thought would in the least degree render her more attractive, or more worthy of him."

"And has Lorraine seen Eveline's picture?"

"No—I sent it to him nearly a year since—and a sweet picture it was too—but the person whom I entrusted it to, was so careless as to lose it."

"You have nothing to fear then. When he comes to see her, she will captivate not only his fancy but his heart, or I shall conclude that he possesses neither."

"Could he be induced to see her, I have not the least doubt of it, but that is the question. Yesterday I received a letter from him informing me of his return from Europe, and of his determination not to visit me; the thought of meeting Eveline Hildreth, he says, being perfect agony to him, his affections having already been disposed of, beyond the possibility of recalling them. He adds, that at first, the idea of Eveline's property passing into his hands, leaving her comparatively poor, should not the conditions of the will be fulfilled, nearly maddened him, but that subsequently an arrangement occurred to him, which will set matters all right, if I will only agree to it. The arrangement is this—for me to give my property to Eveline instead of to him, which I have often told him was my intention. This I am willing to do, but if he were as well acquainted with her as I am, he would know that she would spurn the gold, by which he imagines he purchases the right to trample on her heart. Now, my friend, what had I best to do?—state the case plainly to her, or make an effort to bring about a meeting between them?"

"Were I in your place, I should not hesitate a moment which to do. I should, if possible, bring them together. His affections disposed of beyond the possibility of recalling them! All nonsense. Should he see Eveline, he will sing a different song. I have many a time, when in her presence, thanked my stars that my heart was too old and case-hardened for the shafts of Cupid to take effect, or before this, I should have written invoices in rhyme, and been guilty of as many absurdities as Malvolio."

During the foregoing conversation between her guardian and Mr. Emerton, Eveline was at home sitting by the parlor fire. She held a book in her hand, but her thoughts were busy upon a very different subject from the one contained on its pages. Up to the time Mr. Stafford had received his nephew's letter, he had frequently mentioned that he should expect him in October. The month was now drawing to a close, and he had not come. She knew that her guardian had the day before, received a letter from him, he had not, however, as on former occasions, communicated the contents to her. He had even forborne to mention his name in her presence. Something must be wrong, she felt assured, and sometimes her fears led her to half conjecture the truth. In the midst of these, her unpleasant musings, the old house-keeper entered under the pretence of ascertaining that the servants had neglected none of the evening arrangements necessary for her comfort.

"A bitter cold evening for the season, Miss Eveline," said she, arranging the window-curtains so as to more effectually exclude the air, and then heaping some fresh coals upon the grate.

She finally seated herself in Mr. Stafford's chair, in which, though a very luxurious one, she appeared to be ill at ease. It was evident that something bore with weight upon her mind. After fidgeting about in her chair several minutes and taking up the poker and setting it down again half a dozen times, "Miss Eveline," said she, "I suppose you know that your guardian received a letter yesterday, from his nephew, Mr. Lorraine Stafford?"

Eveline almost started at thus unexpectedly hearing the name pronounced which was then in her mind, as she replied in the affirmative.

"Well, that letter contains something which makes Mr. Stafford kind of uneasy like in his mind, and something that concerns you, too, and which in my opinion, you ought to know. How I came by my information is no matter."

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Eveline made no reply, which she considered as a sufficient encouragement for her to proceed, and interspersed with many sage remarks of her own, she related every particular contained in the letter.

"There, I knew you would not mind it," said she, when she had concluded, as she observed the apparent composure of Eveline, "for all that Mr. Stafford was afraid to tell you about it. There he comes this minute. You won't say a word to make him mistrust that I have been telling you any thing about the letter, will you, Miss Eveline?" and she hurried out at one door, just as Mr. Stafford's hand was upon the latch of the other.

Eveline sat only a few minutes, and then retired to her chamber. From a portfolio which hung against the wall, containing some sketches and paintings from her own pencil, and which were certainly admirably executed for a lady amateur, she selected one upon which she had exhausted her best skill. It was a miniature copy of a splendid portrait of Lorraine Stafford, which a few months previous, he had sent his uncle. With tearful eyes, she for a few moments perused the face which might have answered to the description given by Hamlet of his father, and then placed the ivory on the bright coals burning in the grate. She turned away as she beheld the edges begin to curl and warp in the intense heat, and the dark fire stains creep on towards the noble features. When she looked again, nothing remained but the violet colored ashes, which still retaining the form of the ivory plate, lay unbroken on the coals.

There was some bitterness as well as sadness in the thoughts that glanced back upon the past. For years had she been treasuring the young and pure affections of her heart to lavish on him, and he had without seeing, rejected her. But her's was a proud as well as a loving heart—resolute as well as tender.

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The rich purple haze which had for sometime lingered in the air after the sun's broad disk had disappeared, was rapidly giving place to the sober grey of evening, as a stage coach drew up in front of a decent looking inn, situated in the most central part of a retired country town. There were several passengers, all of whom alighted, except a lady, who wore a grey cloak. The cloak at that period was an article of dress nearly obsolete, being seldom worn, except by those females who might be termed elderly. The cloak now in question, was of very ample dimensions, with a hood or head, as it was more commonly denominated, and lined throughout with rich silver grey satin. The deep hood gathered about two inches from the edge by a narrow ribbon, and then pulled far forward, so effectually concealed the wearer's face, as to entirely baffle the curiosity of her fellow passengers, for although they had good reason to suppose, that it veiled nothing but time-worn features, it was rather trying to the patience to be shut up two whole days with a person in the inside of a public vehicle, without being able to decide as to the color of her eyes or the shape of her nose. The most that they could make out was that she was white and not black, as some of them began to imagine, by luckily discovering a small portion of her wrist, which her substantial worsted glove failed to cover, as she gave a pull at her hood in order to draw it still farther forward.

"You wish to be set down at the widow Ellison's, ma'am," said the driver, addressing her.

"That was what I intended," she replied, in a low, husky voice, "but you tell me she sometimes keeps boarders."

"Yes, ma'am, she does sometimes, but may be she has got none now. Landlord," said he, raising his voice, and addressing a man engaged in conversation with some of the newly arrived passengers, "has the widow Ellison any boarders now?"

"No," replied the landlord, "she is quite alone, and has been for several weeks."

"I will go, then," said she.

The driver resumed his seat, gave his whip a flourish, and in two minutes turned into a winding lane strewed with the sere leaves of beeches and of maples, by which it was bordered. The residence of Mrs. Ellison, a neat white cottage, must, when the trees were in full foliage, have been so nearly embowered, as almost to preclude any prospect of the high road and the cluster of buildings, of which, when seen from a distance, the church with its modest spire, appeared to form the nucleus. The grounds more immediately round the cottage were enclosed by a paling, which forbid the approach of the coach within fifty rods of the door. The lady alighted, and the driver unlashed a large trunk, which by her direction he placed just inside the gate. She then bade him good evening, to which he responded with a "good night, old lady," at the same time touching his hat and nodding, a gesture which he intended for a bow. Mrs. Ellison was at the door, looking over her spectacles, and wondering who had come. In the mean time, the lady, who could scarcely be discerned through the grey shadows that hovered round her, began slowly to advance along the path; which to avoid a fine elm, would sometimes diverge to the right, and then again, when having just resumed its onward track, make an almost fairy circle round an old moss-covered oak, or accommodate itself to the sinuosities of various clumps of evergreens. Mrs. Ellison drew back a little when she arrived near the door-steps, and made rather a stiff courtesy. The lady somewhat hastened her steps, and holding out her hand, said, in tones far different from the low, husky voice in which she had recently addressed the stage-driver, "My dear old friend, will you give me a shelter?" Mrs. Ellison uttered an exclamation expressive of joy and surprize, and throwing her arms round her, folded her to her bosom. It was not 'till the doors and window-blinds were closed, and the curtains carefully drawn, that the lady divested herself of her grey cloak. The preparations for supper, already commenced, were finished by Mrs. Ellison herself, who frequently paused in her work to speak in a low, confidential tone to her guest.

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It was soon reported throughout the whole town, that an old lady, who, when she arrived, was dressed in a

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grey cloak, was boarding with the widow Ellison. Curiosity was wide awake, especially with the gossip-loving portion of the community, who, in the space of one or two weeks, made it in their way to call on the widow. Their discoveries, for the most part, were exceedingly unsatisfactory, the object of their curiosity never happening to be present. At last, one of the visitors ventured to inquire of Mrs. Ellison for the old lady boarding with her, remarking that the ladies of the place, herself among the rest, would be glad to make her acquaintance, and help to cheer her solitude during the long and tedious winter already beginning to steal upon them. Mrs. Ellison said that she doubted not but that the lady would be much obliged to her, and promised at some convenient time to mention to her the desire that she and the other ladies felt to cultivate her acquaintance.

"But why not mention it now?" said Mrs. Brimmer, "there is no time like the present."

"She is somewhat indisposed," replied Mrs. Ellison, "and will not like to leave her room."

"There is no necessity of her leaving it—I will just step in a minute, for I am sure there is no need of standing on ceremony with me."

"But there is with her," said Mrs. Ellison, hastily planting herself before a door which her pertinacious visitor was approaching—"the lady is very particular, and would never forgive me, if I should admit a stranger into her apartment without her leave."

"Well, I can see no need of a person being so odd—it is no way to gain the good will of people. But, bless me! does the old lady paint?" lifting the corner of a handkerchief, which appeared to have been hastily thrown over something on a table, so as partly to display a beautiful, half finished sketch.

"That belongs to me," said Mrs. Ellison, "and was given me by a friend."

Mrs. Brimmer's only reply was an incredulous stare, and bidding Mrs. Ellison good morning, she proceeded to the residence of one of her particular friends to report the success of her call, and to give it as her opinion that there was something mysterious as well as odd about Mrs. Ellison's boarder. The mystery, however, was such, that the most subtle witted of them all could not solve. The folds of the grey cloak continued impenetrable, and although she regularly attended church, the sharpest eyes were unable to get a peep under the deep hood, and when going or returning, the strongest and most sudden gust of wind—one of which, in particular, sent the beaver of a young dandy dancing before him like a feather—never found the cloak unsecured, so as to give a glimpse of the dress it concealed. One gentleman, however, who had for a series of years held the honorable and responsible office of justice of the peace, warned the people to be very civil to her, for if by the turn of her instep and the manner she set her foot upon the ground, she was not a high spirited dame, he would never guess again.

Two months passed away, and the curiosity of the inhabitants remained still ungratified, when a young man, apparently about twenty-five arrived at the inn, and signified to the landlord that if he could accommodate him, he should like to board and lodge with him several months. Here was new food for curiosity, and when the gossips assembled at the tea-table, the old mystery, after a very light discussion, was regularly dismissed for the new. At first, they all agreed as one, that he could be no great affair, for although he certainly had very fine eyes, a nose that would not disgrace a general when leading an army to battle, a handsome mouth, and above all, a brow shaded with raven curls, thick and clustering, which, to borrow their own comparison, was smooth and white as paper, his dress was nothing as showy as the dandy's, whose hat was taken from his head by the gust of wind. The next time that they assembled, they did not know what to make of him. The perfect composure of his manners, when he honored their little parties with his presence, (far different from the lady of the grey cloak, he seemed socially inclined,) and which, at first, they took to be no manners at all, they began to suspect were more like those of the real gentleman than the grand flourishes of the dandy, whom heretofore, all had admired, but none attempted to copy, except in a distant humble way. What strengthened them in their misgivings with regard to the legitimacy of their former code of manners was, that the dandy himself appeared rather shy of exhibiting what had been deemed his best attitudes, and most inimitable flourishes, when in the presence of Mr. Hunter, the stranger.

Mr. Hunter, himself a mystery, for no person knew whence he came, whither he was going, or why he so long remained in a retired country town, was not without his curiosity concerning the mysterious lady of the grey cloak, of whom strange stories began to be circulated. A slight feeling of superstitious dread, on the part of the town's people, began to mingle with their curiosity. It was said, on tempestuous nights, and on these alone, that strains of melancholy music, were heard far sweeter than were ever breathed by mortal voice, mingled with the moanings of the wind, as it swept through the leafless branches of the trees surrounding the white cottage; and that once, a man who at a late hour was going to watch with a sick neighbor, while passing in sight of the widow Ellison's, saw standing in the door way a female figure, the most radiant and beautiful he ever beheld, and that while looking at her like a person fascinated, he ran into a snow-drift, from which, having extricated himself, he turned to take another look, when in her room stood the old woman of the grey cloak.

When she first went to reside with Mrs. Ellison, she never left the house except on the Sabbath, but the winter proving fine, she after a while might be seen walking in the lane for air and exercise. At length, she occasionally transgressed the limits, which she appeared to have prescribed herself, and took long walks in the more retired parts of the town. It so happened that she and Mr. Hunter frequently met, and presuming on that conventional custom of many retired country towns, which permits a greater degree of familiarity than in the city, he at length ventured to address her. One day, she unconsciously wandered much farther than she

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had intended, and the shades of evening began to deepen around her ere she was aware. She immediately commenced retracing her steps, being nearly a mile from Mrs. Ellison's. It was not long before she heard footsteps behind her, and in a few minutes Mr. Hunter was at her side. He remarked that it was growing dark, and requested permission to accompany her home.

"I am not afraid," she replied, "but if you can accommodate your walk to my faltering steps, I should be glad of your company."

He offered her his arm, and fearful of hurrying her, crept at a snail's pace along the well beaten path. For some time, both remained silent. The common place subjects which had hitherto formed the theme of their conversation, appeared to have lost their interest.

"You are young," she at length said, "and probably have never drunk deeply of the bitter cup of disappointment—never have had your heart trampled upon by one you have cherished in its innermost core, and cannot, therefore, sympathize with one like me, who has determined to spend the remainder of her days in solitude, and to bury her sorrows and regrets from the prying eyes of a heartless world. You do not look at the future, and say my age will have no friends."

"I am young," he replied, "it is true—have wealth, and consequently friends, or those who call themselves such; nor can I say that I have ever met with any serious disappointment, unless it be in failing to attain what the world would term a visionary object."

"A visionary object?" repeated she.

"Yes, I have been weak enough to permit my heart to be enslaved by a phantom, for every time I look upon those beautiful features with their almost spiritual expression, I am more and more convinced that their original existed only in the artist's imagination."

"You speak of a picture?"

"I do—and although it has the aspect of an angel, I believe it has been to me an evil star, luring me from the plain and safe path, which, though ornamented with few flowers, might prove equally free from thorns. I was destined for one, whom I have not seen since I was a boy. I am told that she is good and amiable, and even beautiful—but I am blinded to all beauty except what is centred in that one lovely face. What must she be of whom the mere copy is so enchanting?"

"How came you by the picture?"

"I found it half buried in sand and sea-weed, as I was about to go on board the vessel which was to convey me to my native land."

"And have you made any effort to find the original?"

"It was not in my power to make any. The wind was fair, and in a few hours we were out of sight of the shore, where I found my treasure. In the spring I intend to revisit Europe, for the sole purpose of finding her, although I am daily more and more convinced that the picture is only a beautiful dream, embodied by some half-inspired artist."

"I wish I might be permitted to see this beautiful picture," said she. He made no reply, but when they arrived at the door of the cottage, he placed it in her hand, remarking that he would call for it the next evening. Full as he was at the moment of the subject that engrossed so large a portion of his thoughts, he could not refrain from pitying her, as he noticed her tremulous voice, and her almost tottering gait, as she ascended the steps, while at the same time he regretted that one suffering from the infirmities of age, should have ventured on so long and exhausting a walk.

"What I hold in my hand," said she, addressing Mrs. Ellison, as she entered the room, "will reveal to me whether my future days are to be darkened by sorrow, or brightened by joy."

She threw back the hood of her cloak, as she approached the candles burning on the table, and made an effort to open the case, enclosing the miniature, but it dropped from her unnerved hands, and she herself would have fallen, had not Mrs. Ellison caught her in her arms.

"Where is it?" said she, when she had come to herself, "I can look at it now."

Mrs. Ellison removed it from the case, and gave it to her. An almost rapturous smile illumined her countenance, as holding it towards her friend, she said, "see, my hopes are realized."

The ensuing evening, Mr. Hunter, as he had promised, called for the picture. He saw only Mrs. Ellison, who, when she returned to him, remarked that her friend seldom left her room during the evening.

As winter was now breaking up, which made the streets wet and muddy, and as Mrs. Ellison was not able to keep a carriage of any kind, her boarder seldom went out, even to attend church. She and Mr. Hunter, therefore, met less frequently than they formerly had done. This he very much regretted, for having found that she possessed a fund of good sense, as well as a highly cultivated mind, their pedestrian interviews had become extremely interesting to him.

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The reign of winter was, at length, fairly over, and the flowery foot prints of spring began to appear on the sod. Buds were visible on the beeches and maples surrounding the white cottage, which daily expanded into tufts of light green leaves. The song of birds was heard among their branches, but that sweet unearthly music, which had enchanted, while it awed the superstitious inhabitants of the town, seemed to have been borne for ever away on the wings of the wintry tempest. The month of May found the lady of the grey cloak and Mr. Hunter, still in the place. The latter, however, had told the landlord, that in two or three days he should take his departure. He had several favorite haunts, such as an idle man and a lover of nature, are apt to have. One, was a smooth, elevated spot of land, containing about a quarter of an acre, on which grew a single magnificent oak. On the north and east it was enclosed by the deep and solemn woods, and on the opposite sides walled in by huge masses of rocks, which nature appeared to have thrown together in one of her wildest freaks. The music of running waters came up from the dark gulph where they were imbedded, but it was only when a stray sunbeam found its way through some crevice, that a bright and silvery gleam betrayed

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their course. The spot could be gained by a path through the woods, but Hunter usually preferred the more toilsome and adventurous method of climbing over the rocks. It was a little past mid-day, and the sunbeams nestled warmly amid the green mosses and tufts of early flowers, as in a bright day in June. Hunter, after exploring the outlet of the streamlet, to whose wild music he had often listened with delight, began to ascend the precipitous rocks among which it wound, and which enclosed his favorite retreat. Having gained their summit within a few feet, he grasped a sapling which had found root in one of the fissures, and at once, swung himself over the barrier. A female, who had been seated at the foot of the oak, arose at the same instant. He could hardly have been more astonished, had an angel dropped from the snowy clouds which were floating softly above him, for his imagination had never painted one of those heavenly messengers as more radiant and beautiful. A grey cloak of ample dimensions lying beneath the tree, and which in her sudden surprize she had not time to gather round her, next caught his eye.

"Surely," he at length said, "however improbable it may appear, you must be the original of the picture I found, and what is quite as strange, you are, I think, the lady of the grey cloak."

"Yes, I sat for the picture, and the grey cloak is mine."

"If I might venture—that is, if I might request an explanation——"

"Some future time," she replied, "you shall know all that you desire. I must now, return to Mrs. Ellison's."

CHAPTER II.

Olivia.—Stay:
I pray thee tell me what thou think'st of me.
Viola.—That you do think you are not what you are.
Olivia.—If I do think so, I think the same of you.
Viola.—Then think you right: I am not what I am.
Olivia.—I would you were as I would have you be.
Twelfth Night; or, What You Will.

Hunter, whom the lady of the grey cloak had left so abruptly, did not think, while he had opportunity, to ask permission to call upon her in the evening; but after several ineffectual attempts to fix his attention upon a new and interesting publication which he had just received, he laid it aside, put on his hat and gloves, and proceeded to the white cottage. Mrs. Ellison, who was sitting in the parlor alone when he arrived, almost immediately withdrew. In a few minutes she returned, accompanied by her boarder, whom she introduced by the name of Elwyn. Every moment he hoped that she would enter upon the explanation she had promised, though he did not venture to remind her of it. She, however, studiously avoided any reference to herself, and introduced topics of general interest, on which she conversed so charmingly, as to cause him, in a measure, to forget his curiosity.

More than a week glided away, during which, scarcely a day passed without his calling upon Miss Elwyn. Although, at different times, he made several attempts to divert the conversation into a channel which would naturally lead her to make the explanation he so ardently desired to hear, she always contrived in a very dexterous manner to elude the subject. One day, while on his way to the cottage, he bethought himself that she might possibly think that there was some mystery about him, as well as herself, and came to the determination to make a frank disclosure of a few things which he had hitherto carefully kept behind the curtain, and if, in her estimation, they should throw a shade over some parts of his character, he hoped that its better and more prominent traits were more than sufficient to overbalance its defects. He found Miss Elwyn and Mrs. Ellison together, and entered somewhat abruptly upon his subject.

"I believe, ladies," said he, "that I ought to tell you that Hunter is an assumed name. My real name is Lorraine Stafford, and I sought this secluded town in order to avoid meeting with a Miss Eveline Hildreth, whom my maternal uncle, who adopted her as his daughter, took it into his head for me to marry."

"And what objection had you," inquired Miss Elwyn, "to comply with his wishes?"

"My first was," he replied, 'in a matter so important as marriage, I think th· parties more immediately concerned should be at liberty to exercise their free, unbiassed inclinations. Another is, that although my uncle, in his letters, has told me wonders about her bright eyes and rosy cheeks, and the nice herb tea she makes him when he has a cold, I had ever entertained strong fears that she was nothing more nor less than a good natured, gawky girl, whom I should feel ashamed to introduce to any perfectly well bred friend. Indeed, how could it be otherwise, living as she has, ever since she was a child, almost entirely secluded from society, with my uncle Stafford, a bachelor of sixty, to teach her manners. I might have made an at empt to like her, had I not found the miniature, but after that, I could not endure the thought of even seeing her."

"But what assurance had you, that the original of the miniature was not as gawky in manners as you imagined poor Miss Hildreth?" inquired Mrs. Ellison.

"Because there was an air of delicacy and refinement which, like a halo, seemed to hover round it, that could not be mistaken. There is something in the countenance of a refined and intellectual woman, that never can be found in the face of an ill-bred rustic, even were that face beautiful as an angel's."

"How happened it that you never met with Miss Hildreth?" said Miss Elwyn.

"We did meet when we were children," he replied.

"And was she such a very awkward child?"

"I thought little about it then. The most that I remember is, that like other girls of her age, she loved to play at a game of romps, which I then liked her the better for, if I was only permitted to be her play ate. After all, I am sensible that I ought to have seen her when I returned from Europe. It would have been more manly—more generous."

"I think so, too," said Mrs. Ellison. "This shrink-

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ing from a course that would have been just and proper, betrayed a little too much—" she stopt, and her color heightened.

"A little too much selfishness, you probably mean?" said he. "You think I was more desirous to spare my own feelings than her's. But there is time, even now, to repair my fault. I will write to my uncle before I sleep, and the moment I receive his answer, should he think it best, I will start for home."

"I think your resolution very commendable, and so does Miss Elwyn, I know," said Mrs. Ellison.

"I suppose now," said Miss Elwyn, after a short silence, "that I should make the explanation I promised, but I do not feel quite ready yet. You may hold my promise as being good, however, which I shall endeavor to fulfil in a manner which I think you will approve."

Though deeply disappointed, he thought it best to submit without remonstrance. At the same time he could not help fearing that there were circumstances, which, if disclosed, would sink her in his estimation, and which formed the true reason of her reluctance to fulfil her promise. According to his determination, as soon as he returned to his lodgings, he wrote a letter to his uncle, that it might be in season for the morning mail. The next morning, much to his surprize, the first person he saw, after leaving his chamber, was his uncle Stafford's old friend, Mr. Emerton, who arrived in the evening coach after he had gone to Mrs. Ellison's He barely had time to inform him that he had assumed the name of Hunter, before the entrance of the landlord. He requested breakfast to be served for Mr. Emerton and himself, in a retired apartment, that they might have opportunity for private conversation.

"I will pour out the coffee myself," said Stafford to the girl in waiting, as she placed it on a side-table—"we will dispense with your services this morning."

The moment the girl had withdrawn, he inquired for his ncle."

"His health is good," replied Mr. Emerton, "but he is lonely and low-spirited."

"Lonely?" repeated Stafford, "why so?"

"Because he expected your company and Eveline's, and has been obliged to do without either."

"What has happened—can Miss Hildreth be married, or is it possible that she is dead?"

"Neither one nor the other, but she is gone, we know not whither."

"You astonish me. What could have induced her to such a step?'

"If you like," he replied, "I will begin at the beginning, as the story tellers do, for take it all in all, I consider it quite a romantic affair."

"Nothing would gratify me more," said Stafford.

"Your last letter to your uncle," said Mr. Emerton, "gave him great uneasiness. He came to consult me as to what course he had best pursue, and we concluded, if it were possible, to bring you and Eveline together. He had not mentioned to her a word of what you wrote, as he co ld not bear, he said, to wound her feelings, but the house-keeper, as she has since confessed, found the letter lying on the table in the library, read it, and communicated to her its contents. I called on your uncle the evening after he came to consult me, and found him and Eveline, as usual, sitting together by the parlor fire. I feel convinced, by her appearance, that she knew all. She was too staid, too composed for the graceful, light-hearted girl I had been in the habit of seeing. I imagined she appeared like a person who had recently come to some resolution, which, though it might cost her great effort to keep, she felt determined should not be shaken. Your uncle, too, was ill at ease. One minute he would be gay—even flighty—the next he would forget himself, and sink into a fit of melancholy. The following day towards evening, during Mr. Stafford's absence, a porter called at the front door, and was observed by a person living opposite, to remove a large trunk. As no one belonging to the houshold was visible except Eveline, they were probably engaged in the back part of the house. After tea she told her guardian that she intended spending the night at a friend's house, whose name she mentioned, and as the distance was considerable, he ordered the carriage. The ensuing day wore away, and she did not return. At eight o'clock in the evening, he called at Mrs. Kenyon's, where she went the day before, for the purpose of accompanying her home. She was not there. Mrs. Kenyon informed him, that half an hour before sunrise, she called at her chamber door for to bid her good morning, and that she declined her pressing invitation to remain 'till after breakfast. She either could not, or would not give him any further information. Your uncle returned home much alarmed, and immediately repaired to Eveline's chamber. On the table he found a letter addressed to himself. He afterwards handed it to me that I might read it, and as since then, he has appeared to shrink from any allusion to the subject, I have never ventured to return it, but have always carried it about me, in case he should demand it." He took the letter from his pocket, and releasing it from the folds of a very substantial envelope, handed it to Stafford, who read as follows:

"When I inform you that I have been made acquainted with the contents of the last letter you received from Lorraine Stafford, your nephew, I think you will not censure me severely for the step I am about to take. I could not feel otherwise than deeply pained and mortified to remain under your roof, and thereby prevent his return to the home of his childhood, after so long an absence. I intend going many miles from here; perhaps hundreds, and procure board in some reputable family. The annuity of three hundred dollars, which I was to draw in case certain conditions of your late brother-in-law's will failed to be fulfilled, and which I have made arrangements with Mr. L——, who is a discreet man, and will not betray the place of my future abode, to be forwarded to me from time to time, will be amply sufficient to meet all my wants. I may not be altogether so happy as in some other situation, but I am resolved to be content. Much misery has been condensed into the last twenty-four hours of my life, but I am now calm and resigned. For the future, I shall be prepared to taste the bitter as well as the sweet mingled in the cup of human life. When your nephew is united to the object of his choice, then, and not 'till then, I hope to meet you again."

There was a sentence or two added, in which she seemed to have forgotten the cold caution which she had prescribed herself, and where her feelings gushed forth, as it were, in spite of herself. The heart of Stafford was touched by their simple eloquence, and his

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eyes were moist with tears, when he re-folded the letter and returned it to Mr. Emerton

"You will perceive," said he, as he again deposited it in its envelope, "that the girl is proud and sensitive, and possesses much delicacy of feeling, with, I must confess, a somwhat firmer will than I had given her credit for. For my own part—and I told your uncle the same as I now tell you—I was sincerely glad that she had spirit enough to go off and live independently on her three hundred a year, instead of moping at home with a willow wreath bound round her brows."

"I find that Miss Hildreth is a favorite of yours," said Stafford.

"She is, and would have been yours, could you only have spent two hours with her, had it been the picture of an angel with which you were so fancy-stricken."

"It might have been so, but now, having been so fortunate as to find the original of my picture, I should be blind to the charms of any other woman on earth, for in her, every perfection is united. Like Ferdinand in the Tempest,

"For several virtues
Have I liked several women: never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owned,
And put it to the foil."

"And where did you find this perfect and peerless creature?"

"Would you have thought it? In this unrefined, out-of-the-way town we are now in."

"I will wager this watch against a four penny bit, that were I to see her, I should pronounce her as far inferior to Eveline Hildreth, as the light of a candle is to the sun's."

"You shall see her, and keep your watch, though you be obliged, as I know you will, to reverse your judgment. At a proper hour we will call, and I will introduce her to you."

"Agreed," said Mr. Emerton, "and now I feel glad, that I put a better coat into my trunk than the one I have on, for I always love to pay all due respect to the ladies. It is now exactly eight—what time shall we go?"

"As early as eleven, certainly, for the good people of the place adhere to the primitive custom of dining at twelve."

Precisely at the hour named, Mr. Emerton, with his well-brushed black coat, a satin vest made so as to display a nicely plaited ruffle, and with boots, whose high polish might have been dimmed by the dust from a moth's wing, having joined Lorraine Stafford, they bent their steps towards the white cottage. They were admitted, but saw only Mrs. Ellison. At length Stafford inquired for Miss Elwyn."

"She left town in the morning coach," said Mrs. Ellison.

"Left town?" repeated Stafford, in a tone of the deepest chagrin, "and where is she gone?"

"I am not at liberty to tell," she replied.

"I regret that your bird of beauty should have made use of her wings exactly at this time," said Mr. Emerton, as he and Stafford slowly returned to the inn. "I should really have liked to see her. Some good may result from it, however—you will now leave this place without regret."

Stafford assented to this remark, and endeavored to veil his disappointment under a show of pleasantry. The next morning found both of the gentlemen on their homeward journey. Stafford had hoped that his uncle would receive him kindly, but was not prepared for that exuberance of joy which he manifested. His expressions of delight were so incoherent and even wild, that his nephew, at least, began to entertain serious fears that his reason was unsettled. Mr. Emerton, who called in the evening, and had fifteen minutes' private conversation with his old friend, quieted his apprehensions by assuring him that his uncle was only laboring under a species of intoxication, occasioned by an excess of joy, which he doubted not would soon subside.

Much to Lorraine's relief, who expected to be obliged to listen to the whole catalogue of Eveline Hildreth's virtues, his uncle did not even name her. At night a new source of satisfaction awaited him. He discovered by a full length portrait, which was undoubtedly Eveline's, and which hung in a small apartment connected with his sleeping room, that her beauty was not of a style to have suited his taste, even had his affections not already been disposed of beyond control. The picture was very pretty—perhaps beautiful; but though the complexion was clear and transparent, the mouth rosy and smiling, the eyes blue and soft, and the flaxen ringlets clustering round the smooth white forehead were silky and abundant, there was an expression of insipidity about it, which suggested to him the idea of some pretty shepherdess, who would sigh for no more intellectual employment than to weave chains of wild-flowers to adorn the necks of her favorite lambs.

Something more than a week had elapsed, when one day at dinner he told his uncle that he had engaged to ride a few miles into the country with his old friend, George Sumner, and should not return 'till late in the evening.

"George Sumner," replied his uncle, "with one exception," (this he said with a complacent and meaning smile,) "is accounted the best horseman in town, but you shall have Lady Lightfoot—a most admirable saddle-horse, and I think you will cut as good a figure as he. How far do you intend to ride?"

"Only as far as Medfield's hotel."

"You will be sure to be back to-night," said his uncle, as they rose from the table, "for Lightfoot has not slept out of her own stable since I owned her, and would, I dare say, be very uncomfortable in any other."

Lorraine replied that he would certainly be back by ten, which, being in his uncle's view, a reasonable hour, he summoned Jem, and told him that he must saddle Lady Lightfoot for his nephew. Jem, who looked a little astonished at the order, said that he was afraid that Lightfoot was so accustomed to Miss Eveline's side-saddle, that she would not suffer any other to be put upon her back.

"I think she has forgotten the side-saddle by this time," said Mr. Stafford "for on the fifteenth day of

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next September, which is my birthday, it will be a twelve month, since Eveline rode her for the last time. I wish you had been here, Lorraine, to have seen how gracefully the plumes of her riding-hat fluttered in the clear breeze. I accompanied her on Surrey, and as we rode through town, a great many eyes were upon us, I assure you. George Sumner confessed to me, afterwards, that I rode better than he did."

Just at this moment, Jem advanced towards the spot where they stood, leading Lady Lightfoot.

"Why don't you saddle her?" inquired his master.

"Because, as I knew all the time well enough, she won't have any saddle put on her back but Miss Eveline's side-saddle, and I suppose that is a kind of saddle that Mr. Lorraine will not like."

"To be sure not," replied Mr. Stafford, with great gravity, and turning to his nephew, he inquired of him if he would venture to take Surrey.

"I have no objection to taking him," he replied, "if you have none."

"Certainly not, though I warn you beforehand, that none but a first rate horseman can manage him."

Surrey was accordingly led forth, and Lorraine sprang lightly to the saddle. As he rode briskly away, he heard his uncle charging him, at the top of his voice, not to stay all night, as Surrey could not sleep out of his own stable any better than Lightfoot.

"The rogue will beat Sumner now, I believe," said he, following him with his eye. "Had I not certain reasons for staying at home, I would have gone with him myself. We should, in point of horsemanship, been a good match for each other."

When Lorraine was out of sight, he re-entered the house. Stopping at the foot of the stair-case—"Eva, Eva," said he in a voice raised considerably above its common pitch. Light footsteps were heard, and then a bright face, round which clustered long, glossy ringlets in dark profusion, was thrust forward at the head of the stairs. "Come, my truant," said he, with a look that showed that a single glance of the beautiful eyes beaming upon him, carried joy to his heart, "come, my truant, Lorraine is gone, and we will have all this long afternoon to ourselves. Nothing else on earth would have tempted me to let him have Surrey—but the rogue rides well. Did you take a peep at him from your window, Eva."

"Are you sure that he will be gone all the afternoon?" said she, feigning not to have heard his question.

"Quite sure, and all the evening besides. He and George Sumner are going to Medfield's, where they will remain 'till dark, that they may enjoy the fine moonlight when they return. But for my part, I think you had better take courage, and meet him to-morrow. It will not do for you to keep immured in your chamber all the time, or we shall have lilies here"—patting her cheek—"in the room of roses."

After tea, Eveline was going to return to her room, but Mr. Stafford urged her to sit down at the piano, and she complied.

"Encore! encore!" he exclaimed, at the conclusion of a favorite song, at the same time clapping his hands with great glee, he having forgot for the moment that he was in his own parlor, and that he had been listening to his own ward, instead of being at the theatre or public concert-room, listening to the performance of some celebrated songstress.

During the height of his applause, the door opened, and Lorraine Stafford entered. As his eye fell on Eveline, he came at a full stand, while at the same time she rose precipitately from her seat, and made an involuntary movement towards an opposite door. He sprang past her, and placed himself in such a manner as to prevent her egress.

"Miss Elwyn," said he, "to what fortunate circumstance do I owe this meeting?"

"Miss Elwyn!" repeated his uncle, "why, this is my little Eva, that you took such an unaccountable dislike to."

"Had not the name of Eveline Hildreth," said she, "been one which you took such pains to banish from your memory, you might have recollected that Elwyn was the name of her parents, and that she relinquished it when your Uncle Hildreth adopted her as his daughter. All is explained now which you desired to know, when we met at Mrs. Ellison's. You then ascertained that the person, whom, when shrouded in her grey cloak, you imagined to be sinking under the weight of years, was the original of your miniature, and you now find, that your uncle's ward, whom you took so much pains to avoid, is the same."

"Oblivion of all unkindly feelings, respecting the past, and enjoyment of the present, is what I recommend," said Mr. Stafford, "but that we make a fair beginning, I want to know if you brought back Surrey safe and sound?"

"Yes, my dear uncle, and a fine animal he is, too."

"That he is. I would not take two hundred dollars for him. I do not wish to make you proud, but you rode better than Sumner. I must ride with you myself, one of these days—we shall be—as good luck would have it, here is Mr. Emerton, and we will all sit down and have a good long chat on old affairs, and draw plans for the future.

FRIENDSHIP.

The world are so busied with selfish pursuits, ambition, vanity, interest, or pleasure, that very few think it worth their while to make any observation on what passes around them, except where that observation is the branch or sucker of the darling plant they are rearing in their fancy. Nor am I sure that, notwithstanding all the sentimental flights of novel writers, and the sage philosophy of moralists, whether we are capable of so intimate and cordial a coalition of friendship as, that one may pour out his bosom—his every thought and floating fancy—his very inmost soul, with unreserved confidence to another, without hazard of losing part of that respect which man deserves from man; or, from the unavoidable imperfection attending human nature—of one day repenting his confidence.—*Burn.*

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Original.

THE DEMON SHIP.

IN THE STYLE OF BARRY CORNWALL.

BY JOHN BROUGHAM.

HURRAH! hurrah for the foaming flood
Of fiery Phlegethon,
A demon bride,
And a devilish bridegroom side by side,
Are sailing that river upon;
He is an imp of the very best blood,
And she is a devil of Ton.

Their barque is the shattered fragments of
A ship wrecked long ago,
In a fathomless bay,
For a cycle of years it rotting lay,
'Till the devil employed it now
The roof of the murky pit he clove,
And the old hull tumbled thro'.

From the sinews dry, her ropes were made,
Of a race of Egyptian kings,
New-pilfered from
The vaults of a Memphian catacomb;
Her sails were leathery things,
Of murderers skins that alive were flay'd
Some were, and of vampire's wings.

Her blocks and spars were men's skulls and bones;
Some were by famine slain,
Some met their doom
From the burning blast of the fell simoom,
And for ages unburied had lain,
E'en where they had heaved their dying groans,
In the midst of a desert plain.

Her mast was the stem of a Upas tree,
For many a death renowned,
And still it bore
Of poisonous juices, a pestilent store,
And the devil a banquet found;
He tapped it—"'tis very good liquor," said he,
And he handed the goblet round.

And the demon mariners shrieked as they found
A drink that was quite to their mind,
They sucked it dry,
And then with their teeth and claws did try,
To tear off the horrible rind,
And frightful to hear was the gnashing sound
Of their tusks as they did grind.

The vessel was manned by the self same crew
That with her did plumb the deep.
Ah! little they thought
When in fancied security, slumber they sought,
They would never again watch keep;
The storm on the pinions of destiny flew,
And they slept an eternal sleep.

All fleshless—all lifeless—all soulless now,
They moved in skeleton shape;
'Twas hideous to see
Those bony things trying to join in the glee,
With their dead jaws all agape,
And to hear as they trailed themselves to and fro,
Their dry joints creak and snap.

And as each one in turn to his grinning jowl,
Lifted a vessel up—
(A suicide's skull,
With the thick black juice from the Upas, full
Festering in the cup,)
Right thro' their jaws the liquor would fall,
And down on their bare ribs drop.

In one fearful group from the others apart,
They were playing for awful gain.
The souls of those,
Who wicked lives brought to a wicked close,
Now doomed to unending pain.
The dice-box was cut from a gambler's heart,
And the dice from a gambler's brain.

* * * * * *

Original.

OUT OF EGYPT HAVE I CALLED MY SON.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

COME out of Egypt, oh, mine undefiled,
Dove of the Lord; innocuous, wondrous child,
Thy foes are dead, and sleeps the sword that swept
The homes of Rama, when their Rachel wept.

Come out of Egypt;—to that land of death
The shut-up heavens reveal, not now, life's breath;
To Zion shall the Light of Life return;
O'er Palestine the gospel Star shall burn.

Come out of Egypt;—not "in haste," "by night,"
As when Fear waited on Messiah's flight;—
In peace return to David's royal town,
Whose throne awaits thee not, nor lineal crown.

Come out of Egypt;—yet as sinks the sun
To rise again when night's due course is run,
So thou, from Mizraim, shalt withdraw thy ray,
To flood her with thy beams another day.

Come out of Egypt;—yet to trials come;—
To suffering, lack of ease, of friends, of home;
Yea, griefs by day, at night with tears to lie;
Come thou to be betrayed, to groan and die.

Come out of Egypt, from the grave to rise,
And for its slain to ope the eternal skies;
To plant Religion's rose in every wild,
To bless a world;—oh, come, Incarnate child;

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Original.

THE LAST DAYS OF PRINCES.

BY A. D. PATERSON.

YET once again must one of the family of the Norman conqueror be brought to figure on our canvas. So eventful was their career, so prominent were their lives, and so striking was the end of each, that they even seem to offer themselves to our notice, as lessons which neither can, nor ought to be overlooked. Diversified in their several characters, equally diversified in their "last days," and the end of each was in perfect keeping with his life; but whilst the heart softens over the remorse of the conqueror, and whilst we are startled and shocked at the sudden exit of Rufus, the mind is saddened, and shrinks back upon itself as it views the living death, the state of hopeless despondency, the countenance from which smiles have long been for ever banished, the mortified and broken down ambition of him who, for his learning and worldly wisdom, was pre-eminently distinguished as the *Beau Clerc*. Springing from the same root, there are many, in the successive generations of the English annals, whose lives and whose "last days" afford powerful lessons to those who attentively consider them; but the Conqueror and his sons offer so many peculiarities, that they seem to be linked in a consecutive series, for the express purpose of giving the moral of their history a greater momentum, and of compelling us to pause on them as they are severally brought in review.

But as Henry, on whom we have here to dwell, will be the last of the family on whom we shall enlarge in this part of our series, certain reflections naturally arise relative to those who come more immediately after him in the page of history; which reflections cannot be stifled without violating the principles upon which the exhibition of "the last days of Princes" was formed. The awful threat in the second article of the decalogue, in which we learn that God will "visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation" of those who hate him, is too frequently looked upon as generally an abstract proposition; and, as it is productive of painful sensations to trace out its application, we commonly avoid it as much as possible; but the fact is not the less true, though it be in a great measure unmarked; and here, in the earliest English monarchs of the Norman race, it is most forcibly and lamentably held up to example. Ambition, duplicity, tyranny, and cruelty, attended the steps of the first Norman monarch; the next generation presents a Robert, the victim of his brethren, and his son brought to a premature death; a Richard, the only virtuous one of his family, early and violently snatched out of life; a William, the plague of all, and deserted by all, cut off in mid career, even when his arrogance and tyranny were at their highest pitch; and a Henry, whose very essence was falsehood and equivocation, justly deprived, for years, of mental peace, plagued by a fury of a daughter, for whose aggrandizement he devoted the latter portion of his wretched life, with sad misgivings that he was laboring in vain. Pass we then to that daughter—the third generation—engaged in continual war for the crown which her father left her, but which she never attained to wear; and then shift the scene to her son—the fourth generation—who did indeed become monarch of England, but whose days were embittered by a termagant wife and a most rebellious offspring! Need we trace this instance of God's awful denunciation any farther? Not now; the picture is sufficiently striking already, and to fill the canvas any more closely, would confuse rather than make clear the important subject represented. Let us then isolate a principal figure, and contemplate the closing hours of

NUMBER III.—HENRY BEAU CLERC.

"The powers delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea all the creatures
Against your peace. Thee, of thy son —— ——
They have bereft, and do pronounce by me
Ling'ring perdition, (worse than any death
Can be at once,) shall step by step attend
You and your ways."—*Shakspeare.*

There was a solemn stillness within the halls of Lions-la-forêt, slightly broken, occasionally, by the hasty and flitting steps of anxious-looking menials, as they trod the rushes which were every where strewn over the passages, or by the whisperings of the mailed warriors who were assembled in groups in the apartments devoted to their attendance or accommodation. The archbishop of Rouen, together with other prelates and ecclesiastics, had just departed from an inner chamber, in the vicinity of which the most guarded silence was enjoined; the leeches passed in and out from thence with solemn and mysterious air, and all things betokened an important crisis to be at hand. What is it which thus checks the mirth of the all-licensed soldier, and causes the rough menials to abate their tumultuous officiousness? Why is this solemn procession of the priests under the direction of the highest and most powerful churchman? King Henry lies extended within that inner chamber, suffering under disease brought on by indulgence in a gluttonous propensity, and from which his leeches have told him he shall never arise in health. Late, very late, his immortal state has been impressed upon him, and the ministers of religion have been summoned. These have offered the soothing consolations of the church to the heavy-hearted monarch, and have gone through the ceremony of the *viaticum* so deceitful to the judgment, because so allaying to the feelings. The ecclesiastics have done their allotted duty, but has the King done his at this eventful crisis? Alas! no; the cares of this world have mingled with his considerations respecting that which is to come, and have so far preponderated, that the solemn religious offices have been to him an empty ceremony, and the offered consolations have proved but a blank to his soul. The passion which has absorbed every other sentiment within him, clings to him in the mortal hour, and only leaves him with the last expiration of his breath. The love of power, to the attainment of which he sacrificed, during life, every virtue, every social tie, and every bond which is held sacred among mankind, has possessed him, even in moments when it is evidently slipping from his hands; and, not satisfied with the wide extent of it

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which he has actually enjoyed, he is employing the few miserable hours of mortal existence which are still left to him, to secure its continuance to a daughter who has been the plague of his latter years, who is hated by his subjects, but for whom he nevertheless hopes, *against hope*, to establish it.

Scarcely had the king remained a few hours in comparative repose, after partaking in the spiritual rites intended to smooth the bed of death and take from it some portion of its terror, when the world and all its concerns returned upon him with redoubled force. In feverish haste he called for the barons in attendance. "Where," cried he, in feverish tones, "where is Etienne de Blois? Where is William of Gloucester. They have, of late, been officious enough in protestation and profession; where are they now?" The barons sprang forward with eager steps, each anxious to be first. "Here, at your feet, my royal liege and uncle," exclaimed the Earl of Blois. "Here, at your command, my royal father," cried the Earl of Glo'ster. Ah! little did the royal invalid guess the full import of those two exclamations, and little did his own immediate importunity accord with either. "Haste, haste, my lords," replied Henry, "call here my nobles, call here the Archbishop, and do you lay near to me the sacred book. Where is my daughter? Bid her come to me; she is my heir; to her and her's belong my crown and power, and all must swear they will sustain her claims." The two nobles hasten to obey the King's command, and Henry, exhausted, turned his head on his pillow, muttering with a deep and heart-drawn sigh, "Ungrateful that she is, why, why do I thus persevere for a child who has ceased to care for me?" His visage assumed a still more mournful expression, as the review of his life and reign presented the numerous incidents of which they were composed, before his disturbed recollection.

How true it is, that a life of dissimulation and falsehood towards others, produces finally self deceit. Ever desirous of clearing ourselves in our own eyes, we become, at length, the victims of our own duplicity. And such was now the case with Henry Beauclerc. He could not hide from himself, in an hour like this, all the atrocities of his atrocious life; but some he palliated under the plea of expediency, some he colored by the circumstances of the times, of some he changed the hue by viewing them through a favorite medium, which converted them into apparent good, and against others he was still able to shut his heart and thoughts altogether. How truly did this self-deceiving King make good the beautiful doubt of the Apostle—"*we trust* that we have a good conscience!" But whilst the dying monarch is thus pursuing his devious course of retrospection, during the absence of the two earls, we may take a brief survey of the same scenes that occupy his attention, and enjoy a clearer vision of them than his distempered fancy and deceptive soul would permit.

Of all the sons of the Conqueror, Henry was by far the most sagacious by nature, and his intellectual qualities had been fostered with greater assiduity than was usual to knights, nobles, and princes, in that warlike age; hence he obtained the surname of the Beau Clerc. But unhappily the nature of the studies at that time known, together with his position in the world, and the qualities of those with whom he found himself associated, had sown in him the germs of duplicity, cunning, and avarice. Like all his family, he was ambitious, he perceived that he was the cadet of his name, with but little probability of being distinguished in arms, for which, although no coward, he had no particular vocation; and it had even been suggested that with his intellectual qualities, and the royal influence of his family, his most probable road to eminence and power might be through the church. But no, it was soon the delight of this subtle prince, to attain difficult objects by the powers of his mind, however deflected from the straight course might be the means, and he seemed to rejoice at the mastery with which he managed the puppets which were his creatures, in the operations of his desires. Cruel, as well as treacherous, remorseless of consequences, as well as pertinacious in continuance, he neither allowed the ties of consanguinity, nor the affections of the heart to interfere with his pursuits. He was the sleuth-hound, constant, persevering, and *silent* on the scent, and equally silent when the prey was in his clutches. These properties were early developed within him, and although he knew himself the youngest of a family of warriors, he saw in dim perspective, even whilst a boy, the English throne at a possibly attainable distance. When the water was thrown on the head of the hasty Robert, that which was sheer insolence in Rufus, was incipient design in the young Beau Clerc. He had already learned the meaning of "divide et impera," he had read the dispositions of his brothers, whilst his own was unscanned by either; involved in the insult of the moment, he knew how to withdraw himself from the consequences, and even throw a double portion on his fraternal associate therein. History shows how correctly he calculated thereon, and we know that from a circumstance so apparently trifling, sprang all the domestic squabbles with which the history of the Conqueror's family is so very replete. The first William was never fully reconciled to his son, Robert, and there is much reason to believe that the ill-feeling was covertly fomented by the artful Henry, who however does not appear to have been prominent with his machinations. His father nevertheless, who was ever shrewd and observing, was well aware of the ascendancy which Beau Clerc would be likely to attain, in the course of years; and when he bequeathed to his youngest son the seemingly small legacy of five thousand pounds weight of silver, he replied to the young man's remonstrance, as with a prophetic spirit; "Be patient, thy turn will yet come." He *was* patient, and his turn *did* come. He perceived that his father had read him truly; he dissembled his impatience; his avaricious soul and grasping hand made sure of the treasure without delay, and he then set himself to "bide his time," to watching passing events, and avail himself at all opportunities to make advantage out of occasion.

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Nor had he long to wait for a commencement of his designs. His brother Robert, indignant at the breach of the general law of succession at his expense, prepared to wrest the sovereignty of England out of the hands of Rufus; being actuated also by the Norman nobility both in England and on the continent, who desired not to hold estates under distinct sovereignties, and whose pride was touched at the idea of the apparent alienation of the conquest from the victorious duchy of Normandy. But Robert wanted money, and Henry was able to lend it; accordingly the latter advanced three thousand pounds of his bequest, and received, as security for the loan, possession of the district of Cotentin which was more than a third of the entire duchy. Well did Henry know the prodigality and indolence of the borrower, and he took careful steps to hold fast the security pledged to him. And here we have the first remarkable instance of Henry's cold-blooded cruelty, and of his determination never to be contented with half measures. A burgess of Rouen, named Conan had treacherously engaged to deliver the city to the authority of William; the intention was discovered, but the powerful citizen offered an effectual resistance to Robert. At this juncture Henry joined his brother, and Conan was taken prisoner. The affair was Robert's, and that merciful prince was contented to punish the refractory citizen by imprisonment only; but the far-seeing and calculating Henry, looking to distant results, and determined to be rid of all who should be at once turbulent and influential, had decided that Conan should not escape. He summoned the prisoner into his presence and pretended to remonstrate mildly with him on the folly and criminality of his late conduct.

"How couldst thou hope, man, to make good thy treachery against thy master? Hast thou considered the position of this city,—knowest thou not that it is encompassed far and wide by barons and by vassals devoted to thy liege lord? Conan, I have long heard of thee, and I esteemed thee wise, but here thou hast acted foolishly as well as deceitfully. Thou wouldst be great, perhaps; vassal, it is thy sovereign only that can raise thee. I would have thee loyal, and reward thy desert; come with me therefore, I will show thee first the folly of thy undertaking, and then point out the means to secure thy future fidelity. Do thou follow me, Conan."

The prince led the way, and was followed by the prisoner, the guards, and attendants, and they ascended to the roof of the loftiest tower of the castle. He then pointed out to the prisoner the plains on every side, dotted with the castles of the Norman nobility, each with his force of men-at-arms, harnessed and in readiness at the shortest warning to speed to the succour or to the service of their duke.

"Thinkest thou now, good fellow, that thy mischievous plan would have availed thee aught? I understand thy looks; we have not turned towards the river's mouth. Come hither then, and view attentively all that is to be seen near the foot of the castle on this northern side; what seest thou there?"

The prisoner stepped into an embrazure and cast his eyes immediately below. At the instant that he did so the prince stepped up to him and hurled him into the paved court below, where he was dashed to pieces. A cry of horror was uttered simultaneously by all present, but Henry waving his hand commanded silence, adding only,—"the punishment of a traitor."

But the schemes and the ambition of the wily prince had nearly suffered shipwreck in this adventure. He had trusted too much, and had feared too little. Robert failed, his brother the King of England invaded Normandy, a peace was patched up between the belligerents, and both of these now turned their arms against Henry, whose craft they dreaded, and against which they employed every precaution that mutual policy could devise. Now it was, that the two elder princes stipulated with each other that the survivor of the two should be the inheritor of both England and Normandy, and that in the meantime neither should molest the other in his present possessions. The flood rolled in upon Henry threatening to overwhelm him; the territorial security which had been delivered to him was unscrupulously wrested from him; he became a fugitive and took refuge on the top of Mount St. Michael where he was closely besieged, and obliged to capitulate. Here might have terminated his career, had his antagonist been Rufus only; but Robert had a large portion of the milk of human kindness in his bosom, and by his interposition Henry, deprived of every thing, was permitted to remainin Bretagne. But "Cedant arma togae;" the talents and wisdom of Henry gained him friends in his obscurity and ere long he was invited to become governor of the city of Damfront. This he administered so wisely that he rapidly extended his authority and shortly he was again virtually in possesion of the greater portion of that which had been wrested from him by force of arms.

But the important crisis was at hand which, at the expense of every moral, every social, every political right, was to make him a potent monarch, and to be the means of destroying his peace for ever. A reconciliation, such as the world calls it, took place between Henry and William, and the prince was on a visit to the Red King when the latter received the mortal stroke. It is not given to man to look into the deep and hidden recesses of the heart of his fellow-man, but reason compels us to put circumstances together, and draw the conclusions which naturally arise from the conjunction. And what is the conjunction here to be viewed? Of these brothers, the only one who possessed a spark of kindly feeling and affection, is a heedless, indolent, but brave man, who has mortgaged his whole possessions for a trifle, to enable him to pursue a wild adventure in a distant country, where he will add *his* blood and treasure to the heap which has already been wasted, in the chimerical hope to rescue the Holy Sepulchre of the Redeemer out of the hands of the Infidels. He is now far away, and the field is open to his ambitious, crafty, avaricious, and remorseless youngest brother, who is not likely to let an opportunity escape of gratifying his predominant passions. The King had but recently been grinding with taxes and exactions his English subjects,

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and a large portion of the treasure thus acquired is now lying at Winchester. The fatal arrow has sped, King Rufus falls, and his brother hastens—where? To assist him, to cheer him, to try to revive him? No, he flies at the speed of his courser, direct to the royal treasury, and makes himself master of that key to the human heart, that all-stirring mover of human action. True; but the worldly wisdom and self-command which Henry emphatically possessed, urged him promptly to catch the "golden opportunity," after which he doubtless sets on foot a rigid inquiry into the awful catastrophe? Never! One unfortunate knight witnesses the event, and, fearful perhaps of consequences in those arbitrary times, he hastens to France and from thence to Palestine, where he loses his life; and thus Sir Walter Tyrrel becomes the scape-goat to a *fratricide*.

The goal of his desires was now at hand. Well did he recollect his pledge to Robert at the conclusion of the last quarrel between the elder brothers; equally well was he aware of the commonly received law of succession; but what was faith, what were pledges to one whose life and very essence was one great falsehood? Robert was in distant lands, he had never been much in the minds of the English or even of English residents; besides he was indolent and would probably never gather resolution enough to resent his wrongs, although his bravery was indisputable. At all events Henry would be King, and this was the crisis of his fortune. His craft supplied him with arguments which at that period were not without their weight. He proclaimed himself *an Englishman*, which in fact he was by birth; he distributed liberally and with discretion the funds which he had seized, and thus obtained many an influential voice when he declared that his desire was to be, not the inheritor of his deceased brother's kingdom, but the King of the people's choice; still farther he won the hearts of the English by solemnly promising to restore the Saxon laws which had been collected by King Edward the Confessor; and he put the finishing stroke to his popularity by marrying the daughter of the King of Scotland, the last scion of the Saxon royal house.

Henry Beau Clerc is now at the summit of his ambition. By what means he became so is partly known, but partly the mind fears to guess. Unscrupulous and resolute, he never hesitated to remove every obstacle which lay in his path; yet serpentine and smooth he did most things insidiously. At this period of his life remorse had never touched his breast; but could that obdurate man have looked forward, and, with prescient eye have scanned the series of ills and crimes consequent on his newly acquired state, he must indeed have been of iron heart had he not started aside from his course, and tried another and a better way. Many a torture of his dying hours might have been spared him, much of the agonized writhing which occurred on that bed would have had no cause, many a subterfuge and sophism which when dying he eagerly brought to excuse himself, would have been unnecessary. This future period of his life we have yet to scan with him.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Original.

THE OPENED EYES.

2d Kings, 6th, 17th.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

THOU,—who at the prophet's cry,
When the Syrian host was nigh—
To his servant's eye reveal'd
Sights to grosser sense concealed,—
All the hill-top cover'd high,
With angelic company,—
Oh!—to us,—when pain or strife,
Frowning, hedge the path of life,
Deign with mercy's beam to show,
Seraph-bands that round us glow,—
Heavenly hosts,—a shining train,
'Till our strength revives again,—
And we dread no mortal foe,—
Shielded and encompass'd so.

When, dejected and alone,
In the hour of grief we moan,
Comes there not a rushing sigh
Of mysterious sympathy,—
Like *their* breath, who erst have trod
With us,—o'er this thorny sod?—
Father!—whose unresting prayer
Propp'd us 'mid our daily care,—
Mother!—long by sickness bent,
Yet with sympathy unspent,—
Sister!—Brother!—ever dear,—
Sharing with us, smile and tear,
Friend! who sate at day's decline,
Clasping close our hand in thine,
Babe!—who 'neath the spoiler's sting,
Cradle chang'd for cherub's wing,
Flit ye not,—as shadow's glide,
Gathering fondly to our side?
All unseen,—for us ye feel,
All unseen,—our wounds ye heal,
Pouring in your spirit-balm,
Girding us with angel-arm,
Though your features veil'd must be,
By this cloud-wrought canopy,
Though your voice we may not hear,
Well we know,—you hover near.
—When in death's dark trance we lie,
Earth receding from our eye,
Sad affection's whisper'd word
Falling on our ear unheard,
Father of our fainting frame!
From whose breath this being came,
Wilt thou to our swimming sight
Show these ministers of light,
Who with snowy pinions spread
Waiting for the righteous dead,
Bear him through the trackless sky,
Where his Saviour's mansions lie,
Where, each mortal conflict o'er
He shall need their aid no more.

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Original.

TO S*****.

BY JOHN C. M'CABE, M. D.

I WOULD that thou wast with me, dear,
To soothe me in this gloomy hour;
Full well I know thy smile could cheer,
For oft my soul hath felt its power.

I fancy thou art by my side,
Thy mild eye looking up to mine—
My own, my loved and loving bride—
And I am looking into thine!
Our little girl is on the floor,
Our boy climbs up upon my knee;
And now their laugh with frolic roar,
Awakes a quiet smile from thee.

Yet this is fancy's picture bright,
And I indeed am far from home!
The Autumn wind, the lowering night,
The billows' wild and angry foam,
The rattling of the falling leaf;
The roar of distant, coming storm,
The sight that speaks my heartfelt grief,
Dissolve the vision bright and warm!

Courage, my heart! the storm will soon
Give o'er its wrath, and flee away;
And through the clouds the full bright moon,
Will throw her pure and chastened ray.
Courage, sweet one! the fate that throws
Its shadows o'er our path as yet,
Dims but the star that once arose,
Upon our hopes, and *seemed* to set—
'Tis only shut behind a cloud,
And soon its beams all full of cheer,
Shall glad the spirit sad and bowed,
And light with joy each lingering tear.

Sweet one, thy prayers! 'Tis well; the star
Of Hope burns brightly in my sky;
And from its altitude afar,
Reminds me of my loved-one's eye.
Kiss our sweet children! think of me,
And may kind angels bless my bride;
Soon will I speed to them and thee,
At our own happy fireside.

THE PASSIONS.

To subdue the passions of creatures who are all passion, is absurd, impossible; to regulate them, appears to be absolutely necessary: and what are those passions which make such havoc, causing striking differences, exalting and depressing the spirits, leading to ecstatic enjoyment, or plunging us in the severest afflictions; what are they more than the development of our sensibility?—*Zimmerman.*

LITERARY REVIEW.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY, AND OTHER POEMS: by *J. L. Chester; Saxton & Miles.*—Mr. Chester may be proud of this volume. In it there is much excellent poetry. He writes with feeling and fervor, and often with great force. Had he never written aught but the two beautiful poems of the Lonely Auld Wife, and its counterpart, the Lonely Auld Man, they would have entitled him to a place among the poets of his country.

SMITH'S HISTORY OF EDUCATION: No. 156: *Family Library; Harper & Brothers.*—Another valuable addition to this excellent publication, worthy of the serious consideration of parents, and those, to whom the education of youth is entrusted.

ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE: *Harper & Brothers.*—Numbers two and three of this great work have been published. We are happy to learn it has acquired an extensive circulation.

THE TRAVELLER'S GUIDE BETWEEN PHILADELPHIA AND BALTIMORE: *by Benjamin Matthias.*—An inestimable little book, which every stranger should be in possession of who travels between the above cities. Besides the description of the various objects on the road, it contains "a list of the principal hotels in each city and town; rates of cab fare; various travelling routes and hours of starting; prominent public buildings, etc., and a great variety of useful information. It cannot be too extensively patronized.

THE U. STATES CATHOLIC MAGAZINE: *Murphy: Baltimore.* This is a periodical devoted exclusively to the advancement of Catholicism in the United States. It is likewise a medium for communications on the progress of Science and the Arts, Poetry, and ecclesiastical and literary intelligence. It appears to be edited with sincerity, taste, and ability, and in its mechanical execution is excellent.

CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS: by *T. B. Macauly; Carey & Hart.*—This is the fourth volume of a compilation of the most valuable contributions of this elegant writer and able statesman, published at various periods in the Edinburgh Review. A considerable portion of the book is devoted to the republication of several beautiful lays, founded upon the most prominent occurrences in the early history of Rome; perhaps the most poetical and soul-stirring effusions of modern times. The prefatory remarks to these, contain a most profound disquisition upon the early poetry of the Romans, which cannot be perused without affording pleasure and instruction, both to the common reader and the lover of classical antiquity. Of the prose articles of the volume, we cordially coincide with universal opinion, that they are the most perfect productions of the day, evincing the mind of a profound scholar, a masterly critic, as well as presenting the finest specimens of a pure English style. We beg to apprize the publishers that this is the only volume of the work we have received, a circumstance which too often occurs with regard to the receipt of books from Philadelphia houses. We know not with whom the fault rests, but will the publishers oblige us by correcting it in future?

JACK HINTON: *by Charles Lever; Carey & Hart.*—This graphic and spirited production we have at various times noticed in terms of commendation, as it progressed through the press in serial order.

THE SNOW DROP: *by Frances S. Osgood: Fuller; Providence.* A pretty little gem, intended as a new year's gift for children. It is enough to say, its contents are imbued with the spirit of the muse of its authoress, which is as pure as the sweet flower which gives the title to the volume.

GOOD BOYS' OWN BOOK: *by Benjamin Matthias: Harmstead; Philadelphia.*—A very appropriate book for juvenile readers and which we are pleased to learn has already acquired a great popularity.

PARLOR DEVOTIONS: *James Loring.*—This is a selection of prayers both for secret and social devotion. They are so arranged, that for family exercise there is a prayer for every day in the month. Occasional prayers are also added. They are compiled from the works of Wilberforce, Jay, Toplady, Jenks, and Bickersteth.

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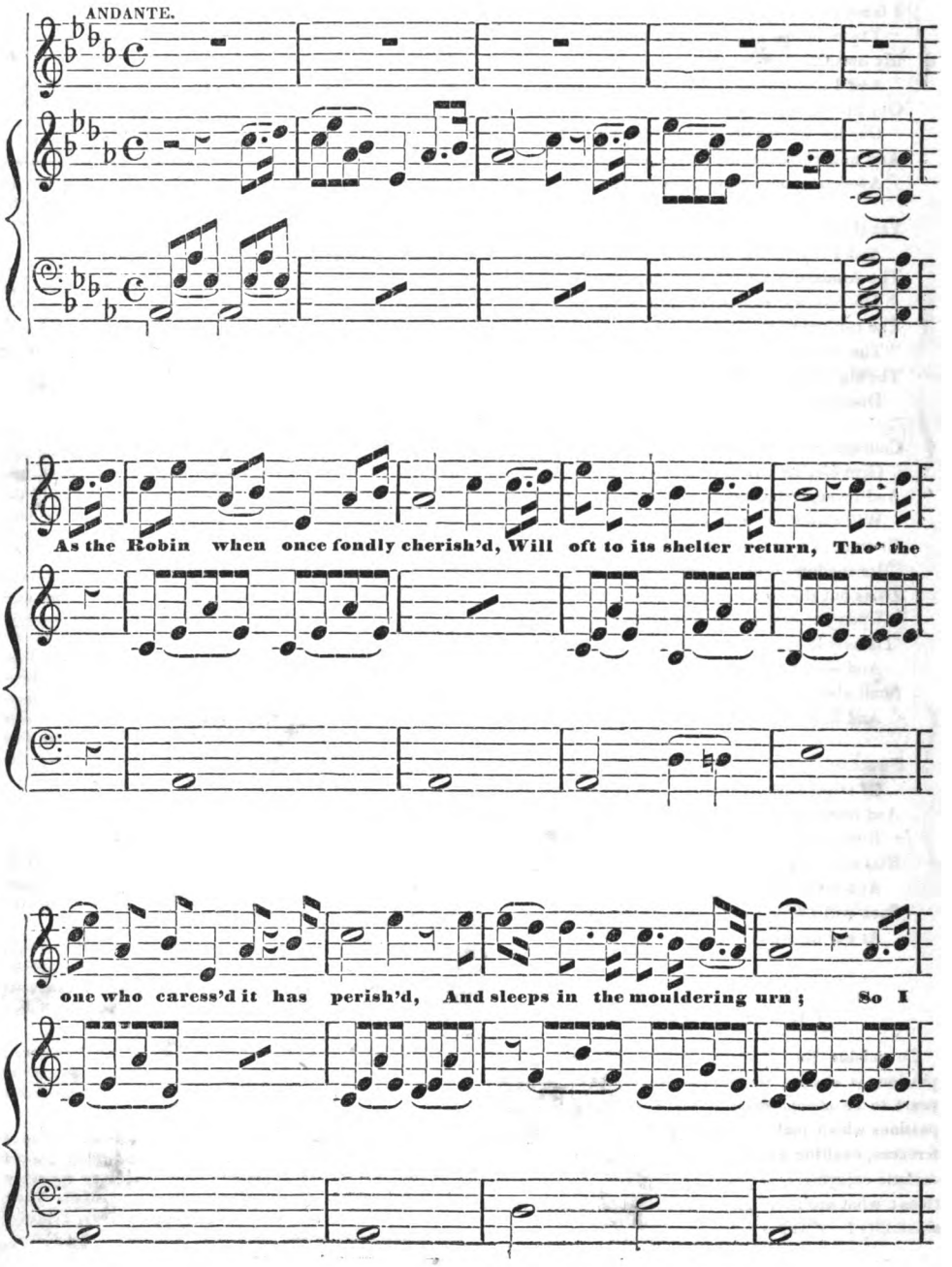
AS THE ROBIN WHEN ONCE FONDLY CHERISHED!

A BALLAD.

MUSIC BY HENRY R. BISHOP.—AS SUNG BY MISS SHIRREFF.



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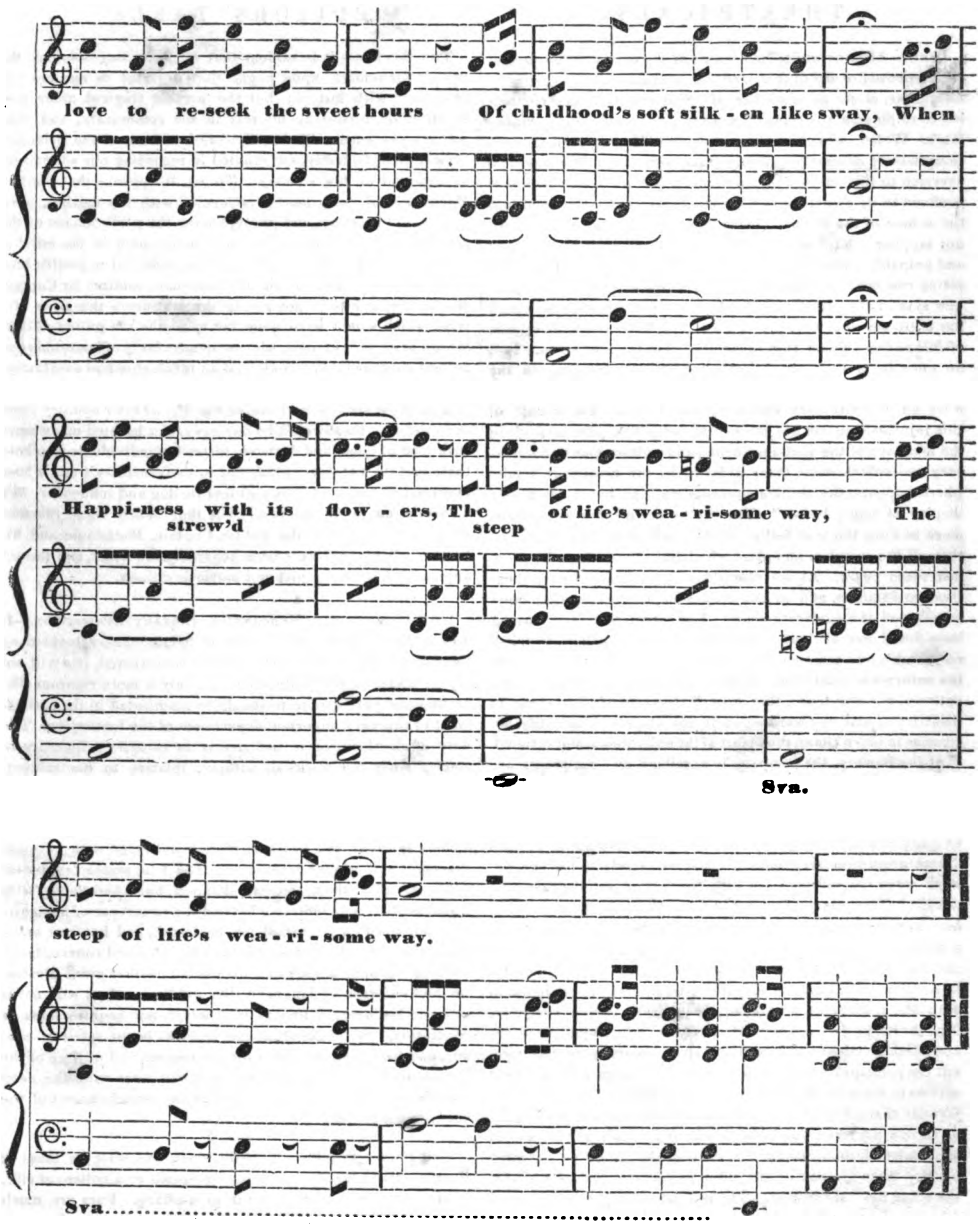

2 Those days when a phantom of sorrow
Could hang on my eye-lids the tear,
And a mother's fond smile I would borrow,
To bid the dark cloud disappear:
Alas! like a feverish slumber,
Those times of sweet sorrows are flown,
And how few of the joys can I number,
Of the many I once deem'd my own.

3 For what is the world's vaunted pleasure?
But as mountain-snow tinged with the sun,
Compar'd to the mirth without measure,
That I knew ere life's cares had begun?
Yet still! tho' the bud that then flourish'd
Of most of its smiles bereft,
Grief shall ne'er in my bosom be nourish'd,
To canker the few that are left.

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THEATRICALS.

PARK.—After an unfinished season of the most medley character, composed of the drama, lectures, operas, dances, negro-performances, *et sic de similibus*, Mr. Simpson has been compelled to relinquish the reins of management to the enterprizing Rufus Welsh, who has converted *Old Drury*, as it is presumptuously designated, into an amphitheatre. We have no aversion to this species of amusement, but we desire to see it confined to its own peculiar province, and not introduced into the temple of the drama. With whom the blame rests, we will not say, but it has been clearly demonstrated both by practical and palpable illustration for many past seasons, the Park is a losing concern, and that ere it commences another campaign, a new system of tactics must be adopted. One great cause which has militated so powerfully against it, is the notorious system of *bill puffing*, which this theatre has lately resorted to. It is no uncommon thing to behold the bills announcing to the public an old play, with some three or four old actors, as it were an extraordinary epoch in the drama. The result of this injurious system has been, that the public puts no faith in the language of the announcements, and unless some *extraordinary* individual, some *lusus naturae* in the theatrical hemisphere appears, the theatre presents nothing but "a beggarly display of empty boxes." The reduction of prices has done more to show the true feeling of the public towards theatricals, than all the surmises and plans which have been afloat for these last three years. As we remarked in a former issue, theatres are luxuries, and in these days of depression, they must be afforded at a moderate price. The secret, therefore, having been found out, all that remains is for the managers to select respectable and talented companies—to pay strict attention to the nature and production of the performances, and to abolish, entirely, the *star trade*, that most destructive of all systems in theatricals, and our word upon it, the stage will speedily become as in olden times, the resort of the enlightened and rational.

At the Bowery, the company is excellent, and the pieces are marked for the correct manner in which they are produced. The performers are proficients in their art—there is no "alloy in the metal"—no striking contrast of good and bad, a general keeping of excellence pervades every scene, the action of each drama progresses systematically and effectively to the *denouement*, when the auditor rises with feelings of satisfaction and delight. The principal entertainments have been a series of our best legitimate pieces, for which Mr. Hamblin merits especial honor, thereby testifying his ardent desire to uphold and disseminate a true theatrical taste among our community. In several of the plays he has appeared himself, in conjunction with Mr. J. R. Scott, a valuable acquisition to the company, Mr. Wallack, Jr. and Mrs. W. Hunt a lady, who possesses considerable talent and is cordially approved of by the audience, but the principal feature has been the appearance of the greatest actress in America, Mrs. Shaw, who has performed a series of her favorite characters to houses filled to overflowing. The new play of Love's Sacrifice, has been produced in a manner worthy of all commendation, indeed the part of Margaret as depicted by Mrs. Shaw, is one of the most powerful dramatic pictures the stage has ever beheld. The reduction of prices has acted like magic upon the fortunes of the theatre, seldom a night passing without the house being filled from floor to ceiling. In this instance it is palpable to conviction that a lack of money alone was the cause of "bad business." One season of prosperity, (and the present bids fair to be one,) and this noble establishment will again become the temple of the dramatic muse, and the pride of our theatrical community. At the Chatham, there has been a falling off in numbers, doubtlessly caused by the lowering of prices at the Bowery. The *star-stock* actors of the Park, *Placide* and *W. H. Williams*, have been playing the *legitimate* at this house, but have created no sensation. At the Olympic, the management has produced some of our best operas in a highly respectable manner. We are pleased at this; it betokens a healthy state of the drama, and that burlesque is not *alone* needed to attract the public to this fashionable little theatre.

EDITORS' TABLE.

THE SOMERS.—It is seldom that we make our columns the vehicle for remark upon aught that pertains to matters not connected with letters; but the present tragical affair now creating so intense an interest in the community, and with which a gentleman allied to literature is one of the principal actors, we feel ourselves warranted in recording our sentiments in approval of his conduct. To us, it appears that Captain Mackenzie in every matter connected with the mutiny, acted calmly, deliberately, and justly, basing the performance of the act upon the *necessity* of the occasion, which in the mind of every *christian* and man of honor, is sufficient to justify him. If there was one error in the transaction committed by Captain Mackenzie, it was in not giving the mutineers the *form* of a trial, which would have gone far to soothe the puling *philanthropy* of certain cliques, who condemn a body of honorable and gallant gentlemen who conferred an invaluable and everlasting benefit upon the world at large for exterminating three lawless ruffians from society, and saving the flag of their country from desecration. Blest would be our navy, if it boasted many more such men of honor and decision, instead of individuals who hold their private interests paramount to their country's and whose every action is directed by political feeling and influence. We entertain no doubt whatever, but that before these remarks have met the eye of the public, Captain Mackenzie and his brother officers will have been honorably acquitted, and the act approved of by every just and patriotic citizen.

LECTURES OF THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.—It appears to us that there is a laxity of judgment exercised among those to whom the choice of speakers is entrusted, (we will not say an undue impartiality,) but certainly a more rigorous discretion and judicious taste should be manifested in the government of this very important department of the institution. The duty of the lecturer is not merely to compile a quantity of matter from the works of authors, relative to his subject, and pass it upon his audience as original, as is now too frequently the custom of the orstorical pretenders of the present day. Yet even this might be tolerated, were the matter judiciously selected, and constructed and delivered with effective utterance and proper intonation. The true orator can, by his art, make a bad theme appear eloquent, but a bad theme, with a poor orator, is an infliction beyond the endurance of humanity Too much is this important art neglected, and however melodious the voice and competent the other physical concomitants, without a proper knowledge of elocution—that great illustrator and enforcer of language, the public speaker, will never interest his hearers, impart instruction, nor acquire fame or reputation. We make these few remarks in the spirit of candor, and from a sincere wish for the success and welfare of the institution. We hope that the evil will meet with the deep consideration of the members, before the announcement of the next annual course.

THE FASHIONS.—These remain much the same as those of December and January, with the exception of a pelisse of silk, with loose open sleeves, worn in walking. Furs are much worn. Evening and Ball costumes vary in nothing from our last, but in the introduction of a new sleeve, which descends about three parts down the arm. The hair is generally dressed in ringlets. Little or no jewelry.

OBITUARY.—Died on the 7th December, Miss Josephine Snowden, aged nineteen years, daughter of Thomas Snowden, Esq. It has been our lot to behold the decease of many dear relations and friends but never did we witness so beautiful an illustration of the precepts of religion and a sincere belief in God, as in the death of this youthful Christian. Bound to earth by every social and domestic tie, with the most brilliant prospects; yet, when it pleased her Heavenly Father to call her hence, she meekly bowed her head in submission, cheerfully relinquished earth and its follies, and expired in the firm faith of a glorious immortality.

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Lady Isabel and Gazelle.

Engraved for the Ladies' Companion.

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Engraved for the Ladie's Companion.

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Lady Isabel and Gazelle.

Engraved for the Ladie's Companion.

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Drawn by [illegible] Engraved by A. [illegible]

Loves Student.

Engraved for the Ladies' Companion.

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THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, MARCH, 1843.

LADY ISABEL.

"Bright was the morn, when with cheering horn
And falcons, and hounds, and hunting banners,
De Warren rode down, from his castled town
Lewes, to sport o'er his wide-spread manors."

It was a bright morning in June, 1547. The air was alive with the matin hymns of nature's choristers—the tears of night hung in glorious brilliance on tree, bush and flowret, and the silver Ouse swept through the fertile Weald of Kent, to mingle its treasures with the ocean. From the gate of Rothercross Castle, a train of knights, nobles and ladies was seen to issue, bearing on their arms banded and hooded falcons, and mounted upon "the mettle of England's blood." Among them, most conspicuous, rode the Baron De Warren, the lord of Rothercross, who had fought in the fiercest wars of the times, and for his services, had received from his sovereign the wide domains of Lewes Downs. For many years he had been a widower, left with an only pledge of his nuptial bed, a daughter, the fair and beauteous Isabel, then just blushing into womanhood; whose hand had been solicited by the best and noblest gallants of the land, but rank and wealth had, for her, no charms, her heart having been plighted, (but unknown,) to Hugh Mohun, the standard-bearer of her father. He was of a pure and ancient pedigree, but no broad lands were his—his fortune lay but in his sword, and although he knew and felt his love to be returned, yet hopeless to despair was he, of the consent of the proud De Warren. On that morning, in the midst of the hunting throng, rode the gallant youth, bearing the banner of De Warren, fluttering proudly in the breeze, and a hooded falcon on his arm, for the Lady Isabel, a sweet and cunning excuse for a brief interchange of words. But no Isabel was present, although with the earliest dawn she had left the castle, (so said the warden) with her favorite greyhound, and her little page.

Twice had the bugle sounded for the general muster, and still no Isabel attended, while doubt and anger were warring in the Baron's heart.

"Hugh Mohun," said De Warren, "where tarries my daughter? Go seek her. Tell her that the sports await but her presence to begin.

The order was a joyous one to Mohun, who, striking his spurs to the rowels in the sides of his gallant steed, bounded across the Downs with the palfrey of Isabel in charge, and was speedily lost in a thick coppice which bordered the waters of the chrystal Ouse. Well he knew that spot; it was a favorite resort of the Lady Isabel's, and there, too, he had first received the avowal of her love, and breathed his own of eternal affection.

"Hist, Isabel," he said, as he entered the thicket, "the hunt awaits thee. I have come by thy father's order, to conduct you to the scene. Why thus so melancholy? Sure nothing has happened to cause sorrow to thy bosom."

She spoke not, but fell upon his neck and wept—he pressed her to his bosom. Deeply blushing, she leaped into the saddle, and in a few minutes had joined the eager throng.

The hawks were now unhooded, and like lightning swept aloft in the blue heavens, while the shout, the halloo and the merry chorus of the beagles and huntsmen, as they scoured the plains, and beat each coppice, was a scene of animation and delight beyond the power of a poet's loftiest imagination to describe.

But hark! whence comes that scream of terror? All eyes are bent in one direction where the steed of Isabel is seen rushing across the Downs. It was apparent she had lost all control over him, and that certain destruction awaited her, as the infuriated animal was making directly for the cliffs which overhung the ocean. The bravest heart there sickened—it was beyond all mortal power to save her, and although the gallant Mohun followed her with the rapidity of lightning, he but gained the verge of the precipice as the steed with Isabel sprang into the deep below.

"Oh, God!" cried the Earl, frantically—"my child—my Isabel! Her hand, and my broad manors to him who brings her to my arms."

Ere the words had scarcely fallen from his lips, Hugh Mohun had precipitated himself into the abyss. For some moments all sign of him was lost—but soon was he seen to emerge from the waves with the senseless Isabel in his grasp, "and buffetting the billows," gained the shore, and placed her in the arms of her thankful father.

Slowly and sweetly she unclosed her eyes, faintly articulating—"I am safe, my father"—her eyes the next moment rested on her preserver, and with a wild and joyous shriek, she rushed to the embrace of Mohun.

"Thou hast won a rich prize, my gallant Hugh," said De Warren—"yet by my sword I swear I hold my promise sacred. If thou canst win her, take her and nobly wear her.

"That I have already," said Mohun. "Speak, Isabel, art thou not mine?"

"Thine own, dear Mohun, and together falling at the feet of De Warren, she faintly whispered, "your blessing, father!"

It was not withheld, and the same night in the chapel of De Warren were they united, and from that loving union sprang the noble house of Mohun, of whose descendant Richard *Cœur de Leon* said, "That his only sorrow in leaving life was, that he could not bequeath England's sceptre to so bold and honorable a gentleman."

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Original.

RESPECTABLE PEOPLE.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

Did it ever enter into your brain, gentle reader, to attempt defining the limits of the debateable land of Respectability? Did you ever try to map out its boundaries, and to define the veritable right of those who aspire to dwell within its territory? Trust me, there are few more curious subjects of reflection,—few more puzzling matters of investigation, for, like the Atalantis of ancient navigators, no two opinions coincide respecting its position, and before ascertaining its limits, it will be necessary to discover not only *how*, but *where* the land lies. If I were called to depict it, methinks I should describe it as a sort of table-land, lying at the foot of the mountains of aristocracy, and bordered on the other side by the bleak and desolate plains of poverty.—A country, the richer inhabitants of which, are continually employed in levelling the inequalities which exist between them and their loftier neighbors, while the humbler class are as diligently engaged in strengthening the barriers which keep off the lowland borderers. To become a denizen of this territory, it is requisite that one should possess wealth enough to enable him to live without the degradation of labor,—that he should pay due diligence to the decorums of society,—and that he should be utterly oblivious of any plebeian ancestry. The more trifling requisites of virtue and honor, and nobleness of soul, though admitted to be very proper additions to his claims, may yet be entirely dispensed with, if he be very rich and well skilled in Pharisaic tact. It is generally expected that all the inhabitants shall occupy three-story houses, with two well-furnished parlors, arranged somewhat after the manner of Pope's garden, where,

> "Tree nods to tree, each alley has a brother,
> And half the garden but reflects the other."

While with regard to the apartments which are not thrown open to the inspection of the world, no stipulation is made, and the comforts to be found there must depend upon the means or the will of the *respectable* occupant. It would be a curious subject of inquiry, to ascertain the variety of devices which are employed in order to secure and retain a position in this desirable region. What a volume of vanity and folly,—nay, of vice and crime might be unfolded! how many, in seeking to seem respectable, have ceased to be honest! how many have perilled "life and soul, and sacred honor," in the vain effort to keep up appearances! But we are becoming too serious: let us call in the aid of Asmodeus, to unroof some of the dwellings of those respectable individuals, whose estates border so closely on the highlands, that they sometimes overstep the boundaries which separate them from their haughty neighbors.

Mr. Simeon Courtly, is universally regarded as a highly respectable man, and certainly few persons can put forth fairer pretensions to the honor. With a fine, handsome, benevolent countenance, a merry black eye, a still florid cheek, and wearing those snowy honors on his brow which so well befit venerable age, he seems the very beau-ideal of respectability. He has a pleasant word for every one, a cheerful smile for all jokes, a voice full of kindness, and manners characterized by all the courtesy of an old-school gentleman. Add to all these personal qualifications, the advantages of a large fortune, and who will venture to dispute Mr. Courtly's claims to respectability? But let us look a little deeper into this matter. Simeon Courtly is the most devoted lover of money that ever bowed at the shrine of mammon. Gold is his idol: he has heaped up treasure 'till he can scarce tell who shall gather it, and the tears of widows and orphans, the heart's blood of noble and generous men have watered the soil which gave this large increase. Yet Mr. Courtly has never wronged any one in his life,—he has never dealt unjustly with a neighbor,—he values reputation too much to be guilty of such a folly. In another view of the matter, he is also a highly respectable man, for he never turns a deaf ear to the claims of Charity,—provided Charity carries a book and records the names of her friends. He never refuses a liberal donation to his church, for with his dread of death, as the mighty monarch who will confiscate all his wealth, is mingled an awful shrinking from that thick darkness which shrouds the unknown future, and Mr. Courtly hopes that, as "he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," he shall be able, by-and-by, to make a compromise with the Almighty, and receive a mansion above, in lieu of the monies now bestowed in alms. It is only another method of lending his money on usury, asort of sinking fund investment. Narrow-minded, penurious, querulous, and unhappy, he passes his life in a continual dread of some coming evil, and in proportion as his wealth accumulates, his inquietudes increase. Perfectly just in his dealings, always acting up to the very letter of the law, he was never known to do a liberal, a high-minded, a generous act. No impulse of real sympathy ever stirred his passionless heart; he rigidly fulfils every legal obligation, and as rigidly exacts every due. It matters not if his bosom friend be the sufferer from his severity: it may be that the acquaintance of his boyhood, the associate of his early manhood, the social companion of his festive hours, the cordial sharer of his occasional sorrows,—nay, his fellow-worshipper at the same altar,—the partaker of the same holy elements,—the brother in the bond and fellowship of religion;—it may be that all these sacred ties may be united in the man upon whom his power—the accursed power of gold,—has given him claims. But, do these considerations stay his hand? No! "My bond! my bond!" is still his cry:—the pound of flesh must be paid; or worse—the ruddy drops that warm a noble heart must be wrung out to meet the demand of him who never knew pity. Yet Courtly lives in handsome style, keeps his carriage, portions off his daughters (though not without grumbling,) to fortune-hunters, and keeps up an appearance of sanctity which is truly edifying to all who are content with outward show. He is certainly a most respectable man, and when he dies, a pen of gold will trace on his monumental stone the virtues, of which his more indurated heart never knew the impression.

Another claimant to a high place among the respectable, is the handsome and agreeable Mrs. Blazon. Left an orphan at an early age, she became the *protégé* of

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a benevolent old lady, who took her into her family with the intention of educating her as a household servant. The beauty and docility of the child interested her benefactress, until in progress of time she became the adopted daughter rather than the menial. The orphan had tact and cunning,—she adapted herself with wonderful skill to the whims of her aged friends, and by the time she had arrived at womanhood, she was firmly fixed in their affections. But the death of her early patroness opened a new field to her ambition. The bereaved widower was old and infirm, his children were all married, and he was left alone with the daughter of his adoption, who was unwilling to trust to the chances of his favor. In less than a twelvemonth after the death of his wife, the old man was wheedled and frightened into a marriage with the young orphan, and at an age when woman's heart is usually the abode of generous romance, the girl sold herself to the embraces of an octogenarian, cunningly contriving, at the same time, to make the world believe that she was offering herself an unwilling sacrifice to gratitude. For five years the youthful wife devoted herself in the most exemplary manner to her infirm husband. She was emphatically a second self to him, for she supplied him with eyes, ears and senses, as was fully proved by the fact that on his death-bed he bequeathed to her his whole fortune, to the exclusion of those claimants upon his affection and justice, which nature had given him. Mrs. Blazon became a widow at five and twenty, and the world now regards her as a model of dignity and propriety. Totally incapable of a generous sentiment of affection, she determined never to give herself another master, and rejecting with equal scorn those who sought her riches, and those who admired her exceeding beauty, she gathered around her all the appliances of wealth, and now lives like an eastern princess, in the midst of those whose service her gold has purchased. Mrs. Blazon is generally regarded as one of the most exemplary of women. Her carriage is frequently seen for hours at the door of the great public institutions for the relief of the distressed;—she is indefatigable in getting up rag-fairs,—she never omits presiding in all the dignity of full-blown beauty at one of the best-filled tables in all the charitable bazaars,—her name heads every list of subscribers to the building of churches, or the fitting out of missions,—she has educated several young clergymen at her own expense,—has adopted and portioned two young girls, who, under her influence, we nt out as missionaries to die in a foreign land,—and in short, she is a model of excellence and liberality. Do you doubt that Mrs. Blazon is a most worthy and respectable member of society? Let us inquire of her servants,—of the humble dependants upon her bounty,—of the poor, whom she conscientiously relieves by furnishing them with employment. Let us inquire of them if she be truly the kindly and generous benefactress, whose step glides softly around the couch of sickness, whose smile sheds sunshine over the squalor of poverty, whose hand is as ready to do as her heart is prompt to impel to deeds of goodness. Let us see whether her wealth does not afford her the power, as she has the will, to grind the face of the poor,—to wring from the hard hand of penury the means of purchasing *cheaply* her reputation for charity. Let us ask her to point out the wretched abode of her husband's children—the offspring of that woman who saved her early years from beggary. Let us look into the suffering hearts of those who should now be enjoying a portion of that wealth which their father's widow lavishes in charity. Let us read in their blighted faces the misery, the privation, nay, the vice which poverty has brought upon them, and then we may determine the claims of the excellent Mrs. Blazon to that respectability which the world so willingly accords.

What would Colonel Hearty say to any one who should doubt his right to a domain in the region of respectability? Is there a man in the country who dresses better?—who drives finer horses?—who drinks better wine?—who gives more luxurious entertainments? who throws open his house more freely to the claims of hospitality? Why, the Colonel is the very model of a fine, frank, free-hearted, cordial, whole-souled fellow, whose brilliant qualities are so dazzling that we cannot see those dull and homely virtues which other men prize. We like him too much to analyze his character; he tells a story so graphically,—sings a song with such infinite grace,—pays a compliment so delicately, and is withal so courteous, so kindly, so affectionate in his manners, that we should be most unreasonable to expect any gold beneath a soil so full of flowers. The Colonel is a most devoted father, and has succeeded by dint of adroitness and finesse in marrying his pretty daughters to advantage, while his sons have all been provided for in the army and navy, by the aid of his talents for good-fellowship. Is not the Colonel a most respectable as well as amiable member of society? We need not remember that his wife died years since, broken-hearted from his neglect and ill-treatment,—that his aged mother was left to wear out her life amid the cold charity of strangers,—that his eldest son perished in a hospital in a foreign land, while the father was staking at a gaming-table the money which was required to bring the boy to his home. We need not recall the three several bankruptcies of the much pitied Colonel:—we need not specify the trust-monies of the widow and orphan which were swallowed up in these failures, and which have never since been restored to their beggared owners,—we need not listen to the daily duns which haunt the door of the man who has lived for years on the *interest of his debts*. The Colonel is a fine fellow, and while he lives in a three-story house, drinks champagne, and gives dinners, he is certainly a respectable man.

Reader, do you judge as the world judges? Do you value the tinsel of outward seeming, beyond the fine gold of real worth? Remember, that every time you offer the hand of fellowship to a man whom you despise—every time you make one amid the crowds which throng the drawing-room of a woman whom your purer soul contemns, you are aiding them in the establishment of their claims to respect; and silencing within your bosom that truthful monitor, which is a sort of instinct of the soul—guarding us from evil contact, and attracting us ever to the beautiful and the good.

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Original.

MARY LESLIE.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

In a secluded village, on the borders of the Scottish highlands, it was my custom, for years, every Autumn, to sojourn, for the purpose of participating in that most exciting and healthful of pastimes, grouse-shooting. As it was necessary, in my excursions, that I should be accompanied by some attendant for the occasional carrying of my fowling apparatus, and "the spoils of the field," when fortune favored me in an extraordinary degree, I selected a young man of the name of Henry Howard, whose fine figure and intellectual countenance, had, on some of my former visits, attracted my attention. He was a native of the village, and an operative by trade, but owing to the hardness of the times, had then, little or no employment. I need not say that he was glad to accept my offer, and the equality on which we were placed, soon established us on the closest terms of intimacy. In the course of our rambles, he informed me that his parents were both dead—that at one period, they had been considerable proprietors in the village, but from the rascality of a lawyer, who had inveigled them into a lengthy suit, which, ending in their discomfiture, found themselves, at last, at his *mercy*, which was shown to them by his attaching and disposing of their property to liquidate his own demands. Thus beggared, his mother died of a broken heart; and his father, too proud to become a laborer in the very fields of which he had once been owner, entrusted Henry to a near relation, and enlisted in a regiment then departing to join the forces of the British, under Wellington, in the struggle between France and England. In the very first engagement in which his regiment was called to act, he was mortally wounded, and could barely entrust his dying blessing for his child to a comrade. That comrade faithfully fulfilled his promise, and poor Henry learned, with a sorrowful heart, he was an orphan. At the time of our acquaintance, he was about twenty years of age, tall, well formed, and handsome in features. His mind, which was of a superior cast, had not been neglected in education, neither had he failed, by every opportunity, to improve it.

"Ah, sir," he said to me one evening on our return home, "it is a sorrowful thing to suffer from poverty."

"Why do you say so?" I remarked; "it is not every one who is rich that is happy."

"True, sir; but to be poor, and conscious that poverty prevents you from occupying a position in society that with honor you could fill, and behold others possessing it from the influence of wealth alone, makes the heart sicken, and the spirit despair. I feel, sir, as if existence were a curse to me." This last expression made me regard him minutely, when I saw that his eyes were suffused with tears.

"Henry," I said, "there is some trouble weighing heavily upon you. Tell me of it; perhaps I can advise, if not assist you."

"Ah, sir! you cannot. It is an affair that—" he paused and sighed deeply.

"What is it?" I continued, perceiving he was half inclined to be communicative. "I am your friend; rely upon me."

The poor fellow thanked me gratefully, and said, "Well, sir, as it is an affair that happens once, at least, to every man in his life, I will inform you. I am—"

He hesitated—when, suspecting the cause, I said—"You are in love."

"Yes, sir, but I cannot obtain the woman of my heart."

"And why?" said I. "'*There never was a will but there was a way.*' Is your love returned?"

"Deeply, sir, but because I am poor, her parents will not sanction our union—therefore I must forget her, but I can as soon forget there is a God in Heaven."

"Come, come," I said to him, encouragingly, "have patience; time tells strange tales, and backed by perseverance, sometimes does wonders. Why not try to better your fortune? you are yet young, and if the girl loves you sincerely, she will be willing to wait 'till the obstacle of want is removed."

"I have thought of that, sir, and have formed my resolution. I shall leave Mary and my native village to-morrow."

"For what part?" I inquired.

"Any—no matter—the world is wide enough. I care not whither my fate leads me."

We were, by this time, close upon the village, when I perceived a beautiful girl standing at a garden gate, which led to a pretty cottage, whose appearance, and the handsome garden around it, showed that its inmates were of the better order of inhabitants. At the sight of the girl, Henry started, exclaiming, "Mary Leslie!"

"Hush!" she said, interrupting him, "meet me to-night; it may be for our future happiness," and the next moment she passed up the rose-fringed path to the cottage.

"And that is the girl you love—Mary Leslie, is it not, Henry?" I inquired of him.

"Yes, sir, Mary Leslie, as pure and beautiful as an angel of Paradise."

"Well, who knows but good fortune is yet in store for you."

"Heaven grant it," he returned, and gaining my dwelling, he was about bidding me adieu.

"Hold!" I said; "take this in remembrance of me; you will need such a friend among strangers," and putting a sum of money in his hand, shook it heartily. He could not reply, but returning the pressure, hurried from my presence.

Two years after this, I first beheld the ancient and royal burgh of Stirling. It was a beautiful and bright sunny day. On the right the Ochil Mountains reared their purple crests in the distance, and to the left, ranged the chain of the Cheviots. In the centre of the scene gleamed the serpentine windings of the Forth, and above all, on its mountain summit rose the castle of Stirling,

"Like some old veteran grey in arms,
And rough with many a seamy scar."

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Not an object caught the eye but of peace and beauty, not a sound fell upon the ear but of melody and bliss.

When I entered the principal street—no bustle no turmoil of the natural attendants of society were seen or heard; all was solemn silence, as if the angel of pestilence had cast his mantle over earth. The occupations of human life were forgotten—groups of citizens stood in gaping wonder—not a smile lighted up the face of beauty, not a sound broke from the throng of noisy urchins, but upon every countenance, you could see the impress of fear—all were silent—or if they moved, it seemed as if they trembled under terror and despair.

Amazed, and partaking of the solemnity which surrounded me, I slowly continued my path, wondering what calamity could thus, as it were, blight the aspect of nature, when the deep and heavy stroke of a bell broke upon the air. I paused—again it sounded—I proceeded—when, turning the corner of a narrow street which led towards the castle, I beheld a dense mass of human beings—roofs, windows, yea, every spot from which a view could be procured, literally heaved a sea of life. In the distance stood a scaffold—black, solitary and hideous—while from a transverse beam hung two ropes with the prepared nooses lingering for their unhappy victims.

I was breathless; cold drops stood upon my brow—my heart throbbed as if it would have burst my bosom—my knees knocked together—my eyes lost the faculty of vision; I caught at the air as a solid substance to support me, when a loud blast of a bugle recalled me to consciousness;—an universal murmuring broke from the crowd—then a long, deep sigh burst from the multitude, and all again was silent.

Then came the sound of the clattering of horses' hoofs, and down a long descent of street, proceeded a line of cavalry, with their drawn sabres gleaming in the sunshine. The crowd mechanically gave way—the voice of the commanding officer rose in rough and imperative tones. The troops speedily formed around the altar, while the bell sounded faster and faster.

Above this shrine of Moloch, rose a dark and gloomy building; in its front was the dial of a clock, the hand of which was fast approaching to the hour of three. A voice behind me, exclaimed in a whisper—"*I hear it coming.*" "*What?*" I ejaculated in a tone of horror. "*The martyrs, sir.*" replied the same voice. I turned towards the speaker—the tears were rolling down his furrowed cheeks, he was an old man, his head was uncovered, and his hair glistened like silver in the sun. A low and distant sound was now heard, yet a sound harsh and grating to the ear. The crowd heaved like the swell of the ocean—a groan of horror burst from every quarter, but above all came a scream so thrilling, that at this distant period it still rings fearfully in my ear;—the next moment the car of death and justice burst upon my view.

Father of mercy, I can never forget it. A low wooden black box, with a bench at each end of it. On the front one, sat two young men—*the prisoners*, habited in deep mourning, with their arms pinioned, and their necks bared, ready for the act of sacrifice.

On the other seat sat a figure hideous to all eyes—*the executioner!* robed in a loose black gown, fastened around him by a piece of rope. On his head he wore a black cowl, and on his face a mask of the same color—his position was opposite to the prisoners, and in his hands he carried the axe, which was to perform upon them the work of decapitation.

The vehicle of death was dragged along by a miserable horse, strongly guarded by a body of dragoons. At the bottom of the scaffold it halted. From a recess in the wall of the gloomy building already named, on a level with the scaffold, issued a band of officers, each bearing in his hand a rod of office—following these, came the magistrates, habited in robes of scarlet, trimmed with, and surmounted by capes of ermine.

The scaffold being thus lined, the victims were conducted by their guard, and followed by the executioner up a temporary flight of steps to the scaffold. All now was silence. One deep, strong and fervent voice was alone heard amidst the awful stillness—it was the officiating priest, supplicating salvation at the throne of the Almighty,—spontaneously did the whole crowd uncover; all creeds, all feelings, were merged in one simple, but powerful word—*mercy!* At its conclusion, the prisoners ascended the drop, giving to the spectators a perfect view of their persons.

The executioner placed the fatal ropes around their throats; drew over their faces the white and corpse-like caps, and was descending to await the signal, when the younger victim breathed a few words inaudible to all but the man of blood—the cap was raised from his face—he cast his eyes towards the spot where I was standing—something appeared to rivet his attention—the Bible which he still held in his hand, he with difficulty kissed, then casting his eye once more towards the place where I stood, exclaimed, "*Mary, remember.*" A thrilling shriek from a female close beside me was the answer—the next moment the drop had descended, and they were in the arms of *eternity* I looked upon the features of the female, they were not altogether unknown to me. In another moment, I remembered them. Gracious Heaven! It was Mary Leslie—Henry Howard, her husband, was one of the victims.

I looked again to the scaffold; life was scarcely extinct—the bodies were cut down and laid upon the block. The man of blood approached—his axe swung heavily in the air, and descended—head followed head—then twining his fingers in their hair, he exhibited to view their ghastly features. The eyes were open, and as if yet animated with life, glared hideously upon the spectators. Advancing to the front of the scaffold, he exclaimed, "*Behold the heads of traitors!*" A yell of horror burst from the multitude, which was quickly drowned in a burst of martial music.

On inquiry, I learned that Mary, in opposition to her parents, had united herself to Howard, and together they had come to the Western metropolis of Scotland, where for two years they had suffered every kind of privation, and at last, in an evil hour, the unfortunate man had been seduced to enrol himself among some discontented spirits; who foolishly deemed they could

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overthrow the government. The result of their visionary project was, that Henry and another prominent conspirator were seized, tried, condemned and executed, as we have narrated, as a warning to future offenders.

His last words, "Mary, remember," were uttered to recal to her mind a dying injunction given to her the evening before, at their final parting; it was, that his remains should (if allowable by law,) receive the rites of Christian burial. Her request was kindly granted—and I need not say that it was faithfully fulfilled. That evening they were conveyed to the grave, and three weeks after, the turf was removed to receive those of Mary Leslie.

Original.

THE FLOWER AND BROOK.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

I.

The brook tripped by, with smile and sigh,
And soft in music-murmurs sung,
While all the flowers, that blossomed nigh,
Were hushed to hear that silver tongue.

II.

"Ah! virgin violet!" breathed the brook,
"Whose blue eye shuns the light, the air,
I love you! in this true heart look,
And see—your own sweet image there!"

III.

The bashful violet bent her brow,
But as she gazed, she sighed in sorrow,
"Oh! faithless heart—oh! idle vow!
Beloved to-day,—betrayed to-morrow!

IV.

What see I, in that heart of thine?
There's not a flower, that blooms above thee,
But there its image glows like mine,
Yet,—false, and light! you say you love me!

V.

Go—changeful rover!—wander free,
With sunny glance and voice beguiling,
And take my fondest sigh with thee,
To boast where other flowers are smiling!

VI.

Go! tell the lily and the rose,
Of all the incense lavished o'er thee!
Go—wake *them* from their pure repose,
And bid them watch *their* blushes for thee!

VII.

Go! breathe to them the music low,
Which all too oft beguiles the blossom!
But oh! *remember*, where you go,
My latest breath was on your bosom!

Original.

THE HAND OF CLAY;

OR, THE SCULPTOR'S TASK.

A STORY OF MYSTERIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE," "KYD," AND "THE QUADROONE."

CHAPTER I.

It was a summer's night in Italy. The still heavens were tinted with the softest blue, amid which the stars burned like eyes of intelligence. The pure-rayed planets, seen through the translucent atmosphere seemed near and low as they shed their gentle lustre down. The young moon was just venturing her bark upon the eastern verge of the sky, a glittering star hanging above its brow. Music rose at intervals upon the soft, evening wind, and the voices of nightingales rung melodiously from many a shaded grove and palace garden. It was a night in Rome! As the moon rose above the level horizon of the Campagnâ, she touched with a trembling line of gold the rippling waves of the Tiber, and enriched with amber lights the lofty crosses and towers of the imperial city. Among the numerous casements into which its soft lustre penetrated, was that of the lovely Countess, Isabel di Valoni. It was the eve of her bridal with the Prince of B——. She was not twenty four, and yet had been two years widowed. Her attendants had just left her, and she was sitting alone by the casement, looking upon the Tiber, which flowed sparkling by at the foot of the gardens. Around her rose, and extended, terrace and balcony and towers and palaces, all being recreated from darkness, touch by touch, by the pencil of the advancing moon. Yet she heeded nothing of the lavish beauty of the scene, nor did the notes of far off music upon the water mellowed into heavenly harmony by the distance touch her ear. Her face was pale and tearful, and rested upon the fair hand which looked like alabaster contrasted with the raven tresses that fell across the delicately veined wrist.

Isabel di Valoni was the most beautiful woman in Rome—nay, in Italy! kings had bent the knee before the shrine of her smiles, and princes were willing attendants of her footsteps! Yet now, alone, with glittering tears stealing slowly across her cheek, her heavily lidded eyes cast down, and an air of touching sorrow pervading her whole person, she reclines by the moonlit casement. To-morrow is also to be her bridal night! and she marries the man who is her heart's choice; yet she is unhappy. Fear, as well as grief, is couched in the expression of her features! Her bosom heaves at intervals with agitation, and her hands convulsively clasp! At length she gives utterance to her thoughts:

"Shall I thus weakly give way to wretchedness for an idle dream! Yet *thrice* have I dreamed of the fearful doom! thrice have these words rung in my ears in my sleep, from an unseen voice,

"'Beware, Isabel di Valoni! the death of Medici Valoni hath not unwedded thee! Thou art his bride, living or dead!'

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"Alas, what fearful doom hangs over my head! can this dream be sent by Heaven to warn me of danger! Can Medici, my deceased husband, have power thus to bind me! It is too horrible! Defend me, holy saints, from evil!"

After bending before her crucifix a moment, she rose and left the casement, to seek relief in the society of her friends, from the fears that weighed down her soul.

CHAPTER II.

The following evening, the gorgeous apartments of the palace of the Valoni were thrown open to the guests of the bridal hour. The princely and the noble; the talented and the beautiful; the sculptor, the painter, the scholar, men of genius and of rank thronged thither; for the Prince gave out invitations to embrace all who usually had the honor of visiting him. At seven o'clock the more favored guests, the relations of the bride and bridegroom attended them into the private chapel of the palace, where the ceremony was to be performed. The Countess had been laughed out of her fears on account of her dream by her friends, and encouraged by the cardinal, to whom she had made confession. Yet she approached the altar with a pale cheek, and unsteady step, glancing with a timid look on every side, as if she expected to behold start before her gaze some fearful spectre! The cardinal opened the *massal*, and bade them kneel! Around them stood four gentlemen, relations of the Prince, whom, to relieve her fears, he had stationed near her person to protect her from any danger that might menace. Each of these gentlemen held in his hand a naked sword, nor did they once take their eyes from the bride! The rumor that something was anticipated that night, to interrupt the ceremony, had been buzzed about, and the throng of guests who were admitted into the chapel crowded close around the altar. The cardinal began the service! The Prince and Countess were kneeling at his feet, and the former was about to place the ring upon her finger, when a glittering stiletto, grasped in a naked arm, descended from behind into the bosom of the bride! The Countess gave a wild shriek and fell into the arms of the Prince.

So instantaneous was the blow with the appearance of the arm thrust from a cloak, that there was no time to warn—no time to defend her! But ere the dagger was withdrawn, the hand of the assassin fell to the ground, cleft at the wrist by the sword of one of the gentlemen! The chapel was simultaneously filled with a cry of horror! The assassin, in the commotion, had instantly fallen back and hid himself amid the throng! The loss of his hand had given him advantage of escape as its fall to the ground and the flow of blood, drew the attention of the others for an instant from him.

"Seize him!" cried the Prince! "He cannot escape! He will be detected by the loss of his hand! Close all the palace doors, and guard them well! He must not escape!"

The excitement was now intense! Every man looking upon his neighbor with horror and suspicion, and each shrieking at the idea of a bleeding assassin mingling among them.

"It is a woman's hand, by Heaven!" cried the Count Parma, the cavalier who had severed it; "and a well-born woman's, too!" And he held up to view a very exquisitely formed female hand, the drops of crimson gore staining its blue-veined skin and contrasting its whiteness! The fingers were singularly symmetrical, and on one of them was a ring of a peculiar setting.

"This ring," exclaimed the Count, "will detect the murderer! See, your highness, it is a ruby set with turquoise!"

The Prince glanced at the ring, grasped at it wildly, uttered a deep groan, and sunk senseless by the side of his dead bride.

The murderer was no where found in the chapel! No traces of blood were visible in any of the apartments beyond the altar, and the whole terrible affair remained wrapped in mystery.

"Count Parma," said the Prince, in a distressed tone, having been recovered from his swoon, the chapel being by this time emptied of all the guests, "give me that hand which you have cast upon the altar for public recognition!"

The Count obeyed, fixing upon the Prince an inquiring gaze; for he, as well as many present, now believed that he could tell better than any one the history of the beautiful hand.

The Prince took it and gazed upon it with a look of painful interest, and then removing the ring, placed it, to the wonder of all, upon the answering finger of the dead Countess! murmuring, "Nevertheless, thou alone art my wedded wife!" He then placed the hand upon the altar, and kissing his murdered bride upon the cheek, left the chapel.

That night the Prince of B—— died! There was no wound upon his person, nor were there found any signs of poison! He was entombed by the side of his intended wife, the Countess di Valoni.

This extraordinary assassination, with the wonderful escape of its perpetrator, the sudden death of the Prince of B——, and the marvellous circumstance of the severed hand, which was placed publicly upon the altar for many days, caused no little sensation throughout Rome, for some weeks. But at length, it still remaining a mystery, the public interest in it subsided, and in a few weeks died away; for, startling events follow upon the steps of each other too frequently, and men also have too much of their own concerns to regard, to suffer any one particular subject long to engage their minds.

CHAPTER III.

Frederick Rother, was a young German sculptor. He had been a pupil of Thorwaldsen, but now had his own studio, being considered in Rome equal in genius and art to his master. This was many years ago, before the immortal Swede had attained that celebrity which has given him an imperishable fame. The German was a young man of high and commanding intellect. His imagination was lively, yet not untinctured with the gloom of German superstition. He loved night and solitude; the reading of books touching the dark lore of necromancy; and research into the mazes of metaphysics was a passion with him. He also was a poet,

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and would have been a lover if he had not been wedded to his sublime art.

One night, he was seated in his studio, wrapped in his evening robe, smoking his meerschaum, and, with his eyes fixed upon the ceiling, was buried in deep musing upon the spiritual world of Swedenbourg, whose writings he had just laid down, when a slight knock at his door aroused him.

"Come in," he said, without changing his reclining position, for he supposed it to be a little Italian boy who attended upon him at his rooms.

The door slowly opened, and a full-sized middle-aged man, enveloped in a grey cloak, entered. On his head was a low cap like a priest's. The studio was strongly lighted, for Frederick was to complete a bust that night, and had all his tools ready to work when he should have finished his meerschaum. There was something in the air of his visitor that instantly impressed him with awe; and rising, he awaited his wishes. The man came near him, and taking a seat to which the sculptor pointed, waved his hand for Frederick to be re-seated. The artist obeyed in silence. There was something in the expression of the stranger's eyes that made him feel uneasy, and he could not keep his gaze from them. They arrested his like a basilisk's. The stranger's features were dark and intellectual, his face thin, and his hair black, long and flowing. His brows were heavy and projecting; and beneath them, like lamps, burned a pair of deep-set eyes that were inconceivably penetrating.

"Are you the sculptor, Frederick de Rother?" he asked, in a mild tone, the voice deep and musical.

The sculptor replied in the affirmative, not a little relieved to have the silence broken.

"You have the reputation of being the first sculptor in Rome?"

"I am but a pupil still," answered Rother, modestly.

"I require the aid of your art," said the visitor, without remarking his reply.

"I am honored by your notice of me," said Frederick, "but I regret to say that I have on hand unfinished engagements for many months to come!"

"I want your services to-night," answered the stranger, sternly.

"Impossible! I have to put the finishing chisel to that bust of Cardinal R———, which will occupy me 'till midnight. He leaves Rome in the morning, and takes it to his country-place with him."

"I must have my wishes complied with," said the man in the grey cloak, imperatively; and he fixed his eyes so steadily upon Frederick, that he dropped his own with a sensation of pain.

"You are unknown to me," he began to object, "and—" here hesitated, and became suddenly silent. The eyes of the stranger rested upon his forehead so intently, that he was deprived of the power to articulate. He felt indignant, and would have risen, but found he had no power over his limbs. His eyelids fell, and he began to experience a chilly sensation pervading his frame. Gradually he felt himself losing all sense of external things! his mind became all at once wonderfully clear and perceptive; the most beautiful images passed before him; music, such as mortal ear never listened to, floated around him; soft voices whispered sweet and strange words, which his heart, not his ears, heard; his spirit expanded, and became like air, and he seemed to be borne on wings of light, through a universe of happiness and splendor inconceivable! and then sudden darkness veiled all things; silence unbroken reigned, and the deepest *oblivion* followed! He sat like a marble statue, colorless and motionless.

The stranger rose with a smile of power upon his lip, and approached him, and waved his hand! The young man rose with ready obedience, and stood before him immoveable! The stranger placed his hand upon his eyelids, and they flew open with startling brilliancy, his eyes looking unnaturally lustrous and beautiful, like those in a wax figure! They were, nevertheless, without expression, and unwinking! The man then bade him take clay and his moulding-tools, and follow! With his eyes still closed like one in sleep, the young man obeyed, and followed him to the street, keeping a pace behind.

Wrapping himself in his cloak, the stranger took his way along a narrow street that led by the Tiber, and crossing a bridge not far from Trajan's pillar, ascended a terrace that led to a range of palaces. He followed the marble paved way beneath lime and orange trees, until it terminated in a grand stair-case! This he ascended; and after crossing a magnificent garden, adorned with fountains and statues, closely followed by the sculptor, who bent not his fixed eyes for one instant during the whole way, from the person of his mysterious conductor, they came to a portico which led them into a hall of one of the finest mansions in Rome. It was dark, save where the moonlight streamed in through stained casements, yet the stranger kept on his way to an inner suite of apartments, furnished with princely grandeur. Room after room he passed through, and then opened a door leading into a small but elegant chamber!

"Is he with you, signor?" cried a young female of exquisite beauty, rising from an ottoman, and looking eagerly towards him!

"He has obeyed my will, as thou seest," answered the other, taking the sculptor by the hand, and leading him into the room.

"This is well. There is now no danger of betrayal if he is returned in the same way," she said with energy.

She was about twenty years of age, and, with a faultless figure and face, her features were also characterized by the finest expression of Italian beauty. Her dark eyes were large, languishing, yet full of latent fire; and her mouth was beautifully haughty in its ruby outline. Her cheek was now pale, as if from recent illness, and the soft languor peculiar to a convalescing invalid, heightened the grace of her manner, and gave a touching infantile character to her loveliness. There was, however, with all that was pleasing and fascinating in her appearance, much to fear.

"How handsome he is! Heavens! what eyes!"

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she said, as Frederick stood before her in an attitude of natural elegance that would have been a noble study for himself, could he have been conscious of himself! But he stood there the body of man, living and breathing, strong and beautiful, but destitute of the soul! And what wonderful being was he who had, by a look, thus subdued him, and made him submissive to the slightest motion of his will. It was Mesmer!

"Lady," he said, approaching her, "the time flies, and I would have the artist do his work!" She turned pale, and slightly trembled. He then turned to Frederick, and fixing his eyes intently upon him, waved his hand slowly upward, and, strangely with the progress of the motion, came expression and intelligence into the wildly brilliant eyes, color to the cheek, and the animation of mind to the countenance! The lady watched the change with enthusiastic delight! It was like the breaking of morning!

As if by magic he had been restored to the exercise of all his faculties. He looked about him with amazement! The gorgeous chamber bewildered him! where could he be? The beautiful being reclining upon the couch! was she mortal? was he mortal? or was he dreaming? His eyes fell on Mesmer, and instantly his face became pale, and he recollected the last moments of consciousness in the studio! The "magician," as men, in those days, termed him, smiled kindly upon him, and approached him with his hand extended. Frederick grasped it with strange warmth of feeling, and felt his heart, he could not conceive wherefore, felt kindly affectioned towards him. But where was he? He put the question to him.

"In the presence of her for whose service I come for you. How you came here, you shall learn hereafter. Now you have a delicate task. Prepare your clay and tools, and take your station by this lady's couch!"

He complied, overwhelmed with wonder and curiosity, and still questioning whether he was awake! He had never beheld such earthly beauty as her's before him! His gaze rested upon one of her arms, which, partly bared to the elbow, displayed a contour so faultless, that he could have worshipped it! The hand, too, was divine! The pearly hue of the surface, the azure-tinted veins, like those in delicate marble, the tapering elegance of the fingers, never had he dreamed of such perfection! He was enraptured as an artist, and quite in love as a man!

The lady smiled with a melancholy expression as she witnessed his admiration; and Mesmer said, to his surprize,

"Sir, you are brought here, thus secretly, to mould a hand like that, as perfect and faultless in every respect!"

"Impossible!" he exclaimed.

"It is rare workmanship, but thou hast genius to do it!" said Mesmer, quietly. "Signore, unrobe your right arm!"

She obeyed; and to the sculptor's horror and surprize, he beheld a freshly-healed stump! the fellow to the hand he had worshipped, was gone! Instantly the story of the Countes di Valoni flashed upon his mind, and he started back with an exclamation of intense feeling! He immediately felt Mesmer's eye upon him, and recollecting that it might be dangerous to betray his suspicions, he remained standing gazing upon the mutilated member with strange and hardly suppressed emotion.

"It is a painful loss," said the magician. "Kneel beside her, sir artist, and mould and fit accurately to that arm a hand the match to the other in every part. Ask me no questions—make no objections! Obey!"

Frederick knelt, and for a few moments was silently engaged in shaping the lump of pink-tinted clay he had brought into a rough resemblance of a human hand. He then bent over the other, and for some time studied its inimitable proportions. At length he commenced his task!

Mesmer bent over him and watched his proceedings in silence, while the lady conversed and smiled and completely bewildered him with the power of her charms.

At the expiration of two hours, the work was completed! A hand of clay, accurately fitting the wrist whence the other hand had been cloven was made, and, save, in life, was the counterpart to the other!

"Thou hast done thy work well," said Mesmer, as he took it up and examined the hand. "Now thou shalt witness *mine!*"

"First tell me who art thou?" asked the German youth.

"I will answer thee—for thou must be my disciple! I am THE MESMER!"

"I now know thy power, and by what means I am here," said de Rother, with animation, after recovering from his surprize, "I have read thy mysterious books, and heard of thy miracles! Initiate me into the mysteries of thy dark philosophy, wonderful man, and I will serve thee with all my soul!"

"Take thy first lesson! Behold!"

The female extended her mutilated arm, and he firmly bound with silk the clay to the flesh. Then, while she instinctively shuddered, he fixed upon her his burning gaze! In a moment, her eyes closed and her head sunk upon her bosom. Then Mesmer knelt before her and bowing his head upon her hand of clay, clasped it between his and thus remained several minutes! The sculptor stood looking on with wonder and fear!

At length, the "magician" rose and addressed her:

"Is it animate, lady?"

"Yes," was the low answer, which seemed to come from her chest, for her lips moved not.

He removed the silk, and the horrified Frederick fell upon his knees and crossed himself! The hand he had moulded of clay had become a living member, kindred in sympathy and loveliness with the other! Mesmer turned and looked upon him with triumphant power! He now waved his hand to awake her, but lo! a new horror was to paralyze *both!* The face of the mesmerizee had began slowly to change into clay before their eyes! The glorious beauty of her countenance became dark and earthy, and the eyes were extinguished in eternal night! The neck and arms became rapidly converted to earth, and in a few minutes there reclined

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on the couch before them a statue of clay, like Eve's, before the breath of life had been communicated; save the hand which the sculptor had made, which remained adhesive to the dead clay warm, throbbing, living flesh!

When satisfied that what he beheld was real, Mesmer uttered a cry of horror and fled! Frederick stood paralyzed with fear, and fascinated by the hand from which he could not turn his gaze. At length, overcome by terror as he beheld the finger lift in warning, he sunk upon the ground insensible, when the writer awoke and found he had been dreaming upon a volume on "Mesmerism," over which, while reading it late at night, he had fallen asleep.

J. H. I.

Original.

BIRTH-NIGHT REVERIES.

BY JOHN C. M'CABE, M. D.

My birth-night, my birth-night! It sounds like a knell,
When I think of the past I have bidden farewell;
There are tear-drops o'erflowing, a sunshine too brief,
To record *all* the past on this tear-bedewed leaf.
There are faces of beauty, yet shadowy pale,
That peer o'er my shoulder and read this wild tale;
There are bright eyes e'en now through my tear-drops I see,
And voices are ringing with heart-joyous glee.

Let me gaze on that brow, oh! so dazzlingly white,
With long, streaming locks like the black robe of night;
Let me look in the depths of those lustrous eyes,
That burn in their glory like star-lighted skies—
There's a low tone of music upon the night breeze,
And a quivering and whispering among the old trees;
And I know by the meteor that gleamed o'er my head,
That—*that music—those tones—are the hymns of the dead!*

That brow, too, of beauty, that raven-black hair,
Like a knight's flowing plume, on the forehead so fair;
Those eloquent eyes in whose depths from afar,
I gaze like the Chaldean, and worship my star;
Those rich tones of gladness that ring wild and free,
Like the bell of the mariner heard far at sea—
Belong to the dead! Oh, the beautiful dead!
I call—and the phantom for ever hath fled!

Alas, "the remembrance of youth is a sigh!"
And flowers that bloom earliest, the soonest will die;
The hopes that burn brightest, the sooner grow pale,
And life's morning song changes into a wail.
Oh, I feel sad, sad, sad, and right gladly would rest,
With the clod for my pillow, the turf on my breast;
Forgetful of earth and its sorrows I'd sleep,
And few, very few, o'er my death-couch would weep.

My birth-night, my birth-night! a young man in tears?
A brow overcast, and a heart full of cares?
Shame on thee, my spirit! Look up in thy pride,
And give all thy woes to oblivion's dark tide.
Thou can'st not recall the all beautiful past,
Then why should the future with clouds be o'ercast?
Like the eagle—look up, look away to the sun,
And remember, there's yet a bright wreath to be won!

Original.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

AN EXTRACT.

BY WILLIAM G. HOWARD.

"A mother's love, how pure the name!
What *is* a mother's love?
* * * * * * *
"The warmest love that ne'er grows cold,
This is a mother's love!"

THE love of a fond and affectionate mother! who can conceive of its strength and its purity? Who can compute its inestimable value? It is a mighty deep, clear as crystal, and fathomless as the ocean. "The measure thereof is longer than the earth, and broader than the sea." The exhaustless riches of Mexico's mines cannot purchase the priceless treasure. We have all experienced its magic and resistless power. Through the slippery paths of youth we have been guided at every step by its watchful care. And it may be that the same holy affections, and tender assiduities, and earnest solicitude environ us still, amid the bustle and the perplexities of busy and anxious manhood. To it we are indebted, under God, for whatever imparts true virtue, and dignity, and honor to our lapsed nature.

How the heart vibrates with emotion, when we reflect upon the depth and the fervency of a mother's love! It is one of the Creator's best gifts to sinful man. It is a precious link in that golden chain, which connects Heaven with earth. It is the only fountain in the bosom, that neither time nor change can diminish or exhaust. "It believeth all things, and endureth all things" in defence of the object of its attachment. When the bright hopes, which it generates, are all fulfilled, it opens up springs of ecstasy in the bosom, that overflow the feelings with perpetual delight. But, when it is disappointed in its wishes, or treated with neglect, it deluges the heart with those fiery streams of anguish, that leave it a scorched and desolate waste of unmitigated woe.

* * * * * * * *

I saw a beautiful child once, whose mother expired in the awful agonies, that gave him birth. His was a pitiable doom. He seemed like a tender branch rudely sundered from its parent-stem before it had bloomed with verdure and beauty. He never knew the kind caresses of maternal tenderness. He never drank of those waters of life, which gush up pure and sparkling in a mother's bosom. He had no one like her, who bore him, to bend with tearful eyes and a throbbing heart over his infant pillow, and to shield him in her embraces from the "tender mercies" of an unfeeling world. He was peculiarly exposed to the seductive allurements, which beset the young, for he had never heard the soft words of counsel and reproof from her lips, who died to give him life. How exceedingly deplorable, in human sight, was the fate of this hapless boy! How strongly calculated to elicit the warmest sympathy and commiseration! His, we imagine will be no enviable destiny. And yet, despite of all the counter influences, which encompassed him, he grew to maturity a splendid illustration of all that is noble, and dignified, and virtuous in the character of man. How

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shall we explain the mystery? It is a beautiful thought, and it sheds light upon the question we have started, that a mother's love for her offspring is not extinguished by the icy grasp of death, but accompanies her, in her "heart of hearts," to the glorious mansions of the blessed, and, with a perfect and unclouded lustre, developes itself there, in the unwearied constancy with which she watches over her frail and erring child, as his guardian angel, in all his pilgrimage through this dark and troublous world.

* * * * * * * *

At the mention of a mother's love, memory recurs to the past, the dim and shadowy past, and revels, with all the freshness of reality, amid its chequered scenes. A thousand incidents of youthful joy crowd upon the mind, and we are borne away by the impetuous current of our own emotions. The present is wholly absorbed in the events of years agone. It was life's spring then,—its bright and balmy spring. Every object, that met the eye was arrayed in the richest fragrance and the loveliest verdure. The cup of fancied bliss at which we drank large draughts, was welling over with ineffable delight. Not a cloud of real sorrow had darkened the brow, and not a pang of real anguish had scathed the heart. Every sentiment and feeling replete with warmth, and life, and love soared away, on fancy's joyous wing. Then the sweet smiles of a mother's love, like the bloom of perennial flowers, beamed over the young and the guileless heart a sovereign antidote to all its gloom. How vividly do I remember, at this moment, those sacred hours when, with no one near but God, I used to sit upon my mother's knee to share her "envied kiss," and to listen to the words of kindness and wisdom, that distilled, like the honey, from her lips. With what impassioned fervor would she press me to her beating breast! and her tears, oh! they would fall like rain-drops upon my sunny temples, and at dusky twilight,

"I sang with her my infant song,
And lisped my infant prayer."

And when night had donned its mantle, and the hour of sweet repose had arrived, how devoutly would she kneel with me at the bed-side, and in an earnestness and an agony of petition, which only a mother can appreciate, commend me and her only darling babe, and last of all herself, to the "widow's God," and the "Father of the fatherless:" for I was an orphan boy. The parent, whose name I bear, had been stricken down by fell disease, in early manhood, and his remains had mingled with the dust of a far-off foreign clime. She was my sole earthly protector, and she lived to make me happy. Those were, indeed, blissful hours, but, alas! they are numbered and finished. They have faded in the midst of their transcendant loveliness as quickly as the peerless hues, that gild the expiring day.

* * * * * * * *

It may not be an inapt conclusion of this essay to notice, very briefly, an event, which exhibited an affecting example of the intense and self-sacrificing devotion of a mother's love. A few years ago a small packet, freighted with human life, sailed from one of the New England ports, on her passage to the East. The day of her departure was one of the loveliest in the pleasant month of September. Not a speck was visible on the clear blue face of the illimitable sky, and only a gently undulating breeze disturbed the calmness of the sleeping ocean. Every one on board anticipated a speedy and prosperous voyage, and was happy. I gazed upon her admirable proportions, as she skimmed along, sitting like a swan on the glassy surface of the waters, for I had just bidden adieu to an honored friend, who was one of her joyous company.

But this placid sea, and these soft, bland winds were not long to continue. As the sun was declining in the west, a dark cloud became dimly perceptible on the verge of the distant horizon. It was espied with deep and fearful interest by many an anxious eye, as it gradually ascended and expanded itself, like a shroud, over the western segment of the "azure-arched sky." A violent rustling immediately arose in the surrounding air, the signal of a storm in the upper regions of the atmosphere, which was only audible below. The ocean still continued comparatively undisturbed, but this very tranquility, so manifest and peculiar, when contrasted with the extreme violence that was raging afar, was much more awful than if its furious waves had rolled in masses to the sky, and threatened to engulf them all in its yawning chasms. But soon the white foam, that was scarcely visible, awhile since, on the crests of the distant billows, began to approach nearer and yet nearer, 'till every wave flashed with the hoary spray. The vivid lightning was more and more rapidly overtaken by the peals of thunder, that followed in its wake. Until, on a sudden, an intensely brilliant "bolt of living fire" struck down into the hissing deep, and its sparkling beams, as they touched the surface, darted forth innumerable sparks, resembling a shower of rockets. This appeared to be the appointed precursor of the swift-winged tempest. For, in an instant, every wind, that blows, seemed to have been released from the mountain caves of Æolus. And all at once, the hurricane, the lightnings, and the rains, aided in their work of ruin by the roaring billows of the stormy Atlantic, combined in expending their fury upon this luckless vessel. One of those desperate squalls, that but rarely occur, was sweeping with the besom of destruction from shore to shore.

On board that ill-starred vessel was a widowed mother, and her only son. He was a bright and beautiful child about four years of age. She was just in her weeds, young, amiable, and attractive, but with a heart over shadowed with fresh grief. As danger thickened around them, this mother forgot herself in her bitter anxiety for her darling boy. She seized him in her arms, and pressed him with a convulsive effort to her bosom. She hurried with him from cabin to deck, and from deck to cabin, beseeching with piteous tones, and a breaking heart, that her child at least might be rescued. And then she would imprint her burning kisses on his dimpled cheeks, and pray in agony to "Him who holdeth the winds in his grasp, and the waters in the hollow of his hand," for succor and support. But, alas! no aid could reach her in this season of her dreadful peril. She wept and wailed, and

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prayed in vain. For a blast of the tempest more cruel than the rest, capsized the frail bark, and the wide waste of the angry sea whelmed them both in one common death.

"They sank into its depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown."

In a few days, subsequent to this sad catastrophe, an effort was made by the friends of those who had perished, to recover for interment the remains of the dead. There is a principle incorporated in our very nature, which makes us revolt at the thought of taking up our last abode in the coral caves of the ocean, with only the hoarse moaning of the boisterous billows for our requiem. We love a calm and quiet spot of earth, whither those who survive us may resort, to drop a tear upon the green sod that covers us, and become familiar with the King of terrors. Hence the strong desire we entertain to give our relatives a decent burial. After a long and diligent search the bodies of some, who had been the victims of this sea-storm, were recovered, and among others, the relics of this mother and her son. They were all brought to the town in which I then resided, and after being suitably prepared, were exposed to the inspection of such persons, as might wish to see them. Stimulated by a natural curiosity, I hurried on, with the crowd, to take a farewell look of the bodies, before they were committed to the darkness and the dampness of the "narrow house." And judge, kind reader! if you can, of the power and poignancy of my feelings when, in that pallid group, I beheld that fond mother, with her lovely boy, pressed so strongly to her pulseless bosom, that no ordinary exertion could unloose the hold! She remembered, and she loved that child, as freshly as ever, until the last spark of life was extinguished. Nay, more! the bitter pangs of dissolution had added intensity to maternal affection, and enabled her, in her expiring moments, to clasp her "first born," with such superhuman energy, in her arms, that even Death itself could not dissolve the embrace. It was a most affecting spectacle to see that charming boy nestled to his parent's breast, as if he were sleeping sweetly there, and would soon awake. But, ah! that sleep will never be broken, 'till the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall awake. In the same coffin were they both enclosed, and, in the same grave, were their lifeless bodies deposited. I turned from the grave, as the dry clods began to rattle on the coffin, impressed with a more solemn conviction, than ever before, of the depth and intensity of a mother's love. Here was a striking illustration of its power. It was stronger than death. "Many waters could not quench it, nor floods drown it." In life this kind mother and her beautiful boy had lived in each other's affections, and in death they were not divided. May they sleep sweetly, now that "life's fitful fever" is over, until the glorious morning of the resurrection, and then—

When the cold grave gives up its dead,
Oh! may their bodies rise,
To live and love, as here below,
In bliss beyond the skies!

Original.

THE MEANING GLANCE.*

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

"What sudden anger's this? How have I reaped it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leaped from his eyes."
"Nay, then—farewell;
I have touched the highest point of all my greatness."
King Henry, the Eighth.

WHAT fate lies in the look of princes! The young Baron von Leinan was one of the most accomplished gentlemen at the court of Duke Wilhelm ———, by whom, soon after his accession, he was named secretary to his private council. But the Baron was ignorant of the arts of courtly flattery, and moreover had too good an opinion of his sovereign to believe that such knowledge was necessary to obtain his favor. He had the boldness one day, in presence of the Duke and his council, to return an independent and truthful answer to a question addressed to him, with respect to the relations that ought to exist between the governor and the governed.

An old field marshal shook his head, and with a low obeisance to the Duke, observed—"The State, like the army, should be nothing but a machine. The spirit of the sovereign animates the one, as that of the general the other. The general is invincible, whose thousands are obedient to his single mandate; the prince is all powerful, whose subjects are swayed by a movement of his will. He is the soul of that vast body."

Von Leinan replied modestly, "Nay, it is unworthy the dignity of man, that he should be regarded as a mere machine, and estimated according to his physical, not according to his mental qualities. The army of intelligent men, even if beaten and scattered, is not destroyed; for, as in the stricken serpent, life still exists in every fragment; and new heads will sprout therefrom. The mere machine, on the other hand—"

"Silence, sir! thundered the old Duke. "Do you pretend to instruct our field marshal—you—who scarcely know how to mend a pen?"

The Baron colored with shame, and with anger, as the Duke motioned to the door. His eyes flashed fire as he made his obeisance, and withdrew. The Duke threw after him a look of contempt and displeasure.

The courtiers observed that look, and it was involuntarily reflected in their countenances. The field marshal talked of the conceit and impertinence of certain young men, who, unable to govern themselves, fancied themselves competent to hold the reins of empire. The chancellor, who had a nephew whom he wished to get promoted to Leinan's place, remarked that all young people were not so foolish and vain, and instanced his modest nephew as a happy exception. The court marshall, whose daughter had in vain besieged the heart of the young Baron, wondered at his headstrong vanity. This sentiment was general among the council.

The next day Baron Von Leinan received permission

* This is not a translation of Zschokke's "Furstenblick"—though founded on it.

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from the Duke to resign his situation, and leave his dominions for some years. He might, in the course of his travels, learn how to mend a pen, and qualify himself for the place of a secretary.

Leinan set off on his travels. He had little to bind him to his native country, for both his parents were dead. He was possessed of a large property, and did not lack the means of going where he chose He visited Switzerland, and rejoiced in her sublime scenery; he came to Paris, and wondered at all he saw; he arrived in England, and was delighted with her commercial spirit. He remained some time in London.

One day, as he was walking in the street, he heard an earnest conversation going on between a bookseller and a gentleman, whose accent showed him to be a German. The Baron stopped involuntarily; the bookseller was an acquaintance of his, and introduced to him the Count Von Streitenberg.

The young stranger immediately opened his mind to his countryman. He was in embarrassment, and anxious to dispose of some engravings, maps, and valuable books, for the purpose of raising funds. "I am ordered by my father," said the young man, "to return immediately to Germany; he writes me that I shall find, at Amsterdam, a bill of exchange for an hundred louisdórs, to pay my expenses home; but he sends me nothing to defray my expenses from London. Besides, I am in debt here, and cannot in honor leave the city without payment; yet twenty louisdórs is all my wealth. Can you assist me?"

The Baron hesitated a moment; the Count promised that if he would lend him the sum required, it should be repaid as soon as he reached home.

"Where is your home, Count?" asked Von Leinan.

The Count, with some embarrassment, mentioned the city whence Von Leinan had been banished. The Baron observed that he had lived some time in that city, and knew of no noble family of the name of Streitenberg.

The Count reddened. "Will you trust my pledged word?" said he, "that the three hundred louisdórs I wish to borrow shall be paid on my return, as you direct."

"I will lend you the sum," answered the Baron, "on one condition."

"True; I will give you my note. You are right not to trust a stranger. I will give you my name—"

"You mistake me; I wish no other security than your face. That inspires me with perfect confidence. My condition is, that you pay the money to the steward of my estate, when you reach home. I will give you his address. Yet more—you shall not give me your name—nor must you inform my steward of it—I insist upon that." So saying, he took out his pocket-book, and handed him a note. "It is worth rather more than the sum required," said he, "but that hurts neither you nor me."

The young Count showed much gratitude, and pressed his countryman to come with him to his hotel, where a glass of champagne, he hoped, would melt his reserve, and he would tell him whom he had obliged. The Baron seemed to assent.

"But are you walking, Count?"

"Yes."

"I too. Permit me to call a coach."

He went out of the bookseller's shop, and—returned not. The Count waited two hours for him in vain. Next morning came a letter from the Baron, excusing his forgetfulness, as he was busied in preparations for his journey to Russia. He enclosed the steward's address—and added a brief farewell.

The Count went to his friend's hotel, but he had left London. "That man must be my friend!" cried he. "He is independent; he is a true German. There is the difference between the Englishman and the German; the former has pride, the latter, nobleness of soul."

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Leinan was favorably received at the court in Petersburg. Catharine the Great, to whom he was presented, distinguished him by her favor, and he was sought by all the aristocracy. "How is this?" asked he, surprized. "Dear friend!" said one of the courtiers to him, "the Empress is a woman, and you are a handsome young man. You wish to enter the Russian service. You can do so now with distinction. You are eminently qualified, so her Imperial Majesty thinks."

"Would the Empress, then, give me a commission?"

"Certainly; and I venture to say, Baron, that you will have more even than you expect. I saw the LOOK with which the Empress regarded you yesterday, as you were retiring from her presence. Count Rasumoosky saw it; the Princess Daschkow also, and, in fine, the whole court. Every one speaks of you with rapture. Potemkin said much in your praise. I know, further, that the Empress mentioned your name to him. Your fortune is made."

A few days after, the Baron was sent for by the Prince Potemkin, and received a high commission in the Russian service. He resolved to return no more to his native land, and sent orders to his steward to sell his estate, and remit him the money. The steward did so; only retaining a small lot on which he lived, and where, he said, his master could always find a home.

By chance, Leinan became acquainted with a Polish gentleman, who, being in want of money, offered, for a price much lower than their worth, to dispose of his castle and lands in Poland. The Baron accepted his offer, removed his residence to Poland, and thereby long lost the confidence of the Russian government. He resigned his commission in a fit of vexation, his property was seized, and he himself only saved his life by escaping into Germany.

Desirous no longer of courting the favor of princes, Leinan remained some days the guest of his steward, on the lot reserved out of his estate. Here he learned, somewhat to his surprize, that the sum of money, between three and four hundred louisdórs which he had lent to Count Streitenberg, had never been repaid. He was more and more out of humor with the great. Two days journey thence, lived an old parson, by name, Mauritius, poor, but warm-hearted, and him the Baron

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now regarded as his only friend. He resolved to pay him a visit, and set off alone on horseback.

The country was wild and mountainous. As he was passing through a wood, he heard the report of a gun, and a bullet whizzed past him. The Baron stopped—a fox sprang from the thicket into the road; presently a horn sounded, and a young man in hunting gear, rode up, out of breath. "Your shot has missed, huntsman!" cried Leinan; "it came near hitting me, instead of the fox."

The huntsman drew up, touched his hat, looked surprized, and then exclaimed, "Is it possible? you are the Baron Von Leinan."

"Exactly—and you—ah! I remember where we met before—in London—the Count Streitenberg?"

"The same!" cried the young man, greeting him joyfully; and now question followed question. "You must come with me," said the Count; "and partake a huntsman's breakfast—bread, and a cup of wine. Allons!" The breakfast was spread under the shade of an oak tr e, where a young forester was in attendance. The Count sent the forester home with the dogs, and bade him have dinner prepared for bimself and his guest.

The Baron did not hesitate to confide to his young friend the story of his misfortunes, and his resolution to lead the life of a recluse in future. The Count seemed only alive to the joy of seeing him again; insisted on his pledging him eternal friendship—and consenting to live with him hereafter.

Their friendship was pledged over a cup of wine, with all the enthusiasm of youth. They wandered arm in arm through the wood; after some hours of conversation, they again mounted, and rode, still absorbed in the Baron's tales of his court and warlike life, 'till they came to the open country. Here was a fine old hunting seat, large enough for the residence of a court.

"To whom does this castle belong?" asked Leinan, stopping to admire it.

"To my uncle," answered his friend. "But I reside in it at present. You see I have room enough for you."

The Baron looked grave, but still more so, when he saw over the gate the Ducal arms emblazoned. At the same time two armed attendants came out; they lowered their weapons respectfully both to the Count and his friend.

"Is dinner ready?" asked the Count of one of the men.

"It is, your Highness."

"What does this mean?" asked the Baron, looking at his friend in surprize.

"You would not hear my explanation in London," was the reply—"you shall hear it now. My name is Louis"

"Louis—what?"

"Ah! do not look so startled," said the young man, taking the Baron's hand. "I am Louis the Crown-prince."

The Baron raised his hand to remove his hat.

"Must I take you back to the oak, where we vowed perpetual friendship?" asked the prince.

"Between us," returned Leinan, "is wanting the ground of friendship—equality."

"Before the world, perhaps, dear Leinan, but not between us. I am your brother; and will be always to you Louis—not the Prince."

—

The Baron remained some time the guest of his young friend; and they spent the time in hunting and other country recreations. It relieved him much to learn, that it had not been through any fault of the prince that the sum borrowed had not been promptly remitted to the steward. He had sent the money immediately on reaching home. But the heirs of crowns are seldom faithfully served. He afterwards learned that all the prince's letters, for a year after his return from his travels, had been intercepted by order of his uncle, the Duke. This solved the mystery at once.

The news of Leinan's return to the country, at length reached the tyrannical old Duke, and his nephew forthwith received an order to send away his guest immediately. There was no resisting such a mandate; and the Baron found himself again an outcast, with no other home than the steward's small house. The Prince used to visit him there, or send him letters; or sometimes the friends met at some appointed place. His continued faithful friendship revived Leinan's confidence in the human heart of princes.

One stormy, cold morning in winter, before it was full day, a courier rode up to the door of the steward's dwelling and made an unusual clamor for admission. In a few moments the steward came into the Baron's room, with a light, and a letter in his hand. "It is brought by a courier of the Duke, from the city," said he.

"From the Duke! An order for my banishment!" thought the Baron. He looked at the letter. It was addressed "to the President of the private council—the Baron Auguste Von Leinan."

On opening the letter, he read his formal appointment to this highest office in the dukedom—and a request that he would without delay repair to the capital, to enter upon his new duties. The letter was signed "Louis,"—and there was a postscript in the prince's own hand. Duke Wilhelm was dead, and the prince had succeeded to the throne. "Surely, in him," thought the Baron, "the people have a gracious and just sovereign; the people ought to be noble and independent." But it was not so; he saw meanness, artifice and servility as rife every where as formerly. This the prince did not readily perceive; for truth seldom penetrates the atmosphere of flattery that surrounds royalty. He sometimes disputed with Leinan when declaiming against the meanness and obsequiousness of his courtiers.

"Only make an experiment," said the Baron, one day to the young Duke. "Select the most unexceptionable man in your dominions; withdraw your favor apparently from him, and see what the consequence will be. Take for example the Recorder of the archives, Helmold; a man now held in universal esteem, which he well deserves."

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"Indeed I have often thought of advancing Helmold to a more lucrative situation. He has three or four children, and but little property of his own. I could not think of making any experiment upon him that would give him an hour's pain."

"But the lesson is worth something. Helmold shall not suffer materially—I pledge myself to that; and you will learn to know your people."

"I do not know even on what pretence he could be charged with a fault."

"So much the better. He is just the man for our purpose. Make a trial of him."

"Be it so, then, Leinan. I will see if my people are slaves."

—

"Is not that yonder the Recorder Helmold?" asked the Duke, one day, as he stood at the window of his audience hall, to several by-standers.

"It is, my lord," was the reply.

"He has an insuperably disagreeable countenance," remarked the Duke.

"He has indeed something sinister in his aspect," answered Counsellor Strom. "But he is an excellent man."

"There is something cold and repulsive about him,' observed the Baron von Wandel, "but so far as I know, he is an honorable person."

The Duke knit his brow, and threw a look of displeasure upon poor Helmold. "You have not much penetration, Von Wandel, or are too good natured. In my opinion Helmold is not to be trusted. He seems to me full of mischief and malice. Speak not of the man again; I only wish he were not in my service."

Wandel turned pale, as he saw the sovereign's angry look. No one spoke a word.

"Why do you change countenance, Wandel?" asked the Duke of the courtier. "I hope you take no part with that man!"

"Heaven forbid, your highness! I have nothing to do with him. I have never had, for in truth, as your highness just remarked, I have always thought him false-hearted. I have been several times on the point of humbly entreating your highness to dismiss him. He corresponds with many foreigners, and has the most important records of the dukedom under his control."

"I spoke well of him just now," observed Counsellor von Strom, "because I do not like to speak ill of any one in your highness' service. But I can prove to you, my lord, that he makes grievous errors in his duty, and has apparently the treasonous design of so representing the acts of the sovereign as to incline the people to discontent. What effect can such bold wickedness have, save to loosen the ties between prince and subject?"

Here several others spoke against him; and accusations were brought up one after another. The courtiers vied with each other in speaking ill of Helmold.

"If he be really so base and so dangerous," said the Duke at length, "I wonder that he has so long escaped without being called to account, and punished as he merits."—And he left the audience chamber in high displeasure.

Helmold soon experienced the effect of the royal glance. He was shunned by all about the court, and wherever he went he was marked as one in disgrace. His superiors treated him with arrogance and harshness; his equals with coldness. Those who had envied him took this occasion to wreak their malice upon him.

Helmold inquired the reason of this change; no one would give him a satisfactory answer. He remained quiet. "I have injured no one," said he; "and care not for the world's caprice. The friendship of those who can thus act is not necessary to my happiness."

So said he; but he felt chagrined at this undeserved hostility; and still more when he discovered that he had lost the confidence of the government. He said nothing of his misfortunes to his family, 'till they thickened upon him so fast that concealment was impossible. He was summoned before Von Wandel and others to give an account for the manner in which he had performed his duties; and questioned in such a way as convinced him he was an object of suspicion. This was confirmed soon after, when he was arrested and brought to trial on a charge of treasonable correspondence with foreign governments. His papers were seized and sealed up for examination.

All this fell with stunning force on his wife and family. It was the *least* of their misfortunes that they became in want almost of the necessaries of life.—One day Leinan chanced to enter a jeweller's shop to give orders about the setting of some jewels, when he saw a young and most beautiful girl standing at the counter. She was negotiating for the sale of a necklace. When she was gone he asked her name. It was Emma Helmold. "Send back the necklace to her immediately," said the Baron to the jeweller; "I will pay you its value." The jeweller himself carried back the necklace; but when questioned by Madame Helmold, he could not refrain, notwithstanding Leinan's injunction to secresy, from telling them who had redeemed it.

Next day the Baron called to bring them news of Helmold. The lovely Emma received him with blushes, and Madame Helmold thanked him for his kindness. He entreated to be permitted to serve them, and gave them great hopes of Helmold's honorable acquittal. It was evident that both ladies looked upon him as their protecting angel.

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"You were right, Linean!" said the Duke to his friend. "Princes are not half so much inclined to be despots, as their subjects to be slaves! A glance—a word—has sufficed to overturn justice and equity:—to bring ruin on an innocent man—and blot out the evidence of a life of virtuous deeds. Slaves can never be friends; thus Princes can have none. Do you remain my friend, Leinan. I have no trust but in you! If you fail me—hope is gone for ever: I am lost!"

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The popular voice changed when it became known that Helmold was triumphantly acquitted; that he was appointed to an office more lucrative than his former

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one, and again stood high—higher than ever, in the favor of his prince. All were loud in praise of the justice and magnimity of the Duke.

In the spring, the Baron Von Leinan visited the family of Helmold at his country seat, and was betrothed to the beautiful Emma. Shortly after, the marriage was celebrated. When the Baron brought his bride to the city, people shrugged their shoulders and said:—"She is certainly very beautiful; and now the mystery is out! The Duke loved the Baron; the Baron loved Mademoiselle Helmold; her father therefore must be declared innocent, and reinstated in office. Well—well! it is a happy thing he has such a son-in-law! The Duke is a good—but a weak man! He cannot see what is going on about him. We see much better at a distance. So goes it always with the great!"

There was much murmuring among the people on this occasion; but none dared to speak their minds openly.

"I see it all;" said the Duke with a melancholy smile. "It is difficult for a ruler to estimate those about him; but still harder for the governed rightly to estimate their rulers. How much misunderstanding—how much error and injustice, in political matters, thence arise between a prince and his people!"

Original.

THE MANIAC LOVER.

How plaintive comes the midnight blast
Through the lone willows, that my home,
Their dark, umbrageous, mantles cast
Around in sun and gloom.

It speaks like spirit on the wings
Of tempest—hark! the heavy rain
Against the casement rattling rings,
Then all is still again.

God! how the lightning's barbs of fire
Pierce the dark bosom of the night.
And list! the thunder's voice of ire!
My spirit feels delight.

To hear the elemental strife,
To see the demon of the storm,
Blasting the germs of nature's life
And beauty's face deform.

And why? Ah, ask the marble cold,
That wraps that angel once my own,
Ask the damp clod that doth enfold
My Ada, dead and gone.

Ask of the worm that revels deep,
On charms to me that God had given;
Then snatched them to eternal sleep,
Snatched from me earthly heaven!

Original.

THE LAW OF THE LAKES.

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

BY WILLIAM E. BURTON.

Giulio Bisoqua left his home on the banks of the Tessino, a few miles from its junction with the Po, with a hope of finding, in a foreign land, that encouragement in his beloved art which Italia, once "the seat of science, and the school of taste," was now unable to bestow. Our young sculptor had bowed his head before the magic wonders of old Rome; he had worshipped the creations of the lights of the by-gone world; had studied with the industry of enthusiasm, and labored with an equal diligence in the perfection of his designs—but the works of his chisel remained unsold in his *atelier;* his name was unknown to the travelling butterflies who patronized the fashionable artists; and the dilletanti refused to award a decree of fame to a poor countryman who had come amongst them without the requisite letters of introduction.

Sadly did the sculptor bend his steps from the seven-hilled city. An Englishman, a rude, eccentric man, who refused to give his name to the homeward-bound artist, purchased two of his best statues at his own prices. The islander encountered the Lombard at an ancient hostelry called "Il Bacio di Bocca," in the good old city of Arezzo. Bisoqua had gained thus far in his way from Rome to his humble cottage, when his pecuniary means failed, and he was compelled to offer his productions to the notice of the townsfolks and the few travellers who were induced to remain for a day or two in the birth-place of Aretin and Petrarch. The generosity of the Englishman not only enabled Bisoqua to reach his native village, but furnished him with a sufficiency of cash to warrant a journey to the capital of France, the object of his dearest wishes. Commending his parents to the care of his brethren, he traced the head waters of the Maggiore lake to their source, crossed the Lepontine Alps, and traversed the vallies of the land where liberty delights to dwell. A small but spirited statue of Tell, chiselled on the spot, from an old church font of Carara marble, attracted the notice of the liegemen of Uri; and Bisoqua settled for a time in the venerable town of Altorf. A member of the general diet, a near relation to the Landammann, commissioned Giulio to execute several statues for his mansion on the banks of the lake of Lucerne, within a few miles of the capital of that canton. It was a woful day for the young sculptor, when he acceded to the proposal.

Vadutz Brieg, the patron of the Lombard, was a consequential, hot-headed patrician, who boasted of his unmixed descent from the Helvetic patriots that withstood the first irruption of the Allemand in the early part of the third century. His ancesters preserved their purity of blood through the various conquests of the Burgundians and the Ostrogoths; and he pointed, with much pride, to a tradition connected with the canton's

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history, wherein it is related that one Schweitz Breig slew a centgrave for tyrannical exercise of the conqueror's rights. The Landesgemeinde, the great council of Lucerne, one of the most aristocratical of the cantonal federation, acknowledged the supremacy of Vadutz Brieg, and elected him one of the Schultheissen, or governors of the canton.

Vadutz Brieg believed that he displayed the honest workings of the unmixed blood of Helvetia, when he publicly denounced all foreigners, of every nation and degree. This proscription was his public theme—the hobby on which he rode abroad, to the satisfaction of the liegemen of Lucerne—yet he scrupled not to employ the Lombard sculptor to decorate his domains. The most illustrious of patriots will occasionally be selfish in the application of their dogmas.

Altstadt, the only speck of land that dots the silver surface of the Vierwaldstädtersee,* formed a portion of Brieg's domains; thither the sculptor carried his blocks of marble, and his tools, to embody in quiet the creations of his art. Claduse, the only child of the Schultheiss, occasionally sojourned at a small chalêt on the isle, in search of health and recreation. She inherited her father's proud demeanor and haughty estimation of ancestral worth; several of her chiefest suitors had been summarily dismissed, maugre their rank and wealth, as they were unable to deny the admixture of foreign blood in their genealogical tree.

Claduse was eminently beautiful, and possessed a highly cultivated mind. The attractions of the sculptor's rude shed overcame the pride of the high born, and the graces of genius and art outsawayed the false conventionalism of her creed. The enthusiasm of the artist interested her; she listened with a strange delight to his burning words, as he discoursed of the glorious specimens of art which graced the halls of the Eternal City; she gazed with admiration on his animated countenance, as, with beaming eyes and earnest phrase, he uttered his fervent aspirations in the cause of science.

The sequel may easily be foreseen. The heart of the Italian warmed beneath the sunny glances of the beauty of Lucerne: he found a ready listener to his tale of love; and the haughty maiden consented to a secret marriage with the low-born son of a foreign land.

Vadutz, the father, secure in the cold proprieties of his daughter's past conduct, did not suspect her present disobedience. Political matters occupied the chiefest portion of his time, and he gladly permitted his child to seek retirement in the shady dells of Altstadt. He occasionally visited his island seat, and lavished fresh marks of favor on the sculptor, at every new proof of his professional skill.

Months, a few happy months, rolled past, and the loving wife found herself in a situation that demanded extremest privacy, or an open avowal of her wedded state. Giulio determined to redeem the honor of his love, and was prepared to make a full disclosure, when the confidential attendant, alarmed at the necessity of the case, revealed the matter, but neglected to state the fact of the marriage. Vadutz hastened to the island; he stole upon the lovers unperceived—a glance at his daughter's altered shape confirmed the worst of the report; and the caresses which she was fondly bestowing upon the vagrant artist, pointed unerringly to the author of his disgrace. He struck the Lombard a blow with his girdle-knife, or couteau-de-chasse; but excess of rage enervated the father's arm, and a slight wound in the shoulder was the only result. The daughter threw her arms about her parent's neck, and vainly strove to check his ire. He dashed her from him with a curse, and prepared again to attack the sculptor, who had hastily seized the knife dropped by the father, and now stood on his defence. Vadutz Brieg, resolutely bent on the destruction of his daughter's betrayer, glared madly around the room, hoping to find the means of assault. His eyes rested on a small poniard with a jewelled sheath, which, with other trinkets, graced Claduse's toilet table, in accordance with the fashion of the day. He vainly essayed to draw the little weapon from its tightly-fitting case; with the impotence of deadly anger, he made a pass at the sculptor with the sheathed poniard, and then rushed franticly from the room.

Who shall describe the anguish of that father's heart, when, in the solitude of his apartment, he mused upon his daughter's shame? He knew not of her marriage to the artist, but conceived her wedded to infamy and sin—his idolized, his only child, in whose veins ran the proudest and the purest blood of old Helvetia—to whom he looked for an honored continuance of the ancient line of Brieg—whom he expected to be the solace of his declining days, as she had been the pride of his prosperity, the pet of his early manhood, the pledge of his first love now buried in the grave. If she, the proud Claduse, had meanly stooped to grace the arms of an errant Lombard, even in the bonds of marriage, the news would have driven the haughty father wild—but when he deemed her lost to virtue, the blow became unbearable. The little poniard which he brought with him from his daughter's room, remained in his grasp during his sad and painful rumination. He seized the sheath with his teeth, and drawing forth the pointed steel, dashed it into his breast.

When the lovers recovered from the surprize which the appearance of Vadutz and his passionate conduct had occasioned, they resolved upon instant flight. Claduse knew that the unbending spirit of her father forbade a hope of reconciliation, and Giulio felt too indignant at the violence of the old man to sue for that pardon which his imprudence scarcely seemed to deserve. In a village at the base of the Vosge's Mountains, among the head waters of the Meurthe and the Meselle, resided one of the Bisoqua family, whom Giulio had intended to visit in his peregrinations to the French capital. He resolved, in his present emergency, to hasten to this uncle, and solicit his assistance. Hastily collecting a few valuables, he departed with his wife for the frontier city of Basle—but the keen track of the law overtook even the rapid flights of love. Their path

* The Lake of the Four Forest Towns—Lucerne, Alpuach, Stautz, and Altorf.

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was intercepted, and, to their great surprize, they were charged with the murder of Vadutz Brieg!

The young wife and her husband were dragged back to Lucerne, and immured, separately, in the dungeons of the common jail, amid the hootings of the crowd, and the execrations of the meniuls of the prison. The death of her beloved parent, under any circumstances, would have been a serious affliction to Claduse; but now, when she labored under his displeasure—his curse—the news of his violent and sudden death seemed almost to stun her perception. For a time, she scarcely comprehended the serious nature of the charge preferred against her; it was too improbable—too horrible, even in idea; but a constant iteration of the fact, with a detail of some of the circumstances, convinced her that the accusation was a reality but too likely to be well sustained.

The officials of the jail treated Giulio with a studied silence, refusing to give him the particulars of the old man's death, or allow him one word of intelligence respecting his beloved Claduse. Keenly did he reproach himself for the sorrow he had brought upon that tender creature. Months elapsed between the apprehension and the trial of the prisoners. Meanwhile, the heart-stricken wife gave birth to an infant, the sad heiress to her shame, within the damp and dreary cell, denied the ministering aid of woman in woman's direst need; and destitute of the coldest comfort which, in the hour of travail, forced charity bestows upon its pauper guests. Bitter were the tears which the young mother shed over her first-born, as she reclined upon her scanty matrass, on the cold stones of her cell. She searched in vain among the hard-featured attendants for a sympathizing look in this her day of tribulation—the magnitude of her supposed offence had driven pity from their minds. In despair, she called aloud for her husband—for her father! The jailors whispered "Parricide!" She hid her burning head beneath her felon's blanket, and with convulsive sobs awoke the nursling from its first sleep.

The hour of trial came, and Giulio Bisoqua and Claduse Brieg were arraigned for the murder of the councillor, Vadutz. The prisoners met each other in open court—their first greeting since the moment of arrest. It was a painful sight to see the manacled father receive from the hands of his young but haggard wife, his new-born, sickly child—their bud of love, blighted by the dungeon's gloom. The crowds of citizens who filled the halls of justice, and noisily muttered abhorrence of the murderers, were hushed into a sudden and a deadly silence at the sight of the young parents' wo. Rough hands were hastily drawn across the brows of brown and bearded faces; women gasped, and clutched the arms of their protectors; while an unbidden rheum dimmed the sight of the veterans of the law. For an instant the human heart triumphed, and the crime was forgotten in the anguish of the sufferers.

Giulio pressed his wife to his bosom, and whispered confidence and hope. He lavished his kisses on the little jail bird, and the wail of the feeble infant mingled with the rattle of its father's chains.

The trial proceeded, and the prisoners were justly alarmed at the fatal nature of the evidence adduced. The farm servant at Altstadt, proved the unexpected arrival of Vadutz, his forcible entry into his daughter's room, and the noise of a scuffle within. An aged and trust-worthy domestic swore that she met her master in great agitation on the stairs between his own room and that of his daughter—that he moaned bitterly, and held his robe up to his face, covering his breast—that, to her inquiries, he answered, "*My child, my undutiful child, has struck me to the heart!*" That he rushed into his room, and secured the door. After a time, she became alarmed at his groans, and summoned the farm servants, who burst open the door, and discovered the Schultheiss dead upon the floor, with a small dagger sticking in his breast. The dagger, with its diamond sheath and mother's pearl handle, incrusted with the dead man's blood, was produced in court, and recognized as the property of Claduse—it was sworn to, as such, by the gentleman who had presented it to her. The flight of the prisoners, their arrest, and the discovery of the valuable jewels on their persons, were fully proved. The couteau-de-chasse, taken from Vadutz by Giulio, was found upon him, while the sheath remained in the girdle of the murdered man. It was *supposed* that Vadutz was disarmed by Claduse previous to his assassination by her paramour.

The averments of the arraigned were treated with avowed discredit; and Giulio found that he was unable to establish the fact of his marriage with Claduse. The monk who had performed the ceremony, fearful of incurring blame for secretly uniting the daughter of a distinguished councillor to a vagrant foreigner, departed suddenly for the Papal States,—and the lady's servant, the only witness, frightened at the effects of her own misconduct, secreted herself in one of the Alpine villages, and defied the scrutiny of the police. The judges commented with much severity upon the attempt at imposition made by the prisoners in their defence. It was evident that Giulio had seduced the daughter of his benefactor—when discovered in their guilt, murder of the direst kind was resolved upon, and proof existed that both prisoners participated in the crime. It was in vain that Giulio resolved to clear the reputation of Claduse, reiterated his assertion of their marriage, and demanded the production of his witness—in vain, he told of Vadutz's violence,—the slight wound had healed, and no mark remained to prove his truth. In vain he pointed out the fact that the sheath of the dagger was found in the councillor's room, a proof that he carried the *sheathed* weapon with him from the scene of assault. He was answered that the sheath might have fallen in the folds of the councillor's robe. His words fell on prejudiced ears; the councillors were eager to avenge the loss of a distinguished member, and disdained the idea that the richest and the proudest Schultheiss of Lucerne could impiously lift a hand against himself. The dying words of the murdered man—the discovery of the poniard, the flight of the prisoners—all plainly told the tale of guilt. The extremest sentence of the law was passed upon them—the parricide was

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doomed to the block; her paramour and partner in crime was to witness her execution, and hold the basket placed to receive her decollated head.* He was then to be broken alive on the wheel, and denied the coup-de-grace. The child, born in the interim between the consummation of the crime and its punishment, was pronounced the offspring of guilt, and therefore forfeit to the law; it was sentenced to meet its death on the same scaffold with its mother.

The dreadful sentence of the law fell upon Bisoque's ears like the sound of the judgment trump on the souls of the damned. Ignorant of the evidence in hand, he had buoyed himself with the confident hope of instant acquittal, satisfied of his innocence, and scarcely believing in the serious nature of the accusation. The solemnity of the death peal struck upon his heart; he felt that the selfishness of his love had destroyed his wife and the innocent babe in her bosom. He gave a wild, unearthly stare at the assembled court, essayed to speak, and fell a gibbering maniac upon the floor. Claduse was not allowed to aid him; she was dragged back to her cell, to gaze for a few days longer upon the lineaments of her doomed child, and muse upon the fearful punishment awarded to the only act of disobedience that blurred her pure and virtuous life.

The scaffold, covered with red cloth, and containing the headman's block, and the huge wheel with its fearful screws and cords, was erected on the banks of the lake, in front of a rising sweep of ground, capable of receiving the vast gathering that poured into the ancient city. The old guard of the canton circled the place of execution; the officers of justice, and the members of the Landesgemeinde and the Landreth occupied the interior space; and a huge amphitheatre of human beings gazed from the back ground in silence on the unusual scene. The headsman, a powerful Bohemian, leaned moodily upon the long-handled axe, while the fair Claduse, folding her infant to her breast, knelt beside her family confessor, and made her final shrift. As she rose, the executioner tore the band from her brow, and her long flowing hair fell in wavy masses adown her back. This impediment to his purpose was speedily removed; and in a few seconds, the glossy ringlets wherein so many Cupids erst had ambushed, were trampled beneath the huge feet of the Bohemian and his assistants as they busied themselves in their revolting office. It was deemed necessary to bind her hands; she was required to give up her child—it was a bitter moment! She kissed the little innocent, and placed it in the arms of the friar. Whispering a prayer, she was conducted to the block on the extremest edge of the scaffold. A small group of by-standers attracted her attention; they circled the headsman's basket; and, in the centre, freed from his chains, stood her husband, with an idiot smile upon his lips as he watched the deadly preparations of his wife. She spoke to him—he answered not. She adjured him to say farewell! He pointed to her, in derision, and laughed aloud. It was her last pang. The executioner's assistants bent her neck to the block, the Bohemian raised his huge axe, and with one blow, the head fell upon the scaffold, and rolled into the husband's arms.

At the same moment, a sword was passed through the body of the infant, and the quivering corpse was thrown into the headsman's basket.

The last living glance of Claduse, as she placed her neck upon the block, was cast upon her husband. Their faces at that time were almost within reach; the loving tenderness that beamed in the eyes of the wife, even at the moment of death, seemed to awaken recollection in the mind of the husband—and when, the instant afterwards, he was stained with her spirting blood, he uttered a yell of such dire agony, that the whole of the vast multitude of spectators quailed with alarm and pain—many of the women shrieked aloud. They were answered by the wretched maniac, who gave his mad despair a voice in tones which seemed impossible to come from human throat. A panic spread among the assembled thousands—there was a movement of the guards—the officials were ordered to proceed in their duty—when the idiot husband, clasping his bloody treasures to his heart, darted rapidly past the military into the midst of the crowd, which, parting to the right and left, in fearful wonder, gave the poor maniac a ready path. In a second, he was out of the sight of the guards and the ministers of the law—for the multitude, having closed on the way of the fugitive, cared not to accommodate his pursuers. Ascending a ravine in the hills, he soon left the crowd far, far behind; yet onward still he went, with wondrous energy and rapid flight; pealing his frightful cries, and rousing the pained echoes of the mountain and the lake.

Mounted guards were sent in hot pursuit; the passes of the Alps were kept; and the shores of the lake were scoured with a careful vigilance—but in vain. The Lucernese never again beheld the sculptor of Lombardy.

* * * * * *

Several weeks after the escape of Giulio, the inmates of a hunter's cottage, on the Alps above Thun, a weary distance from Lucerne, were startled by the sudden appearance of a man in ragged garments, marked with many a stain. The restlessness of his bright eye told of his madness. Suspended round his neck was a large package enveloped in a mixture of goat's and sheep's wool, which had evidently been picked in bits from the briars on the hills. It was Giulio, with his frightful burthen! He spoke not, but by signs demanded food; it was given him, and he was quietly departing, when a female entered from the inner room. In this person he recognized Claduse's waiting maid, the witness of his marriage. He seized her by the arm, and dragged her violently from the hut, shouting aloud, "To Lucerne—to Lucerne—and prove that she is my wife! that our

* These sanguinary laws, with other fearful practices, were introduced by the Allemanni, or Suevi, when they first conquered Helvetia. The laws were allowed to remain undisturbed amid the various subsequent changes of the governments of the lake. The Diet of Zurich in the Congress of Vienna confirmed the legality of the enactments; they were enforced at Lucerne in 1818, and abolished by the Council of Tessin, in 1830, with other offensive portions of the ancient constitutions of the Cantons, in accordance with the universal desire of reform.

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babe is not the child of guilt!" The woman's resistance availed not; she was hurried down the mountain ere her comates had time to interfere. Down, down they went, with fearful haste, through intricate and rocky passages where experienced hunters trod with cautious step. The cry of alarm ran along the path. At a sudden turn, Giulio spied some ascending goatherds who were preparing to intercept him. He turned hastily in a new direction—his foot slipped—he was on the edge of a frightful precipice. He saw his danger, and could have avoided it by releasing the girl and placing his hands on the point of a jutting crag—but he kept his hold, and the next instant, they fell into the abyss. The bodies bounded from rock to rock, and were lifeless long ere they reached the valley. But death relaxed not Bisoqua's gripe—the hunters were unable to release the corpse of the girl from his iron grasp; and the shattered fragments were buried in the same wide grave.

It seemed as if the poor maniac was resolved to drag with him, into the next world, the witness of Claduse's honor—the evidence of the purity of his love.

Original.

THE SMILE OF LOVE.

BY THE LATE SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

I.

Yes, there's a light whose effulgence can brighten
Grief's gloomy aspect with sparkles of joy,
Chase from the heart which its splendors enlighten,
Each sombre care that presumes to annoy.
Pure are its rays as the dawn's first reflection,
Grateful as sunbeams when tempests are o'er,
Oh, 'tis the smile of an artless affection,
Beaming from eyes and a heart we adore.
Dark fate may vainly lower,
O'er hope's enamelled bower,
The smile of affection each cloud will remove;
That warm celestial ray
Melts cloudy care away,
Earth has no charm like the sweet smile of love.—

II.

While through this life's dusky vale we are straying,
Press'd by misfortune and harrassed by fears,
Sighing o'er pictures of fancy, decaying—
Sprinkling our pathway with unheeded tears,
Be but the lustre of Love's radiations
Shed o'er the scene, and its terrors will cease,
Sighs will be chang'd into joy's aspirations,
Tears be converted to dew-drops of peace.
Bright beam of heavenly bliss!
'Tis the reflection of light from above!
When first we feel the ray,
How sweet the pulses play!
Earth has no charm like the sweet smile of love.

Original.

LOVE'S STUDENT.

I.

'Tis twilight, and the last gold beam
Of day, is dying in the west;
And slowly spreads the ebon veil
Of night, o'er ocean's breast.

II.

And one by one the sapphire stars,
Sweet cherub watchers of the night
Come peering forth—and Dian's crest
Sheds over all its light.

III.

The birds have hushed their grateful songs,
And share the silence of the hour;
And drooping on its fragile stem,
Hangs ev'ry balmy flower.

IV.

On every blade a diamond shines,
Dropped from the dewy eyes of eve;
And chrystal rills, and gushing founts,
Sweet songs of silence weave.

V.

So softly sighs the bland south wind,
A leaf scarce trembles on the tree;
And beetles hum—where lately roved
The golden-bosomed bee.

VI.

Fit hour, it is for thee to scan
Young Eva, the sweet page of love;
Tracing the life of some young maid
Like thine—thou dark-eyed dove!

VII.

To smile, to weep, to love, to bless
Alternately, the object dear;
The poet's genius hath defined
In colors rich and clear.

VIII.

The sun of pleasure casts its ray,
This moment o'er thy features bright,
Telling the story that thou read'st
Is fraught with love's delight.

IX.

"And, oh!"—thou sigh'st,—"be mine such lot,
Such faithful love be mine to share;
With such a gallant heart—oh, what
Were fortune's frowns or care!

X.

Sweet, sweet enthusiast, little reck'st
Thou, of the truth by Shakspeare told;
"The course of true love, never yet
Ran smooth" with young or old.

XI.

But, oh, indulge thy glowing wish,
And may it find a fond return;
And sorrow's tearlets never fall
Within thy young heart's urn.

R. E.

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Original.

CARL, THE MINER;

OR, THE EXTORTED KISS.

To the north of Europe, at the entrance of the gulf of the Baltic Sea, stands a city, resembling in its site "the queen of the Adriatic." This second Venice is known by the name of Stockholm, where, in former days, reigned two of the wisest and best of monarchs, by name, Gustavus the Great. The first, because by his patriotism, skill and genius, he had rescued his country from the subjugation of the Dane, and the second, by his indomitable energy and military knowledge had exalted her to the first rank among the nations of the world. The latter, dying in 1643, the crown devolved upon his daughter Christine, then scarcely fifteen years of age.

It was a morning of July in 1645, in Stockholm. The air resounded with the merry ringing of bells, the roaring of artillery, and the shouts of the populace; for it was the natal day of the youthful queen. Nobles, squires, and the learned of the land, had congregated to pay their homage to their youthful sovereign, and the very peasant from the most distant regions of Sweden, had contrived to make his way to Stockholm to gain a glance of the fair creature, whose fame was sounded throughout the world, and whose learning had been extolled by Descartes and Samaise.

The court of the palace was thronged with anxious spectators, and the troops were ranged in due order to greet the appearance of the queen, when suddenly the windows were thrown open, and the flower of Sweden, ladies, nobles and officers, appeared in the most gorgeous uniforms; all eyes were directed to one point, and a universal cry arose of "She comes!" but Christine was not there. It was the young and handsome Count Lagardie, the favorite of the queen who appeared, and having waited 'till the enthusiasm of the populace had subsided, read as follows.

"A bold and insolent peasant having dared to insult her majesty, it is deemed expedient that he should suffer punishment, but in consideration of the day, and that no cloud should mar the festivities, the queen ordains him to receive fifteen blows in the presence of the assembled multitude, as a warning to future offenders."

The chief of the police, with his assistants, having conducted the prisoner into the centre of the court, executed the sentence. The poor fellow, with difficulty, refrained from giving vent to his sufferings, and the people looked on with amazement and pity at so sudden and ignominious a punishment. It appeared that this man was a poor young miner, who had come from Norberg to Stockholm, to share in the sports and pleasure of the birth-day of his queen. His crime arose from his ignorance of the laws of etiquette. It had been told him in the province of Westmanland, that on this day, it was the custom of the sovereign to be not only accessible to her court and the nobles of the land, but also to the meanest of her subjects—that all had the privilege to approach and kiss the royal hand.

Kiss the hand of a queen!—the hand of Christine—she that was the idol of his life—whose portrait was the only ornament that graced his smoky cabin—it was a happiness which he had never hoped to enjoy, and the young miner resolved, at all hazards, all trouble and fatigue, to journey to Stockholm, and share in the royal condescension. From Norberg to Stockholm was a long and fatiguing journey, and his means were not the most ample. But this was nothing—the image of Christine was to him, as the load star to the mariner, and he reached Stockholm the evening before the royal birth-day.

Having arrived he directed his steps to the church of Saint Nicholas, to ask of Heaven many years of glory and happiness to the youthful sovereign, and then, with a portion of his little means, purchased a smart costume, in which having attired himself, he rambled about the city, feasting his eyes on the many wonders, which, for the first time, he had beheld, and now to him, appeared almost as the creations of fairy land or romance.

The morning dawned bright and beautiful, and the forts of Fredericksburg and Waxholm, announced that Christine had reached her sixteenth year. Awakened by the roar of the artillery, Carl started from the ground where, like many others, he had passed the night in slumber; and although yet early, found the streets thronged with thousands of inhabitants, evincing their enthusiasm in every possible manner. As the day wore on, Carl mingled with a train who were proceeding to the palace, and from his smart attire and handsome figure, contrived, although unintentionally, to pass the guard, and enter the vestibule. The poor fellow, bewildered and delighted with the magnificence which on every hand surrounded him, kept wandering about, regardless as he was ignorant of all etiquette, jostling and pushing aside nobles, ladies, officers, and other functionaries, in short, all who impeded him.

At length, having entered the great gallery, his simple costume attracted the gaze and called up the astonishment of the assembled multitude,—murmurs upon murmurs rose all around, but still Carl kept advancing—he was ignorant of the storm then gathering, and had proceeded as far as the door of the hall of audience, when the officer in waiting demanded his name and business. He was about to reply, when, catching a glance of Christine, his enthusiasm knew no bounds, and pushing the officer aside, he rushed into the royal presence, seized the hand which at that moment was extended to the president of the senate, and pressed it to his lips.

At sight of Carl, and his boldness, Christine uttered a scream and withdrew her hand, while a hundred arms were in a moment raised to chastize the peasant slave, who had insulted the officer and aspired to an honor reserved but for the titled and the rich.—And such was the crime, for which he was thus disgraced, a crime, arising from his ignorance, and which merited not so ignominious a punishment.

When the last blow had fallen, he bounded from the hands of the guards, and casting his eyes towards the palace, exclaimed—"I swear before God, Christine, that a day will come when I shall kiss thy royal hand!"

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then regarding his punisher with a look of ferocity dashed wildly through the crowd.

The next day the miner had quitted Stockholm, but he was never again heard of at Norberg.

Five years after this, two prisoners, the one, a young man of some six-and-twenty years, accused of robbery, the other, the head of a band of highwaymen, together confined in a dungeon of the fort of Fredericksburg, were thus conversing:

"Ah," said the young man, "what I regret most, is that I shall never again behold her that I love."

"Child!" replied the robber, "in a few years thou wilt be liberated do not despair, for if she thou lovest is really faithful, you may yet be happy. Listen. —Our young and beautiful queen once ordered fifteen blows to be administered to the shoulders of a poor devil, who, struck with an unconquerable passion for her, dared to respectfully press his coarse lips to her dainty fingers—and for which he was disgraced, as if he had committed a crime of the most daring character; but he swore before God, that a day would arrive when the hand which had been refused him, should be pressed to his lips, and the mouth which commanded his punishment should sue to him for mercy.

Thatda y, so much desired, seemed as if it would never arrive; but it came at last. It was during the chase, when the queen, in her ardor, became separated from her companions, and she found herself alone, in the middle of a deep forest. Suddenly, she was surrounded by a band of robbers—who seized her courser, ignorant of her quality. 'Respect me,' she cried, 'I am your Queen!' The words fell like lightning on my heart. The hour of retribution had arrived. 'Look on me!' I said. 'Do you not remember me? I am Carl, the poor miner, who once presumed to kiss thy pretty hand, and for which you ordered him to be scourged in the face of all Stockholm, on thy natal day—but I swore before God, that a day would arrive when I should press it to my lips;—it has arrived, and my oath shall now be accomplished.' I advanced towards her—but my heart failed me, and I wept like a child."

"'Prostrate thyself!' said she, recovering her wonted dignity and courage. 'Those whom I permit to salute my hand, must approach on bended knee.'

She extended to me her hand, and kneeling I pressed it to my lips, proud and happy that I had fulfilled my oath. I departed, first having conducted her to the right path. The next day, I and my companions were surprized and taken. But, never mind—I still hold it as a truth, for experience has proved it that in love we should never despair. There is always a favorable moment, and all that is necessary is to be watchful, and when it does arrive, to permit it not to escape us. Do not despair, I hope yet to see many happy hours."

The jailor opened the door of the prison, and pronounced the name of Carl.

"Along, my lad!"—cried he to the prisoner.

Carl was about to reply—but was prevented by the keeper continuing,—

"Hush! it is useless—the gallows is ready, and the executioner awaits you."

Original.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF LOT WYMAN.

BY SEBA SMITH.

CHAPTER VII.

Remarkable growth of a story, and what it led to. Also a happy brightening up of Parson Brown's fortunes.

When the little fishing party, on their way home, came out near the opening, Parson Brown asked Mr. Wyman if they could not return by some other route, for he would rather not go by Mr. Sumner's house in his present condition, if he could avoid it.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Wyman, "we can take a bypath a little ways through the woods here, and come up by Jonathan Riggs', and then through the lane to our house, without going by any other house."

This course was accordingly adopted, and in a few minutes they were at Jonathan Riggs' door. The tall bony figure of Dorcas was already at the door, watching their return. As they came up, she made a low courtesy to Parson Brown, who turned out of his way a couple of rods, to shake hands with her. When she perceived the condition of his clothes, and hat, and wig, she threw up her hands in great astonishment, exclaiming,

"Gracious me! why, Parson Brown, you're jest as wet as a drownded rat. You've been in the pond, I know; but I hope you want like to be drowned."

"Oh, no," said Parson Brown, "nothing near it. I got an uncomfortable wetting, but I don't conceive there was any real danger in the case. Though to be frank about it, I must confess if your good husband here had not been near me, there is a bare possibility that I might have been called to my last account."

With that he turned to Jonathan, and shook hands with him, and wished him God's blessing, said he should be grateful to him as long as he lived, and should always remember him in his prayers. The parson, Mr. Wyman and Lot, then pursued their way, and in a few minutes more were at home. But the moment they had turned the first bend in the lane, that hid them from Jonathan Riggs' house, Dorcas Riggs started with a long quick step into another narrow path that led through the woods up to Mr. Jacob Sumner's.

"I say, Darkis, where are you a-goin' tu now?"

"Up to Mr. Sumner's," said Dorcas, without once stopping to look back.

"I say, Darkis, here now," vociferated Jonathan still louder; "come back and clean some of these ere fish, so we can have some fried for dinner."

"I shant do no sich thing," said Dorcas. "I must go up to Mr. Sumner's right away; you may clean 'em yourself if you want 'em cleaned, and I'll fry 'em when I come back."

While uttering this speech, she was still going ahead like a steam engine of forty horse power, and in two minutes was out of sight, leaving Jonathan scratching his head, and "blasting the women that was always in sich a terrible takin' to tell the news;" for he knew the

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errand she was going upon, as well as though she had told him.

"Now, Miss Sumner, did you ever hear the like of it?" said Dorcas, panting for breath, as she entered Mr. Sumner's door.

"Why, what's the matter now, Dorcas?" said Mrs. Sumner.

"Oh, you never did hear the like of it," said Dorcas, throwing herself into a chair. "Why, Miss Sumner, as true as your'e alive, the Reverend Parson Brown, that come to Mr. Wyman's yesterday, and went a fishing to-day to bear pond along with Mr. Wyman and Lot, has been into the pond all over, head and ears, with his cocked hat and wig and clothes all on, and like to be drownded stone dead; and would a been, if Jonathan hadn't happened to a been there and helped him out. He'd a gone to his last account; them's his own words—he said he should a gone to his last account."

"But have you seen him, Dorcas?" said Mrs. Sumner.

"Seen him? yes, I guess I have," said Dorcas; "they come right down by our house, and sich a sight as he was I guess you never see. He looked as if he'd been drawed through forty knot-holes. His hat and wig was all scrimped up, and his clothes wet and spotted all over. Where's Mr. Sumner? Has he hearn of it? Of course though, he hasn't, for nobody knew it but me; for they've jest come home along by our house."

Besides Mrs. Sumner, there was another listener to this discourse of Dorcas Riggs. It was Peggy Rider, a single lady of a certain age, or rather of no particular age, who possessed most of the distinguished and amiable qualities that graced Mrs. Dorcas Riggs, besides being near sighted, and very hard of hearing. Though none of the remarks had been addressed to her, yet, during the conversation she had kept near enough to Dorcas to see the appalling expression of her features, and to hear nearly half the words she uttered. And among the words that she heard and understood with most distinctness, were, "Parson Brown—Bear Pond—all over—head and ears—cocked hat—drowned stone dead—gone to his last account—" and before the conversation was through, Peggy's features assumed an expression fully as appalling as that which sat on the face of Dorcas; and the moment the discourse was ended, she was in a great hurry to go. Peggy lived away down the road, some ways beyond old Mr. Green's; and though she was not quite as tall as Dorcas Riggs, she could walk full as fast, and manifested due diligence on her journey homeward. For though she had more than a mile to go, she accomplished it in less than half an hour, besides stopping on the way five times to tell the whole story with all its details, including sundry variations and unimportant additions, viz: once at Mr. Peter Wyman's, who the reader will bear in mind, was a brother to Mr. John Wyman, once at old Mrs. Green's, once at her Cousin Seth Rider's, and twice to persons she met on the road. The pith of the story, wherever she did tell it, was, that the Reverend Mr. Brown, who was visiting at Mr. John Wyman's, had been out to Bear Pond a fishing, and had fallen in and was drowned. And that Jonathan Riggs and Mr. Wyman had just carried the body to Mr. Wyman's house. This sad news at once produced its natural effect through the whole neighborhood. For in less than five minutes after the whole neighborhood had heard the story, the whole neighborhood was on the way to Mr. John Wyman's. But before they arrive there, the reader should understand what was the condition of affairs within that domicil.

Mrs. Wyman was greatly distressed at the misfortune of her good old pastor, but like a sensible and thrifty housewife, immediately set about devising means to repair damages in the best manner circumstances would allow. In the first place she advised Parson Brown to change all his clothes at once, and put on a suit of Mr. Wyman's. For this purpose she selected Mr. Wyman's Sunday suit, carried it into the parlor where the parson had slept, and desired him to go in and change himself as quick as he could. While he was performing that operation, she had a very brisk fire set agoing in the common room, and put her pressing-irons, or "flat irons" down to heat, and as soon as the parson returned from the parlor, she took all of his clothes and hung them as near the fire as they would bear without scorching, and desired Mr. Wyman to take the three-cornered hat and dry it, and brush it and put it in shape. She then took the white wig and commenced performing a like operation. She held it to the fire to dry, and then she combed it, and then she curled it, and it soon began to look almost like a new wig. In the mean time the clothes hanging round the fire, were sending up clouds of vapor, evolved by the intense heat to which they were exposed. Parson Brown was walking up and down the room, watching the progress of events with great interest. As he passed the little looking-glass now and then, that hung between the windows, he could not help casting a glance into it, and contemplating his strange and rather grotesque appearance. Instead of his nicely fitted black coat and small clothes, he had on a light grey coat which was so tight that he had to be very careful not to draw his arms together, lest he should split it in the shoulders, and a pair of thin striped pantaloons, that were so long, he had to turn them up two or three inches at the bottom. A good physiognomist might have detected an occasional smile lurking round Mrs. Wyman's mouth and eyes, as she stole side glances at the parson when his back was towards her; but as he was evidently restless and somewhat annoyed at his present condition, she took care not to add any thing by her looks to his uneasiness. Parson Brown, instead of collecting his thoughts, as he had before intended, preparatory to a conversation with old Mr. Green and his friends, concerning his settlement among them over a new parish, could now think of nothing but the rapid approach to four o'clock, and the possibility that the company might arrive before he should be able to resume his dress, and be in any decent sort of condition to see them. Under the influence of these thoughts and feelings, his turns across the room, and his glances

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into the glass, and his look out at the window, became more and more frequent, and were accompanied every five minutes by a look at his watch.

"A quarter past three," said Parson Brown, stepping along to the fire and feeling of his clothes to ascertain whether they were nearly dry.

"We have time enough yet," said Mrs. Wyman, who was at this moment at the table with a hot iron pressing out his linen. "The clothes are so near dry, that a good hot iron will soon finish 'em. I can give 'em a good pressing in ten minutes, and we'll have you all ready at least a quarter before four o'clock, now."

At this assurance, Parson Brown's heart felt lighter, and he moved with a lighter tread across the room. But, as he turned again and looked out of the window, he started back with sudden trepidation, exclaiming,

"Merciful patience! the road is full of men, women, and children, coming up to the house this minute."

Mr. Wyman stepped to the window and looked out, and sure enough, there was a large company, for such a neighborhood, coming up the road, and some of them already turning into the lane that led up to the house. Among them he could recognize old Mr. Green, who had not been there before for three months, and Mr. Jacob Sumner, and old Mrs. Green, and Mrs. Sumner, and Peter Wyman and his family, and many others of both sexes.

Parson Brown felt that there was no time to be lost. Their coming, unaccountable as it was, was too palpable to be winked out of sight, and to see them in his present predicament he could not consent. He appealed to Mrs. Wyman to know what he could possibly do. That lady, who was always remarkably ready at expedients, instantly told him he had better step up into their little sleeping garret, and wait 'till Mr. Wyman could bring his clothes up to him. It required but the suggestion to induce immediate action, and Parson Brown forthwith ascended the narrow stair-way, and up through a sort of trap-door, into the aforesaid garret. By the time he had made good his retreat, some of the company began to enter the house. First and foremost, old Mr. Green and Mr. Jacob Sumner came in together, with saddened countenances, and casting their eyes around, beheld the garments hanging round the fire, and the parson's hat and wig lying on the table; they passed along, without any other salutation than a simple nod of the head to Mr. and Mrs. Wyman, and took some seats. There was something so singular in their solemn air, and something so unaccountable in the arrival of the numerous company who were now following them into the house, that Mr. and Mrs. Wyman could do nothing but stand and look at them with amazement. That look of amazement of course passed with the whole company for a perfect picture of sorrow and distress on account of the deplorable accident that had occurred. Old Mrs. Green took a seat at the end of the table, and looked very sorrowfully through her spectacles at the hat and wig that were lying there before her, and from the manner of her using her pocket handkerchief occasionally, it was evident her sight was dimmed by tears. Several of the company glanced now and then at the door that led into the parlor, or "fore room," as the family called it. The door was partly open, and presently old Mr. Green rose and walked solemnly into the little parlor. He looked round a moment, and returned again, and looking very inquiringly at Mr. Wyman, asked "what they had done with the corpse."

The question was so strange, and Mr. Wyman was so much shocked at it, that he could make no answer, but looked more amazed than ever. At this, Mr. Sumner and two or three others looked into the parlor, and turned about and looked at Mr. Wyman. Mr. Green renewed his question, and asked where abouts the corpse was.

"What corpse?" said Mr. Wyman, with the utmost astonishment, "we havn't got no corpse here."

"But you recovered the body," said Mr. Green. "It was a most dreadful and most melancholy accident, but it *was* an accident, and of course nobody is accountable for it; and there can be no possible reason for concealing it. You recovered the body, and we have the evidence of it here now before our eyes, in these clothes hanging round the fire. We are all bound to see that every possible respect is paid to the remains of the deceased, as he was a stranger among us, and we——"

"But the Rev. Mr. Brown isn't dead," said Mr. Wyman, "what can all this mean?"

"Isn't dead?" said old Mr. Green.

"Isn't dead?" ejaculated half a dozen voices at once.

"Did he come tu again?" said Peter Wyman.

"I tell you," said Mr. Wyman, "Parson Brown hasn't been drowned. He got something of a wetting, but he's alive and well as any of us."

The whole company were at once on their feet, and staring with wonderment.

"Is it possible?" and "where is he?" were the questions at once put by several.

"Well, to tell the truth," said Mr. Wyman, "he's up in the garret."

Seth Rider, who had received the most indubitable evidence of the parson's death, from his cousin Peggy's own lips, was somewhat incredulous, and perhaps entertained some suspicions that foul play was going on.

"This is rather queer works," said Seth; "for my part I think seeing is believing. I'll jest take a look up in the garret, and that'll settle the question."

With that, he started and began to ascend the stairs. At this juncture, Parson Brown, who was near the trap-door, and had heard the principal part of the conversation, called out so loud that they could all hear him below, that "he was alive and perfectly well, and would come down and see them as soon as Mr. Wyman could bring up his clothes."

"Ah, you may come back, Seth," said old Mr. Green, "I think hearing is believing, as much as seeing is."

When the whole party came to understand the affair, and Mr. Wyman had fully explained how Parson Brown had fallen into the pond and got thoroughly wet, but

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without any real danger of drowning, and Mr. Green had explained how they had all heard he was dead and brought home a corpse, and how they had all come to see if they could render any service to the dead, and to pay respect to his memory, their faces gradually began to shorten, and as they looked round upon each other, and upon the clothes drying by the fire, and upon the hat and wig on the table, the awful solemnity of the scene at once melted away, and the ridiculous points came up with such power, that a latent smile that began to play about old Mr. Green's mouth at once became contagious, and a hearty laugh burst from the whole company.

Old Mr. Green, who was a man of great piety, and usually wore a solemn and grave countenance, had nevertheless considerable of a bump on a certain portion of his head, that a phrenologist of these days would call mirthfulness; and when the said bump became excited, it produced an effect upon the old gentleman's sides not unlike that produced by a galvanic battery, causing them to tremble and shake so violently that he could neither hold still nor stop the operation. He was thrown into such a condition on the present occasion; and sat down on a chair holding both hands on his sides for the space of fifteen minutes. His bursts of laughter were so violent, that old Mrs. Green began to feel a little alarmed lest he should go into fits, and begged him to try to quiet himself.

It was not long, however, before the gravity of the company was restored by the announcement that Parson Brown would be down in three minutes. For Mrs. Wyman had used all diligence to finish drying and pressing the clothes, and Lot had been despatched to the garret three several times, to carry to Parson Brown, first his linen, cravat, and hose, next his coat and small clothes, and last his three cornered hat and wig. Parson Brown had resolved not to make his appearance before the company 'till he was fully arrayed in his clerical costume. And when he did descend from the garret, it was with a slow and dignified step, in perfect accordance with his fixed character, for he never lost sight of his dignity on any occasion. When Lot returned the last time from the garret, and announced that "the Rev. Mr. Brown was coming right down," perfect silence prevailed in the room, and all eyes were fixed upon the little trap-door that opened through the ceiling at the head of the stairs. Presently one foot settled deliberately below the ceiling, and was planted on the uppermost step; and then another foot came down in like manner, and was placed by the side of the first. The motion was just slow enough, and just quick enough, to inspire the spectators with an idea of true greatness; and the appearance of his foot every way went very far to prepare them for a favorable reception of the rest of his person. The second step brought to view his dark smooth hose, his well turned ankle, and ample calf. And then, as he began to descend the third step, silver-plated knee-buckles opened to their view, and his black and reverend small clothes began to share their admiration and to increase their awe. Next, his round and portly body was all before them, and his beaming countenance and penetrating eyes were bending down to meet the numerous faces that were looking up from below. But it was not 'till his white bushy wig his large three-cornered hat had descended fairly below the trap-door, that the company there assembled were filled beyond the shadow of a doubt with the conviction of his greatness and dignity and learning, and made up their minds that he was a very suitable and proper man to be settled over their new parish.

As Parson Brown reached the floor, Mr. Wyman, who had taken his proper position, and stood ready prepared for the emergency, said, with becoming formality,

"Rev. Mr. Brown, shall I have the pleasure to introduce you to our neighbor, Mr. Green?"

Parson Brown advanced two or three steps with that true dignity of motion which he always manifested on interesting occasions, touched his hat and bowed very low. While he was exhibiting these movements, old Mr. Green had risen from his seat and stepped forward to meet him with a substantial farmer-like tread, and stood with head erect, and hand and arm extended as straight as the handle of a pump. The hands of the parties met and were firmly clasped in each other, and between the gentle vibratory motion of the parson, and the strong up and down shake of the farmer, a combination of forces was produced, that resulted neither exactly in a perpendicular nor a horizontal movement, but in certain acute angles between the two, described with various degrees of velocity.

"Mr. Green," said the parson, "I am very happy indeed to have the pleasure of meeting you, a pleasure that I have waited for impatiently since I first came into the neighborhood."

"And I am glad to see you, Rev. Mr. Brown," said old Mr. Green; "but most of all I'm glad to find you aint drown'd."

"Oh, a mere wetting," said Parson Brown, "not accompanied with the least danger, as I conceive. Though to be sure, we are always in the hands of a merciful Providence, without whose constant care we may be said to be in danger at all times; and entangled as I was in the limbs of the tree, and with my clothes and fishing pole and line about me and across me, I might have found it difficult to extricate myself and reach the shore, had not Mr. Riggs providentially been near me and come to my assistance."

"Yes, I can swear to that," said Jonathan Riggs, who had entered the room a few minutes before, and stood with eyes and mouth wide open, surveying the whole company; "I can swear for't, 'twould a been gone goose with him in ten minutes, if I hadn't a been there to help him out, for he was flat on his back among the limbs, and floundering about like a dying calf."

"Hush, Jonathan, you ought to be ashamed," said Dorcas, at the same time enforcing the injunction by a severe intrusion of her elbow into Jonathan's side;

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"you ought to be ashamed, Jonathan, you haint no more manners than a hoss."

Without stopping to notice this little encounter, Mr. Wyman proceeded to introduce Parson Brown to several other members of the company whom he had not met before; and the parson went round and shook hands with them all heartily, stopping sometime with old Mrs. Green, and inquiring earnestly after her health. When these ceremonies were through, the company were seated and entered into general conversation. Those who had come only on account of the report of the sad accident that had happened to Parson Brown, gradually withdrew, and left those who had met by appointment, to consult about giving the parson an invitation to settle among them. The subject was broached by old Mr. Green, and he and Parson Brown entered into a free and full discussion of the matter.

After speaking briefly upon certain leading points of doctrine, and finding all was right on that score, they came to the details of support, salary, meeting-house, etc. Mr. Green said, that for his part, he always felt that the laborer was worthy of his hire; but their society was small, and would not be able to impart very abundantly of their worldly substance to their pastor.

Parson Brown replied, that he was not one of those who labored for the meat that perisheth. He did not wish to lay up treasures on earth where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal. He only wished for the bare necessaries of life, the plainest and most simple support for himself and family. And that would require but a small amount, for besides attending to his parochial duties, he would do considerable towards his own support. The great apostle of the gentiles deemed it no degradation to work, laboring with his hands, and surely he should not feel it beneath him to follow so bright an example. And besides he had always been an active and stirring man, and found it beneficial to his health to devote a considerable portion of his time to laborious exercise.

Mr. Green observed, that he did not see any thing in the way of their coming to an immediate arrangement. They had no meeting house, but their Sabbath services could be held in the school house 'till such times as they were able to build one. His son, James, who lived in a small house on one corner of his farm, was making a new farm two or three miles further up the road, had got him up a new house and was to move into it the next week, which would leave the small house empty. Parson Brown should have the use of that in welcome; and there were four or five acres of land enclosed with it, which would enable him to raise all his vegetables and keep a cow. In addition to this he thought the society might be able to make him up a purse of two hundred dollars a year.

Parson Brown coughed slightly to conceal his emotion, and turned his head away to the window to hide the tear that stole into his eye; for the prospect opened to him was more inviting and more consoling than under the pressure of his fallen fortunes he had dared to hope. The result of the conference was, that the people there assembled were much pleased at the idea of having so excellent a pastor as Parson Brown seemed to be, and he was highly delighted with the prospect of such worthy parishioners. It was finally settled, that the parson should return home, arrange his affairs, and remove his family as soon as he might find it convenient to do so. Before, however, this was finally agreed upon, when the question was put round to each individual to give his opinion in the matter, and when it came to the turn of old Mrs. Green to speak, that excellent old lady said, she first wanted to ask the Reverend Mr. Brown one or two questions, and for that purpose she desired to see him alone. Parson Brown colored a little, and said he should certainly be happy to answer any questions that any one present saw fit to ask him.

Mr. Wyman told them they could step into the other room, which they accordingly did; and when they were seated, Parson Brown looked very anxiously and very inquiringly at old Mrs. Green.

"You have met with quite an accident to-day, Reverend Mr. Brown," said the old lady, "and what may be called, perhaps, rather a dangerous accident."

"Through the blessing of Providence, it turned out to be harmless," replied the parson.

"Have you met with many accidents in your life time," said Mrs. Green, "that were accounted dangerous?"

"Well, not many, I believe," said Parson Brown; "once, when I was a boy, I fell into a brook where I was fishing for trout, and probably should have been drowned, if my father had not been near enough to help me out. And once I came near being killed by a team running over me. And once, as I was riding through the woods, a heavy tree fell across the road and killed the horse I was riding on, and in the fall, my foot was caught under the horse, and dislocated my ankle. I believe those are the principal accidents I have met with in my life."

"Well, your fortune has been rather up and down too, hasn't it?" said the old lady; "that is, you have been prosperously situated over a flourishing parish, and now are without any parish, and in rather hard circumstances."

"That is all true," said Parson Brown with much humility.

"Well, now, Reverend Mr. Brown," said the old lady, laying her finger very reverently on the parson's arm, "I want to ask you one question. Do you know whether or not, you had any kind of a fall on the same day you was born?"

"That is a strange question," said Parson Brown; "but it is true I've heard my mother tell, that on the day I was born, the nurse had me in her arms, and went to take a pitcher from the bureau, and the pitcher slipped, and she trying to save the pitcher, let me fall slap on the floor, and knocked the breath out of my body, so that for five minutes they thought I was dead."

"Ah," said old Mrs. Green, raising both hands with much emotion, "I thought so. Our dear little Lot, here, had just such an accident the day he was born, and his life has been all up and down ever since. But this is a secret that nobody ever knew but jest the nurse

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and me. We never even told his mother of it yet. But I always think we can trust any secret with the pastor of the parish; but I hope you wont mention it, for it would only sorry his mother."

"I assure you, madam, I shall never betray any confidence that is reposed in me," said Parson Brown.

[*To be continued.*]

Original.

THE REMEMBERED FOUNTAIN.

BY MISS MARY ANN BROWNE.

No more—no more—ye try me now too much—
Let all be mute—
Heap not the blossoms on my silken couch,
Touch not the lute!
Bring no sweet waters in their golden vase;—
Fain would I be
Left to the happy dreams of other days
When I was free.
For a vision of my childhood
Is rising phantom fraught
And the fountain in the wild wood
Hath memory fondly sought.

It was the forest flowers ye brought to-day,
That raised the dream—
The lucid dew-drops on their beauty lay
As from *that* stream
They filled my weary heart with yearnings deep—
A wondrous throng:—
Let no rich odors on my senses creep—
Sing me no song!
For in my heart the ringing
That forest fount is heard
Like the untutored singing
Of some free happy bird.

Go hence, thou minstrel, who would'st fain beguile
The weary hour
With tales of other lands, where ever smile
Sunshine and flower!
And thou, young page, who canst so well recite
The battle strife,
Who canst recount the onset fierce, the fight,
The waste of life!—
My fountain in the forest!
I call thee to my mind,
As playfully thou warrest
With the angry winter wind!

Be still, my bird! I love thy sweet song, thrilling
In glad delight,
But other voices now my soul are filling
With magic might,
Voices whose echoes rang upon the mountain
When morn was gay!
Voices whose music mingled with *that fountain*
At close of day!
Again the dream is waking—
I hear the water's burst—
And my very heart is aching
With a strange uneasy thirst.

A palace walls are round me, and about me
A stately dome,
And here's a prince's gallant heart to love me—
This might make *home*,
But still that sweet word to my fancy bringeth
An image dear
Of the bright fountain that all summer singeth
Our cottage near;
Still in my dreams I track its silvery wandering
Through greenwood glade,
Still all the day my clinging heart is pondering
'Neath the lone shade.
Oh, fountain! still I set thee
Midst the dearest dreams of yore—
Oh, that I could forget thee,
Or taste thy stream once more!

Liverpool, England, 1843.

Original.

POOR JACK.

BY MISS HANNAH F. GOULD.

I'M going away to the seas—poor Jack!
I'm going away to sea.
But, alas! to whom can I thence look back?
Or who will look after me?

My father and mother are both no more;
My brother is in the deep;
My sister, the rose of our native shore,
Is under the clods asleep.

The snug little home that we call our own,
Tall thistles and weeds surround;
Forsaken and drear is our threshold-stone—
It seems like a stranger's ground.

The crickets about the old well-curb trill
A dirge to the star-lit sky:
While mournful the voice of the whip-poor-will
Comes in from the copse hard by.

The willows bend, shadowy, o'er the stream
So bright in my joyous day;
And, sighing, forbid it the moon-light gleam
To silver its darkling way.

My home—it is sad as a church-yard scene!
For ever its spells are o'er!
The billowy ocean must roll between
Poor Jack and his native shore.

I'll reef the wild sail, and I'll mount the shroud,
When, stormy, the winds awake;
While my lonely spirit is wrapped in cloud,
And fain would my heart-strings break.

I'll drown in the roar of the deep my moan,
My tears in the briny sea;
For now there's no eye o'er our cold hearth-stone
To beam, or to weep for me.

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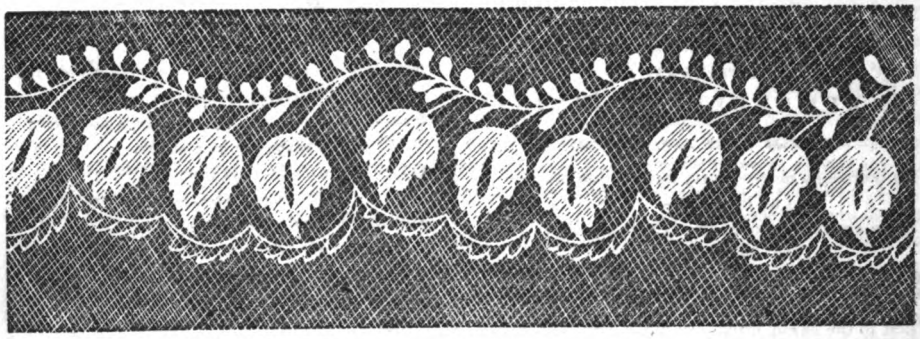

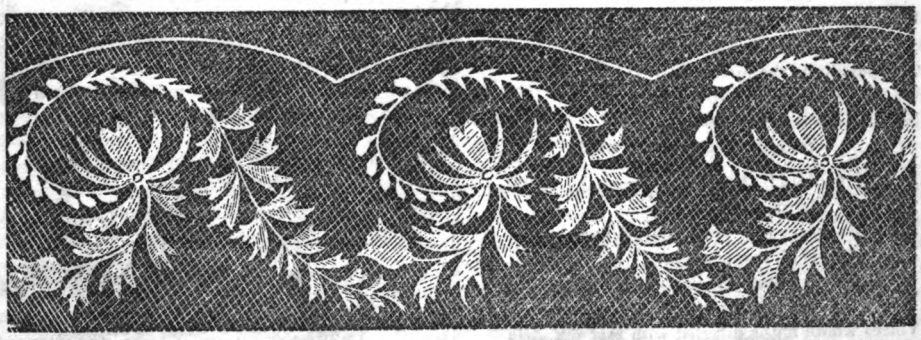

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Original.

WILLIAM GORDON;

OR, THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"ELLA, you look pale. The stigma thrown upon you by an evil speaking world weighs down your spirits, and is, I fear, sapping the very springs of life. Our marriage shall be kept secret no longer, let what will come of it."

The foregoing sentence was addressed by Rufus Gordon, a fine spirited looking man of about twenty-five years of age, to a delicate, fairy-like looking being who rose to meet him as he entered the apartment.

"You are mistaken, Rufus," she replied, "my own innocence and your love form a sufficient shield to ward off the poisonous shafts aimed by a censorious world.

"For this dear boy's sake as well as yours, I can cheerfully endure the same I have endured and much more."

As she spoke, she knelt beside a child about three years old, who had fallen asleep on the carpet amid his playthings, and was lying in one of those peculiarly graceful attitudes natural to childhood and early youth during the abandonment of sleep.

Tears of love trembled in the young mother's dark eyes, as she imprinted a soft kiss on his rosy cheek and passed her hands lightly over the silky rings of his bright auburn hair.

"If he live, he will be a fine boy," said Gordon. "I have already remarked the dawnings of a proud, but generous spirit. Should I be called to leave you, Ella, he will be to you what I would have been."

"Why do you allude to such an event, Rufus?" said she. "Similar remarks which have fallen from you of late are the true source of my melancholy instead of the one you ascribed it to."

"I will make no more such, and why I have ever made them at all I cannot tell. I am sure there is no cause;—so cheer thee, my bird, and sing while the spring-time lasts."

Although Gordon said this with a smile and in a cheerful voice, the shade that flitted over his features the moment the words had escaped his lips, did not escape the quick and watchful eye of Ella. He had in truth—why he could not tell—for several weeks been haunted with a vague presentiment, that he was destined to meet an early doom, nor could he, by the most vigorous effort of reason entirely banish it from his mind.

At the age of twenty-five, Gordon had privately married a young girl whose only dower was her beauty and innocence. He was at this time, in the counting-room of a rich uncle, who allowed him a liberal salary, and who considered him his heir. At first, it had been his intention to confess to his uncle the imprudent step he had taken, but a conversation that took place between them, and which he had introduced as a preliminary to his confession, in order that he might sound his uncle's mind, warned him to desist, or run the risk of being disinherited. He consequently rented a house in a retired part of the city, of a time-worn and unattractive exterior, and within plainly furnished, except the apartments appropriated to Ella, which were fitted up in a style of luxury seldom found even in the mansions of the most wealthy. Thither, when other young men of his age sought the different scenes of amusement, he was accustomed to repair. To him all places in the city beside were as a desert—this, the one green spot whence every thing harsh and unlovely was banished.

Only a few months subsequent to the period at which this story opens, Gordon's uncle died suddenly. On examination of the will, it was found, as had been anticipated, that with the exception of a few trifling legacies, he had bequeathed to him the whole of his property. At the same time it deprived him of the privilege of disposing of it at his own demise, unless the legality of his marriage could be proved, the testator having devised that in case his nephew should die without legitimate heir or heirs, the whole should descend to the son of Gordon's sister, at that time less than a year old.

As the motive for concealing his marriage no longer existed, he felt determined to take the steps necessary to prove it without delay. His efforts ended in disappointment. The clergyman who performed the ceremony at his own residence, which was in a distant and an obscure country town, he found on inquiry, had been long dead, and the two persons who witnessed it were wanderers in a foreign land. He then requested permission to examine the parish register, where the clergyman had promised to see that the marriage was recorded. This, he was informed, had a few months previous, been destroyed by fire. Finally, after much inquiry, he was enabled to ascertain the address of one of the persons present at his marriage. He wrote immediately and saw his letter safely deposited, with others, to be sent by a packet.

A few evenings afterwards, as he was returning from his office, there was an alarm of fire. Following the general current, he soon arrived at the spot. He was not a person to look idly on and witness the exertions of others, but went resolutely to work in assisting to remove some valuable articles from a building it was impossible to save. As only a few could be employed to advantage, the task of those engaged was the more laborious. He assisted in removing the last article, and then sank down on the first thing that presented as a seat, utterly exhausted, and in a profuse perspiration. He had, at the moment he arrived on the spot, thrown aside his outside garment, which a boy whom he now sent in search of could not find. The keen, wintry air had already sent a chill through his frame, which, although he walked home with the greatest rapidity did not subside, and when he entered the apartment where Ella was awaiting him, he shook like a person in an ague fit. She was alarmed and wished to have a physician immediately sent for. He made light of his indisposition, however, and consented to use a warm foot-bath which she caused to have prepared more to gratify her, than because he, himself deemed it neces-

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sary. It in truth appeared as if her fears were needlessly excited, for very soon after retiring to bed, he sunk into a profound and an apparently quiet sleep. It continued only for a short time. Towards morning, he became restless, and when he awoke, he was in a burning fever. The most eminent physicians were called, but the disease baffled all medical skill, and in four days from the time of its commencement, death had done its work.

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"This will never do," said Mrs. Palmer, a kind-hearted woman who had nursed Gordon during his illness, as she entered the apartment where Ella had sat motionless for hours, with her eyes fixed on the sheet sunk to the rigid outline of the cold and motionless form it veiled—"this will never do. Come along with me into the little back parlor. I have kindled a nice, comfortable fire, and have got some nice tea and toast ready for you. Little Willie, too, wants to see his mother, and this is no place for the poor child. Thank Heaven," she added in a low voice, "I am not a person to say to one of my sinful, erring race, 'stand by, I am holier than thou.'"

Ella looked wistfully towards her, and attempted to speak, but though her lips moved they uttered no sound. The nurse took her by the arm, and yielding to the impulse, she suffered herself to be led from the room. As she entered the back parlor, Willie, his beautiful face lit up with a bright, joyous smile, bounded towards her. As she folded him in her arms, tears gushed from her eyes.

"I am glad to see that," said Mrs. Palmer. "And now do take a little of this nice toast and drink a spoonful or two of tea."

Ella drank some of the tea, and made a fruitless attempt to eat. She looked appealingly towards Mrs. Palmer.

"'Tis true, child, you cannot eat—I see you cannot—but there, the tea will warm your stomach, and do you a great deal of good."

Mr. Lamar, the brother-in-law of Gordon, was too distant to receive intelligence of his decease, in time to attend the funeral; otherwise poor Ella might have been deprived of the privilege of being present. As it was, though there were many present, who to gratify that love of excitement, which feeds on the miseries of others, would fain have counted every tear and sigh of the bereaved young widow, and though they were not sparing in their censorious remarks, and even shrank back as she passed them to follow the bier, as if they imagined there was moral contamination in her very garments, not one had the hardihood to attempt to prevent her from taking her place as chief mourner. There was, it was true, one coarse looking bustling woman, who ventured to propose to the minister the propriety of his interfering in the matter, as Mr. Lamar and his wife, she knew, would be highly indignant at such a proceeding, but as his eyes rested on the almost sinking form of Ella, he replied in a low, mild voice, "Let him that is without sin, cast the first stone." Saying thus he went forward and offered her the support of his own arm.

The object of these remarks heard them not, nor did she observe the looks with which many regarded her, a half sneer curling their lips, as they turned to meet the sympathetic glance of an acquaintance. Even had she both heard and seen, she would not have heeded them. There was no feeling, no thought in her heart for aught save the dead.

She had strength to stand by the grave, even to the placing of the last sod. After that she was unconscious of anything more, 'till in her own home she was restored by the efforts of Mrs. Palmer. She was immediately conveyed to a warm bed, from which she never afterwards rose, except at short intervals. During one of these, she commenced a letter to Mrs. Lamar, her late husband's only sister, and mother of the boy who was to inherit the property, which by right belonged to her own child.

She confessed that it was not in her power to prove her marriage with Mrs. Lamar's late brother, and then enumerated the circumstances which have already been related. She might ask, she went on to say, why her brother thought it necessary to conceal their marriage, but that when she informed her that when she was the daughter of an Italian, who depended on his musical talents for support, the reason would be obvious, her uncle Gordon, as she well knew, from some cause which he chose not to disclose, having conceived a violent antipathy to all foreign musicians. For her husband to have revealed their marriage, therefore, would have been to renounce all hopes of inheriting any portion of his wealth, and this he could not bring himself to do 'till he could engage in some business which would yield something more than what would cover their annual expenditure. The conclusion of the letter was as follows:

"I do not expect that my poor boy will be permitted even to retain his father's name, but I would fondly hope that you and your husband will not refuse him a shelter beneath your roof. In a few weeks, at most, he must cease to have any home, or any natural protector. The small sum still unexpended, will hardly suffice for the short time I may be permitted to live, and to procure me a decent interment beside my father. It would be pleasant to me to know that I might rest beside my husband, but this, I cannot even hope for. It is a place, which I too well know will be refused to the dust of his true but unacknowledged wife.

Once more I entreat you, even as you would have your own child, were he to be left a penniless orphan, shielded from the misery and contempt to be met with in a cold-hearted world, shelter and protect the orphan of your late brother.

ELLA GORDON."

The letter, which, after many painful efforts, was at length finished, was conveyed to the post-office. When sufficient time had elapsed for its arrival, Mrs. Palmer, who remained to nurse poor Ella without hope of reward, went for an answer.

"Is there a letter here for Mrs. Ella Gordon?" she inquired. The reply was in the negative.

An indignant feeling, which she could not suppress, heightened her color at the idea that Mrs. Lamar might have refused to give the young widowed mother her husband's name, and she then inquired if there was one for Ella Mantanari. The answer was the same as before, and Mrs. Palmer turned away with a heavy heart, for she knew how keen would be Ella's disappointment.

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She did not speak when she entered her apartment, but she held out her thin, white hand, and there was a look of eager inquiry in her large, dark eyes, that sent a pang to the good woman's heart. Mrs. Palmer shook her head, and then bent to caress little Willie, who had bounded forward to meet her, that she might conceal her tears. A deep, hectic flush suddenly overspread the features of the unhappy mother, and she pressed her clasped hands tightly against her forehead. Fifteen minutes or more had passed, when she said to Mrs. Palmer, "You must go again to-morrow. I ought hardly to have expected an answer so soon. Oh, if she could only know how tedious delay seems to a mother whose days are numbered, I think she would not make me wait long."

A week passed away, during which Mrs. Palmer called at the post-office every day. No letter came.

"I am convinced," said Ella, one morning, "that Mrs. Lamar does not intend to write, but I cannot die in peace while my helpless boy is unprovided for. I have a request to make, Mrs. Palmer—will you promise to grant it?"

"Certainly," she replied, "if it is in my power."

"You must go to Mrs. Lamar, yourself, and take Willie with you. She cannot refuse to receive so beautiful and innocent a child, and one too, who so strongly resembles a dear and only brother, now no more. Will you go?"

"I will, when you no longer require my care?"

"No, you must not wait 'till then—you must set out to-morrow. The thought that I must leave my child without a home, is more bitter than death. It will be hard to part with him, but this I can bring myself to endure."

Finding that a refusal might be attended with unhappy consequences, she gave the desired promise, and immediately commenced making preparations for the journey. Her first care was to endeavor to procure some person to supply her place during her absence, in which she was successful.

"Willie looked very beautiful the next morning when dressed for his long journey, with his handsome cap—the last thing his father ever bought him, pressed lightly upon the soft brown curls that clustered round his forehead and temples, and nestled closely to his snowy neck. The ringing of horses' hoofs, and the rattling of carriage wheels were heard nearer and nearer, then suddenly ceased opposite the house. Ella raised herself from the pillow with a sudden energy, which, for the moment, obtained the mastery over her extreme debility.

"Bring him here," said she to Mrs. Palmer—"it may be the last time that I shall ever fold him in my arms."

Mrs. Palmer obeyed, and she, for a moment, strained him to her aching heart, that fluttered like a wounded bird, and pressed her pale lips to his soft, rosy cheek.

"I shall come back again to-morrow, mother," said he, placing his little dimpled hand against her sunken cheek, as he returned the kiss. "How I wish you would go with us in the nice carriage, and four red horses, Mrs. Palmer told me about last night."

The poor mother held him a little from her—gazed earnestly into his bright, loving eyes, now filled with tears at the thought of leaving her, then veiling her own with one hand, motioned with the other for Mrs. Palmer to take him away. She took him in her arms, and softly opening the door, withdrew without speaking. It would be five days, at least, before Mrs. Palmer could be expected to return, during which, Ella's constant state of excitement, by operating like a stimulating drug upon her exhausted frame, prevented the daily ravages of her disease from being obvious to her attendant. On the evening of the fifth day, every noise of carriage-wheels caused her heart to beat audibly, and the hectic on her cheeks flushed deeper and deeper, 'till it became almost the color of crimson. The moment came at last—the stage-coach drew up before the door.

"Go," said Ella, to her attendant," and see if she has brought him back."

In a minute more Mrs. Palmer entered, bearing Willie in her arms.

"It is as I expected," said Ella, "but God's will be done. Yet it *is* a pleasure to look upon his sweet face once more," she added, as Mrs. Palmer placed him gently on the bed, that she might not wake him out of his sleep.

"It is all for the best, I have no doubt," said Mrs. Palmer. "Likely as not, had they have consented to take him, they would let their own child tyrannize over him. Depend on it, he would have been nothing in that house but an underling, and I have determined, since those of his own flesh and blood have refused to protect him, to be a mother to him myself. I have both health and strength, and nobody to provide for but myself, and you may be assured that he shall never want as long as I am able to procure a piece of bread."

"Your words have given me comfort, and I can now depart in peace. The widowed orphan's prayer for your happiness, will not, I trust, be in vain. Now hold little Willie near me, that I may kiss him once more before I die."

Ella pressed her lips to his dimpled cheek, then looking earnestly into Mrs. Palmer's face, said, "Never forget that you have promised to be his mother." These were her last words. She closed her eyes, and soon afterwards sunk into a deep sleep, from which she no more awoke.

—

More than twenty years subsequent to the occurrence of the foregoing incidents, a handsome, benevolent-looking lady, and a very beautiful girl, were sitting together at the window of a splendid hotel, in one of the Atlantic cities.

"Look, Mary," said the elder lady, and you may see your uncle, Rufus Gordon."

"Why, Aunt Lamar," said the young girl in a tone of surprize, "it was only yesterday, that you told me he died before I was born."

"That is true," replied Mrs. Lamar, "but the young gentleman who stands by yonder coach so exactly resembles him, that if twenty years could be blotted out, I should be certain it was he."

"Uncle Rufus must have been very handsome, then,"

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said Mary, "but look, aunt, he is assisting to lift a sick person from the carriage. Good Heavens!" she exclaimed suddenly, clasping her hands, "it is my brother, Edwin."

"You are right, Mary. What can have happened? He was in good health and spirits when he last wrote, and was just going to embark for home."

By the time Mrs. Lamar had ceased speaking, Mary was in the hall where the gentleman who had first attracted their attention, with the assistance of another person, had just borne her brother. She hastened to his side, and bending over him, pronounced his name.

"Mary," said he, looking up with a smile, "to meet you here is an unlooked for happiness. Mr. Gordon, I feel better. I can bear to be carried up stairs now."

According to directions previously received, an apartment had been prepared in such a manner as to afford every possible comfort to an invalid, and to this Edwin Lamar was now conveyed, followed by his sister and aunt.

"Don't be alarmed, Mary," said her brother, when left alone with his sister and aunt, "my fever has entirely left me, and I am only suffering now from extreme debility. Had it not been for the gentleman who accompanied me hither, who, during our homeward voyage, nursed me as carefully as you would have done, I never should have seen you or any of my friends again."

"Did I not hear you address him by the name of Gordon?" said his aunt."

"Yes, his name is William Gordon. But why do I find you and Mary here?"

"I have been on a visit to your parents, and was taking your sister home with me to spend a few weeks. You must not talk any more now,'" seeing he was again going to speak, "it causes you too much exertion, I find."

"Mary, said she, half an hour afterwards, finding that Edwin had fallen asleep, "you may depend that this gentleman is your own cousin—the son of your uncle, Rufus Gordon, who married a young Italian girl —I saw her once, and thought her very beautiful—but your mother could never be made to believe that he was really married to her."

"Do you think he was?" said Mary.

"I have not the least doubt of it. I fell in company with a gentleman not long since, just returned from abroad, who was present at their marriage, and who informed me of every particular concerning it."

Mary made no reply, but though she could not tell why, exactly, she felt very grateful to her aunt for being so confident relative to the marriage.

"Perhaps you are not aware," said Mrs. Lamar, after sitting silent some time, "that if your uncle's marriage can be proved, the wealth your brother has just come into possession of, will be transferred to this cousin of yours."

"And what if it should? My father has enough to make him perfectly independent without it."

"That is true, but Edwin has been educated with high expectations, and may not easily limit his desires to his actual wants. You should now, however, be writing to your parents, to inform them of your brother's situation, in the room of listening to me. I will prevent you no longer."

Mrs. Lamar took up a book, and Mary seating herself at a table where her paper was already spread, commenced her letter.

In the evening, Mr. Gordon called for the purpose of taking leave of Edwin Lamar, as he was going, he said, to start early in the morning for the town of P———, where his mother resided. As Edwin was making preparation to return to bed, after sitting half an hour, he was shown into a parlor. "You are an adopted son of the person you allude to, I believe," said Mrs. Lamar.

"I am, madam, though if I had been her own son she could not have treated me more tenderly."

"So I have been informed. You and Mrs. Palmer are not so much of strangers to me as you may imagine, and though I never met with either of you 'till to-day, I hope I have many times been the means of lightening the burthen of one, who, with nothing to depend on but her own exertions, did not hesitate to receive the helpless orphan to her heart and home."

"Is it possible that you are the unknown benefactress who has received so many of her prayers for your happiness? Why did you not give her the privilege of thanking you personally for your bounty?"

"Certain considerations prevented, otherwise I should have obeyed my own inclinations, and called on her. I imagined my name was one which would revive in her mind unpleasant associations, and as I knew that although poor, she was high spirited, I imagined she might reject my assistance, should she ascertain whence it proceeded. May I ask whether she ever told you any thing about the Lamars?"

"Not a word. I never in any respect, felt at all interested respecting any person bearing that name, 'till I became acquainted with this young gentleman, whom I find is your nephew, but henceforth, it will be one that I shall both venerate and love."

As he spoke, his eyes turned expressively towards Mary, who had just entered the parlor, to say that her brother had now retired, and would be glad to see his friend. He thought that he had never beheld any one so perfectly beautiful. No one except the lovely and radiant being who used to bend over his pillow, and sing in a low, sweet voice, to hush him to sleep, and whose image, even now, would sometimes rise up almost palpably before him.

It was now the morning of the day that Edwin's parents were expected, and he had so far recovered as to sit several hours at a time on the sofa, that his aunt ventured to inquire if he had any suspicion as to who William Gordon really was. He replied that he had none.

"As Gordon was your mother's name before marriage," said she, "I did not know but that you might have had the curiosity to inquire of him respecting his family."

"I might," he replied, "had I not imagined it impossible for him to be a connexion of my mother's family."

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"Then it never occurred to you, that he and that cousin of yours, who was left an orphan when little more than three years old, might be the same."

"Never, and for the very good reason because it is impossible. *The* William Gordon I became acquainted with when in Europe, is a gentleman of wealth, and was admitted into the best society."

"I see no reason why his being a gentleman of wealth and rank should prevent him from being your cousin, when we take into consideration the great facilities afforded in this country for a young man of correct habits, energy and perseverance, to acquire an education as well as to accumulate property. But to cut the matter short, this William Gordon *is* your cousin—the same poor orphan to whom your parents refused a home."

"My dear aunt, I am rejoiced to hear it. The thought that my poor cousin might be leading a life of wretchedness and want, while I was enjoying every luxury which wealth could obtain, has ever haunted me like a spectre."

"But what if I should tell you it is probably in his power to prove the legality of his parents' marriage?"

"And by so doing, come into possession of the large fortune, which otherwise belongs to me."

"Yes."

"I owe him my life, and surely I should not feel unwilling to relinquish to him what is justly his due."

"Edwin," said Mrs. Lamar, grasping his hand, "you were ever a good and generous boy, and the sentiments which you now express, prove you to be a noble spirited man."

At this moment a servant appeared at the door, saying that Mr. Gordon was below and would like to see Mr. Lamar. He was instantly admitted, and Edward, as he gave him his hand, addressed him as his cousin. He had only time to reply that he had already been informed of the relationship existing between them, when Mr. and Mrs. Lamar entered the apartment.

"This gentleman," said Edwin, after his parents had satisfied themselves that he was really convalescent, is the person, as my sister informed you in her letter, to whom I owe my life. Nothing short of the untiring vigilance with which he watched over me day and night, could have saved me."

Mrs. Lamar's attention, 'till now, had been so entirely engrossed by her son, that she had noticed no other person present. As she turned towards William Gordon, his almost perfect resemblance to the brother, who had so long been a tenant of the grave, blanched her cheeks, and shook her frame with agitation.

"You are—you must be my brother's son," she at length said.

"If Rufus Gordon was your brother, I am," he replied.

She stood silent a moment, then approaching him, offered him her hand. "I have done wrong," said she —"have injured you—can you forgive me?"

"Most heartily," he replied, "if there be any thing to forgive. It is only a few days since the estimable woman who watched over my early childhood with all a mother's care, informed me of certain incidents that took place about the time of my mother's decease. I have doubtless been happier than if I had found a home beneath your roof. It was the means of throwing me upon my own energies, and Fortune, though cruel to some, has ever been kind to me. I had already acquired a competency, when a gentleman whom I met with in Europe, who had amassed a large fortune in the East Indies, became attached to me on account of some service I rendered him, and dying soon afterwards, left me his sole heir."

The conciliatory manner in which he was disposed to treat the events of the past, relieved, in a great measure, the painful embarrassment of Mr. and Mrs. Lamar, and when he rose to take leave, they insisted that he should remain and dine with them. He very readily complied, influenced more than he was aware, by the beauty and gentleness of the fair girl, who, to his mind, at least, resembled her he loved to imagine often looked down upon him from that home where there is neither pain nor sorrow.

—

"Rejoice with me, mother," said William Gordon, a few weeks after his interview with the Lamars, as he entered the apartment where Mrs. Palmer sat sewing; "the name of her whose place you have so long and faithfully supplied, is at length free from reproach. The testimony of the gentleman and his sister, who witnessed her marriage with my father, is freely admitted."

"In my eyes she was always free from reproach," replied Mrs. Palmer, "ever after I heard her relate the circumstances which made your father wish not to disclose their marriage, and had other people known her as well as I, they would have seen that she was too good and innocent to attempt to deceive. You may now, I suppose, claim the property left by your uncle Gordon?"

"Yes, but I shall suffer it to remain as it is. I have enough without it. The prize I hope to win, I value much higher than Edwin Lamar's property, and that is his sister."

"Now, William, I cannot think of your marrying one of the haughty and unfeeling Lamars. But there, I am prejudiced against them, and have no right to say any thing about it"

"Your prejudice would all vanish, dear mother, as far as Mary Lamar is concerned, I know, if you could only see her. She has received her domestic education not from her mother—but from her aunt Lamar, a lady whose heart like your own, is full of benevolence and good feeling, and the same, whose bounty shed sunshine through our dwelling that cold stormy day, which I shall never forget, when I stood at your knee crying for a piece of bread, and you had none to give me."

"We passed through some trying scenes in those days, and had it not been for our unknown benefactress, we must have suffered more than we did. Though all now seems likely to terminate well, the anguish endured by your poor mother is enough to warn all young persons from not entering into a clandestine marriage."

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Original.

ODE TO FORTUNE;

ON BUYING A LOTTERY TICKET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ATALANTIS," "SOUTHERN PASSAGES AND PICTURES," "YEMASSEE," "THE KINSMEN," "RICHARD HURDIS," ETC.

I.

Coy damsel!—thus they call thee—if in truth,
And if no damsel, prithee, let us know,
How we may style thee—whether age or youth
With snows or roses decorates your brow;
I would be proper in approach—good sooth,
Is there not reason for my neatest bow?—
Ten thousand dollars!—To a Bard that's poor
Ten thousand muses could not offer more.

II.

More!—but we will not mock thee to compare
The gifts of Helicon and song with thine;—
Muses are well enough—choice maids, most rare,—
And, when consenting, every inch divine;
But thou hast gifts and beauties—thou art fair
In very different fashion from the nine,
Ask Jacob Astor, Girard, and the rest,*
They d—n the latter, but declare thee blest!

III.

And rightly! Thou hast bless'd them. In thy face,
They saw the proper goddess, and were down,
Early and late, in every market place.
Flat on their marrow bones, before the town;
They knew the way to work into thy grace,
Secure thy favor and escape thy frown;
Though other dames reproach'd and damsels mutter'd,
They stuck to her by whom their bread was butter'd.

IV.

Wise fellows in their season! Witness thou,
Potential Gotham!—in thy halls of trade;
And thou, fair Quaker, that by Schuylkill now,
Sitt'st mourning—though in best of silks array'd;
Have ye not temples, that with lordly brow,
Loom o'er your walls, and from afar persuade,—
Equally well, as if upon each crest,
Were written,—"*Hither come and inwardly digest.*"†

V.

I've got by heart the moral of this lesson,
And know the goddess now should have my prayer;—
Thee, Fortune,—thee I seek,—and with best dress on,
Before thy golden altars I appear;
No muses now for me—no more I press on,
Their garden heights of Helicon—my care,
Is for one mistress only:—this dividing
One's love 'mongst *nine's* a bad way of providing.

VI.

Long have I sung *their* beauties—until now,
Sung vainly, and deplore my wasted themes;‡
Henceforth, for thee alone, I scratch my brow,
Provoke my fancies and prepare my dreams;
Oh! thine are charms to bid one's numbers flow,
Restore one's credit in this world of schemes,
Enable him all doubtful paths to shun,
And fill with new-born faith both creditor and dun.

VII.

I am your humble servant! Scarce acquainted
I am your friend,—nor wonder that 'tis so;
By friend and foe alike, so brightly painted,
In Astor's palace seen, and Girard's Row,
I could not rest until I was presented
And for this pleasant introduction to,—
Your premises—I'm still without the gate—
I've paid five dollars, money of this state.§

VIII.

Against this bargain nothing I inveigh,
I will not say that it had been as well,
And far more liberal to demand no pay
From one whose desk was never known to swell
With aught but tale, and song, and antique lay—
Commodities too highly priced to sell!—
I do not grudge the money—but my loathing
Will follow, if my venture comes to nothing.

IX.

Better than this to have me at thy feet,
Full of thy favor, joyous in thy care,
And with a song—declaring of the sweet,
The sweetest still, and fairest of the fair;
Than bitterness of angry Bard to greet,
Denounced, as thou hast been, for many a year,
Blindest of powers that be, for aye bestowing,
Thy bounties on the biggest booby going.

X.

From this would I redeem thee.—I would sing
My judgment—that discriminating sense,
Beyond bamboozlement of human thing,
Most worthily disposing of thy pence;
Sending thy couriers forth on tireless wing,
Searching out merit, worth and excellence,
Seeking as the recipients of thy pelf,
All clever good, young persons—like myself.

XI.

I'll be your laureate—each returning year,
Meet your approach with birth-day ode and lay,
And celebrate your bounties in the *clear*,
And entertain your bounties in the *clay*,
Tell of your youth beside—your face how fair,
For ever bright with eye of golden ray—
Your various parts of excellence rehearse,
Your various gifts of person and—of purse.

XII.

All this, for such a very paltry sum—
Ten thousand dollars!—By my soul, I fear
Lest scorn of such a trifle keep you dumb:
Too low the homage, will the Goddess hear?—
Then make it twenty—thirty—let them come
The English Cross, the Mexic cavalier,
I'll meet a host of such whate'er their color
Or stamp—the Spanish onze, or coarse white homely dollar.

* The millionaires, par excellence, of Philadelphia and New York.

† A motto certainly equally appropriate to college and chop house.

‡ Query: Reasons?—*Printer's Devil.*

§ Which state? The question is now-a-days an important one.

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XIII.

Ha! Ha! the happy renegades—I see see 'em,
In my mind's eye; in gold and silver trim,
The doubloon bright—the lordly Joe—survey 'em
Brave eagle, with an aspect awful grim;
And what are these, with "promises to pay"—Hem!
In squads of five and ten, with colors dim—
Bank notes, indeed, methinks I'll make the most of 'em,
At least, you'll find I'm equal to a host of 'em.

XIV.

Oh, lady Queen of mine—how bright this vision,
Do thou confirm it all. My calculation,
Based on thy wisdom, and this dream Elysian,
Has made me face a mountain of vexation—
I spoke my creditors with calm decision,
"Meet me to-morrow at a cold collation"—
And cold enough 'twill be for them and me too,
Unless 'twill please *you* the cold meats to see to.

XV.

A jail's a hateful thing—its architecture,
Is in a style I never could abide;
A tailor's bill's a thing beyond conjecture,
Beyond all measure long, all breeches wide;
And for the sheriff—let him once detect your
Uncertain standing, he is at your side—
A certain hold, until he finds you lodging
In some dark quarter, beyond debt or dodging.

XVI.

No more of this—this prospect's none of ours—
Fair Queen of Fortune, unto you I fly—
Methinks this ticket leads me to your bowers,
These mystic numbers—do I hear them sigh
The '*open sesame?*—are such their powers,
To force the vault—the want to satisfy,
Silence the dun—provide the fond desire?—
Else fate confound ye, Yates and Mc'Intire.* W. G. S.

* Famous Lottery Dealers.

Original.

LINES ON A DEAD LARK.

MINSTREL of Nature! Mount and moor
With thy sweet lay no more are ringing;
Lifeless thou liest on earth's green floor,
With freshest flow'rets o'er thee springing.
Herald of morning's golden beam,
No more thou'lt rove the halls of heaven.
Cleaving through glory's dazzling beam,
Like sunflake from th' empyrean river.
Nursling of freedom! now thy flight
Is o'er—thy sun for ever clouded;
Thy dappled plumes, of beauty bright,
Hang dull! Death's veil thy eye hath shrouded.
Dead pilgrim of the vault of blue,
Lonely and lifeless art thou sleeping;
While sweetest tears of lucid dew,
Mild evening's eye is on thee weeping.

Original.

THE LAST DAYS OF PRINCES.

BY A. D. PATERSON.

BUT where is the brave, the good-natured, but the indolent Robert, all this time? When last we took leave of him, he was assuming the cross, and departing for the Holy Land. He has, since then, fought like a good knight, and performed prodigies of valor; nay, weak and unthinking as he had ever proved in his own affairs, he has evinced sagacity and prudence in council as well as valor in the field; and at the juncture at which we have arrived, he is for the first and only time in his eventful life, reposing in the lap of ease, enjoying the eclat of his noble deeds, and blessed in the smiles and love of a fair young princess. Henry had indeed set forth a story that his brother had taken up his abode in Palestine, from which he would no more return, in consequence of the throne of Jerusalem having been bestowed upon him for his valor. A false report, and a glaring one, which the deceitful monarch was aware could not long remain undiscovered; but he trusted in his wiles, and only desired time to strengthen his position.

The truth was, that the heroic leader of the first active crusade, the immortalized Godfrey of Bouillon had been elected King of Jerusalem; and Robert, whose power was little short of that which shed a glory over the name of Godfrey, had begun to return towards his native land, before the death of his brother William. He landed in Southern Italy, where he lingered in the knightly society of many an illustrious brother in arms, who, like himself, had sheathed their swords, and were now reposing under their hard-earned laurels. Here he had the happiness to obtain a bride in the young, the beautiful, the rich, and the good Sybilla, daughter of a powerful Italian prince; their affection was mutual, and now, for a time, he solaced himself for all his former labors and struggles. It was not until he finally arrived at his own patrimonial dominion of Normandy, that he learnt the death of Rufus, and the treachery of Beau Clerc, when he instantly determined to strike for his claim to the succession.

But the crafty Henry was too well acquainted with his brother's disposition to be greatly moved by his threats. Henry was at least King, *de facto*, powerful rich, and vigilant; whilst Robert was but Duke of Normandy, with many of his fortresses in pledge in his brother's hands. At this time, also, Robert was vain of his beautiful bride, whom he took from city to city, and whose large fortune he squandered in vain shows. What was the consequence? When he really commenced hostilities, he was without the "sinews" of war, and the nobles, friendly to his cause, who admired his bravery and open disposition, were afraid to trust themselves to the consequences of his indolence. Yet many were true to him, and still more were suspected by Beau Clerc, who, in this campaign, put forth all the tact and discernment for which he was so remarkable. The dispute, this time, therefore, was a bloodless one;

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for, although the hostile forces met, yet instead of contesting the field, the principals proceeded to negociations; the easy, indolent Robert, was prevailed on to accept the title and full possession of Normandy, together with an annual allowance of three thousand marks, and to give up all claim on England during the life of Henry; adding, however, the old and unheeded priviso, that, whoever of the two should be the survivor, should inherit both the governments. There was, however, another clause in the treaty, which was ultimately the source of all Robert's misfortunes, and of the blackest crimes that consequently ensued in the remaining history of the Beau Clerc. It was this, that forgiveness should be extended to all the followers of each, on the present occasion, and that, for the future, neither of the brothers should encourage or protect the enemies of the other.

The indolent man finds it troublesome to doubt or to take warning. Were this not so, Robert of Normandy might, long before the period at which we have arrived, have learned to distrust the fraudulent Henry, whose whole life was but a tissue of craft and treachery. These properties had now become so essentially parts of his disposition, that he could not desist from their use. No sooner had Robert returned to Normandy, than Henry commenced a series of intrigue, in order to entrap those who had adhered to his brother, into breaches of the law; he soon succeeded so far, that one of the most influential of them was obliged to flee the country with intent to take refuge with the Duke. The latter, however, true to his engagement, ravaged the Norman estates of the fugitive as a criminal against the English law, hastily came over to England to show his brother, personally, how promptly he had acted, and —owned that he was himself virtually a prisoner, under the allegation that he had instigated the fugitive nobleman to disobedience. The caitiff King now squeezed from the short-sighted prince the annuity of three thousand marks, as the price of his liberty, and doubtless exulted in the ease with which he performed the act of pillage.

Robert's sole glimpse of good fortune was when he married the amiable and prudent Sybilla, and under her guidance he might have acted somewhat more wisely. But she was soon lost to him, after bearing to him a son, who became the unhappy and constant object of his uncle's enmity. And now Robert returns again to all the vicious habits of his earlier days, and becomes the prey, both of the nobles around him, and of his own domestics. To such a degree does his indolence and credulity expose him, that he is found sometimes with scarcely a mark in his treasury, and utterly without the necessary clothes to wear. Like the generality of persons of his habits and temperament, he attaches no blame to himself for the destitute condition in which he finds himself, but lashes himself to fury against the subtle Henry, against whom he launches forth his maledictions, and, by the advice of some, and the threats of others, he once more resolves to be avenged.

But Henry is before him. The King knowing the utter imbecility of the Duke's power, the embarrassment of his finances, and the increased inactivity of his mind, no longer condescends to dissimulate, but, declaring that peace between them is now for ever at an end, he enters Normandy with the purpose of conquering it, and adding it to the English crown. Obdurate man! Has not remorse yet touched his wily and treacherous soul? No, in forty years of crooked and dishonest policy, he has not yet felt a pang of regret for the manifold evils of his life. Habit has deadened his feelings, ambition has stirred his desires, the manners of the times have greatly countenanced his turpitude, and the religion he professes, points out an easy mode of atonement. Little did he then think what a change would come over his spirit in the course of the next twenty years.

How inscrutable are the ways of Providence! The animosities of these two brothers caused them to be the unconscious instruments of England's vengeance on Norman invasion. In the determination of Henry to deprive his elder brother of his just possession, the King's forces were mainly English. The battle of Tenchebrai was fought and won by Henry, and by it Normandy became an English province; and, what was most remarkable, the victory was gained on the same day of the same month which, forty years before, had been so fatal to English liberty at Hastings. Robert, and shortly afterwards, his son, fell into the King's hands; and now an opportunity is presented for using clemency and kindness, although justice was not to be expected. The first visitings of compunction did indeed touch the heart of Henry; but, as they were but imperfect so also they were but transitory. The unfortunate Robert became a prisoner for life in the strong castle of Cardiff, where, for the greater part of thirty years, he remained a helpless, sightless victim; his ruthless brother having taken the cruel precaution of causing his sight to be destroyed, in order to prevent any further attempts of the unhappy prince to obtain his liberty, and strike once more for his rights.

But the child of Robert, the infant William, was a basilisk in his sight. The King knew that whilst this child lived, neither Henry nor his children could hold a secure title to either Normandy or England. Now Henry also had a William; the child of his hopes, the proposed establisher of the house in his line, and—which he did not then anticipate—to be the scourge of his sins, and the destroyer of his peace for ever. In one of his *few* softer moments he had placed his nephew, William, in the custody of a Norman noble in whom he believed he could trust. But his fears soon revived, and he sent to have the youth taken away from his protector. Too late; the guardian had fled with his charge; and thenceforth, for several years, was exhibited the hollow, treacherous, avaricious, and time-serving series of events, by which the young Duke of Normandy was patronized, forsaken, bought, sold—but not delivered—through the machinations of Kings and princes whose only objects were power and riches, and who looked on the helpless youth in no better light than as a means to their ends. Between these opposing interests, young William Fitz Robert was, for a time,

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thrown into the back ground; Henry got Normandy settled upon him by the King of France, whose daughter, also, was given to Henry's son—the vicious, arrogant, and insolent William—who, even early in life, had threatened the English that whenever he should have the rule, he would use them as the meanest beasts of bur then.

The cup of righteous indignation was now full, and the insensate Henry, as well as his tyrannical son, must drink of it. They embarked from Barfleur, when the homage for Normandy was paid, and the nuptials above-named were concluded. Beau Clerc's soul was elate, the carousings of the prince and his retinue were extravagant; the father and the son, with their several retinues, were in different vessels, the former duly reached the shores of England, but the latter—never. It was no tempest in the heavens that beat down his bark, it was no overwhelming wave that swallowed her up. It was the licentious orgies of a few intoxicated men, that caused "The white ship" to strike against rocks in the most favorable weather, and sent to their great account the prince and three hundred others. Ah! where were now the day-dreams of ambition which so long had occupied Henry's mind? Where were the hopes that his name and lineage should be continued to future generations? Where should he find consolation under this sudden and dreadful stroke? To his wife, the "good Queen Maud?" Alas, she was no more! She had sacrificed herself in marrying him, in the vain hope of serving her native English people; but had long perceived that she had been made only a tool of his craft.—To religion?—He had pillaged the churches, and insulted their ministers; he had no confidence in its efficacy, and its aid never occurred to him?—To his subjects? They had long ceased to hope anything from either promises or oaths uttered by him; for these had now become a bye-word to them.—To his own reflections?—Of all consolations, these offered the poorest resource. He was a glutton, a drunkard, plunged into the very depths of licentiousness, he was hated yet feared, and his very wisdom and talents which had procured for him his surname, only served to make him the more to be dreaded. He heard the fearful news as it were a rock fallen on his head. He swooned; he recovered; he returned by degrees to the every-day business of his station; but from that instant in which he learned the death of his son, a smile never, never played upon his features; he was like a man forlorn.

King Henry had so long been in the habit of busying himself in the perplexities and intricacies of political intrigue, that despair itself could not prevent him from proceeding in that course. The loss of his son, so far from reconciling him to the claims of his nephew, Fitz Robert, seemed only to exasperate him the more against that unfortunate youth. He was conscious of his present power, and had confidence in the wiliness of his head which had generally carried him through his difficulties. That, however, which he now proposed, was of a nature so discordant to the received notions of sovereign rule, that it well required both hand and head to carry it effectually through. This was to proclaim his daughter Matilda, who had been married to the emperor of Germany and was now a widow, heiress of his throne in England and of his ducal authority in Normandy.

Now, in modern times, this would have been a matter of course; but in the warlike period of the twelfth century when every ruler and noble was a soldier, and commanded the forces of his own domains, the sovereign authority in the hands of a woman was altogether unknown. But Henry, instead of yielding to circumstances, was always best pleased when he could compel circumstances to bend to him; and although, in this attempt to exalt his daughter, he knew her to be naturally as arrogant as her brother had been, increased perhaps by the consciousness that she was even then the relict of an emperor, that her temper was bad, and that she was the plague of her father's life, yet such is the waywardness of the human heart, that he felt some satisfaction at the prospect of inflicting upon others some portion of the misery which had now begun to be poured upon him. He found not, however, the difficulty which he had anticipated, in carrying his point; and, in the plenitude of his satisfaction at this ready concurrence, his wisdom and sagacity for the moment slept; he dreamt not that there could be anything hollow in the obedience of his nobles.

But the wily king had trained up wily people, and, notwithstanding the unanimity of the declaration in favor of Matilda, nothing was farther from the hearts of those who most prominently stood forth in her behalf. There were already aspirants for the succession; the greatest asserters of the privilege of precedency in taking the oath to defend her claim, were the very men whose first object would be to supplant her. This brings us to the remarkable replies of the earls, Stephen of Blois, and William of Gloucester; the former being Henry's nephew, and the latter the king's natural son. The claim of a natural son to inheritance had not yet become obsolete in Europe, and it was now a question in the minds of those two powerful and ambitious barons, which of the two had the better right; Matilda being out of all consideration, as an anomaly in feudal government.

Henry's nephew, however, still lived, and the king might say, like Macbeth, "We've scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it." Young Fitz Robert had become a brave warrior, a hardy soldier, with all his unhappy father's better qualities, and few of his faults. The king of France, who had for many years played "fast and loose" with him, at length took up his cause seriously, procured him an elevated marriage, and gave with the bride important possessions, which he afterwards enlarged by conferring on him the earldom of Flanders. This brave but unfortunate young man was not destined to recover the paternal inheritance, nor to be longer an eye-sore to his vindictive uncle. The Flemings, always the most discontented insurrectionary people in Europe, soon rose against the young earl, who nevertheless was successful in fight against all who opposed him, but who unfortunately got his death-wound in the field; thus perishing in the bloom of manhood, in the onward path to the power and fortune due to his promising qualities, and to the infinite relief of his unrelenting uncle, who in the first exultation of the hour, performed nearly the

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only act of mercy that is recorded of him—he granted the young prince's dying request of pardon to those who had followed his fortunes.

Surely now King Henry begins to perceive glimpses of happiness! Surely he at least enjoys tranquillity, and begins to taste somewhat of the gratification arising from the consummation of his dearest wishes and the absence of every species of rivalry! Alas, no! The very circumstance of his being without a project on foot, without an enemy to circumvent, without a subject on which he can exercise his wily arts and please himself by cheating, is so contrary to the habits of nearly sixty years, that he actually finds a gap in his existence, and even the learning and wisdom for which he has long stood eminent refuses to relieve him. The mind nevertheless will work, however obstinate the soul which is its co-inhabitant; and where there is nothing without to occupy it, it never fails to turn inwards for occupation; then woe to the wretch who is not prepared for its examination. It gnaws and it corrodes, nor can the victim escape, for he is ever present: vainly he flies from reflection, it but haunts him the more; vainly he turns to religion—such religion as that which was then possessed—and only in the vortex of dissipation and licentiousness can he find a temporary relief, from the anguish and remorse which returns again with redoubled strength after each interruption.

It is not to be supposed that the monarch implicitly relied upon the oaths which he had extorted from the nobility, in favor of his daughter. His own false heart warned him sufficiently against so mere a rope of sand. Well he knew the ambitious dispositions of his nephew and of his natural son, well he understood the pretensions which lay partially hidden under the expression peculiar to each, and above all he knew their soldier-like qualities. To attach them by ties of gratitude he had laden them with wealth and honors; his nephew especially, by alliances, titles, and distinctions, was pre-eminent in his day. And on these lay all the confidence he could repose, for fidelity to his legitimate offspring when he should be gone hence. Mistaken man, he was himself the most striking living example of the faithlessness which he dreaded. There is ever this great difference between honest sagacity and prudence, and devious cunning; the former acts with integrity and straight-forward intentions; and, if a mistake or a mishap occur, there is no ravelled skein to untwist, no trick to compensate for; the sympathy of good men is with the good, and that very sympathy gives additional momentum to new efforts. The latter, working by wiles expects wiles in return, he fortifies himself at every fancied weak point, but generally it turns out that one has been managed overmuch. So it was with Henry towards Stephen; to attach him he made him powerful, and Stephen employed that power, at the earliest opportunity, to aggrandize himself at the expense of his benefactor's child, and of the oath which he had been so forward to tender.

That oath had been but a temporary resource until some stronger bond could be suggested; and at length the king's mind was elated by the intelligence that a grandson was born to him, who, he immediately trusted would be Matilda's representative and support whilst she lived, and her successor at her decease. This altered the appearance of things, although it did not affect their indomitable resolution. Readily they came at the monarch's call, again to swear allegiance to Matilda, and to her children after her. What cared they? They had already pledged themselves to that which they had resolved to break, and another oath or two were nothing after violating the first. The sagacity of Henry had not taught him that the unnecessary multiplication of oaths diminishes their sanctity in the minds of those who make them, and that every call, of such a description, became more and more ridiculous in their eyes.

But the king draws near his end. The sombre complexion of his thoughts has gradually more and more increased; it affected his health, and by reaction it affected his mind. He gave himself up still more to sports and to sensual pleasures. He ate of a species of food of which he was extravagantly fond, although warned of the ill consequences which might be expected; he indulged in it to excess, it caused indigestion and fever, and brought him to the bed on which we found him when our reflections were commenced. For a full week he has been stretched upon the bed of sickness, groaning with physical, and racked with mental disease; his soul glancing "from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth," still deceiving himself and shutting out remorse with all the blandishments of a self-deceptive mind, and still actuated by that worldly ambition which had been his companion-feeling through life.

The termagant princess tardily obeyed the call of the dying monarch even though its object was her own elevation. The nobles also gathered around him and the churchmen were at his bedside. "Barons of England and of Normandy," said the expiring Henry, "behold your Queen and her successor! I shall soon cease to be among you, but you have sworn again and again to support these. Lighten my dying hours, let me hear once more those oaths of fealty, and I shall die contented in the assurance that in your guardianship they are secure." Again they all pressed forward and joined in the solemn mockery. The haughty Matilda scarcely deigning her thanks for that which in the pride of her heart she considered needless; the barons departed, yet were their countenances not so unmoved but that the suspicious glance of the anxious Henry caught an expression in the face of Stephen, which haunted his imagination until he breathed his last.

Had Henry Beau Clerc the prescience in those last moments to be aware of what should shortly ensue? If he had—and there are those who believe that the cleared judgment of some in the dying hour, is not unlike an inspired feeling—then indeed what anguish must have filled his soul, how in one horrid retrospective glance must he have seen all the enormities with which his life was filled; whilst everything whispered to him, "It has been all in vain."

Thus died the last of that ruthless family which had made England a grave and a lazar house. A scion of that family then usurped the place of the survivors, and one of another name and lineage became king in their stead.

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Original.

DIRGE OF THE IMPROVISATORICE.

BY LIEUT. G. W. PATTEN, U. S. A.

"She died,
Like a pale flower nipt in its sweet spring tide,
Ere it had bloomed."
Ellen Artorc's Epitaph, written by herself.

SING, minstrel, sing the bier
Where mayless she doth lie,
Like moon's bright, dewy tear,
Crushed by rude footsteps ere
The sun is high!

Lift up the jealous veil
Which fain would interpose
Its folds of fabric pale,
To hide—sound soft the wail—
Love's bosom rose.

Let music's deepest swell
Rise sweet the lute above,
And 'mid its pauses tell,
How faded and how fell
That flower of love.

Like leaf from mountain's brow
Cast on the streamlet's breast,
Chant to the breezes how,
Gently on currents slow
It flow'd to rest.

Sing! Minstrel, pour thy lay—
The lyre's best string is mute!
Chant the young queen of May,
Whose hand forgets to stray
Along the lute!

* * * * *

And the deep voic'd minstrel spoke!—
"She hath left her spirit height,
Like tree 'neath woodman's stroke;
Like bird with pinion broke;
In midway flight,

"She faded down the sky,
Singing such melting tone,
That the wild lark, hov'ring high,
Struck with strange melody,
Forgot his own.

"Cold was the world's bleak shower
Along her cheek of pearl;
And like the passion flower
Chill'd in some wintry bower,—
So droop'd the girl.

"Death saw and lov'd the maid,
(Oh! prize for dark decay)
And with a kiss of shade
All Judas-like, betrayed
The bride away.

"Along the silent stair
So stealthy was his tread,
That the watchers worn with care,
Dream'd not of robber there,
'Till he had fled.

"And the watch lamp burning low,
Cast o'er the spoil he left,
Dim shadows creeping slow,
Along its brow of snow,
To hide the theft.

"But when the dazzling day
Streamed out from orb divine,
They rend by the tell-tale ray,
Which bath'd that cheek of clay,
The spoiler's sign.

"They *knew* that she had died,
That the archer's claim was paid,
Yet one, who stood beside
That remnant of a bride,
Almost had said;

"'How beautifully deep
In minstrel trance she lies!
It is a sin to weep,
So gently closes sleep
Her soft seal'd eyes.'"

Fort Ontario, Oswego, N. Y.

Original.

"THE DEARLY LOVED, THE EARLY LOST."

BY JOHN C. M'CABE, M. D.

'Tis sad to lay the beautiful, the young within the tomb,
To shroud the early "loved and lost" amid the grave's dark gloom;
To know we'll gaze no more upon those features wont to cheer
Our spirits with their gladsome smiles e'en in this world of care.
'Tis meet that we should weep our loss—ay, full and heartfelt tears,
When Memory brings to fancy's eye the days of other years;
When she who was the worshipped one, seems like some lovely star,
To beam along our pathway from her own bright heaven afar.

We miss our pure and gentle one—her footfall on the floor,
And that bright smile of happiness we'll gaze upon no more;
And those sweet songs she used to sing, no more shall they be heard,
And hushed, for aye, the melody of each remembered word.
Oh! there are tones at midnight, oft upon the trembling breeze,
Soft spirit-music mingling with the winds among the trees;
And fancy oft will trace amid this music strangely given,
The sad sweet voices of the dead come back to tell of Heaven!

Sweet one! we may not hear thy voice upon the evening wind,
Nor canst thou meet again on earth, with those thou'st left behind;
But though the film is on thine eye, the clod upon thy breast;
Thou'rt where the wicked cannot harm, and the "weary are at rest!"
Yes! thou art gone, sweet one, to rest, e'en with thy God on high!
And the cold and dimming dews of death hath quenched that brilliant eye,
Yet a diadem is on thy brow, a palm within thy hand,
And thou art *safe and happy* now in that far better land.

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Original.

THE INSURANCE POLICY.

At the age of seventeen years, Francis Prouty—the subject of this sketch—having acquired, by a steady course of study, a theoretrical knowledge of mercantile affairs, was placed in an extensive importing house in the city of Boston, where he acquitted himself very creditably as clerk, and improved daily in business skill. He passed some three years in this establishment—when it became embarrassed, and finally broke. This circumstance, for a little time, threw young Prouty out of employment, and originated in him a feeling of discontent, which eventuated in a desire to "see the world."

Upon finishing his minority, his father had offered him the means to commence in trade upon his own account, but the proposition was declined, and the old gentleman finding his endeavors to dissuade him, totally unavailing, reluctantly came to the conclusion that it were as well to allow our young gentleman the privilege of acting his own pleasure, since he had arrived at an age when he had the right to control his own actions. Having procured his credentials, and taken an affectionate leave of his parents, he bade adieu! to home—and, in the course of a few hours, arrived in the goodly "city of Gotham."

No one who has visited New York within the last quarter of a century, can forget the Babel-like confusion which occurs at the dock, upon the arrival of a steamboat. One of that very useful as well as ornamental class of the community, who sleep in the markets, and carry their victuals, when they have any, in the crowns of their hats, known better in these days of reform as "loafers,"—stepped upon the gang-plank as the boat touched the wharf, and politely requested the privilege of transporting our hero's luggage to the hotel for him. Now Prouty thought this exceedingly polite, and without further parley, requested him to hold his valise and portmanteau, while he would look out for his trunk, which had been momentarily misplaced. Upon discovering the latter article, he found that the gentleman into whose hands he had entrusted the valise and portmanteau had disappeared, and his place was occupied by a person no less prepossessing in appearance, who informed him that his friend had merely stepped upon the dock to place the other luggage upon his cart, that if he liked, he would take charge of the trunk, and see that the whole were taken care of. Prouty felt exceedingly obliged for such kindness on the part of strangers, and thought that he had been saved a vast deal of trouble.

"To the City Hotel, you said, sir."

"Yes, *sir*," said Prouty.

Having taken a coach—or rather an apology for one—in a few minutes he was set down at the door of the City Hotel.

"What's to pay, sir?"

"Six shillings,"—returned the driver.

"How very precise these fellows are,"—muttered Prouty, as he handed the coachman a one dollar note, and passed into the hotel, "why didn't he say a dollar at once,"—forgetting that a York shilling was but twelve and a half cents.

Having booked himself, he was shown to his room, and it soon became a matter of speculation with him, what had become of his baggage. The negative having been given him by the servant, at least a dozen times, in reply to the interrogation whether a trunk, valise and portmanteau—marked "F. P.," in white letters, had arrived?—Prouty became uneasy. His money, his wardrobe, every thing he owned, of value, was in the trunks, and for the life of him he could not fancy why they did not come.

"Some mistake, surely," said he, to himself,—"those fellows most certainly would not decamp with three trunks—in open day, too; and besides, they were very honest looking men. Oh, no, the baggage *is safe somewhere!*"—which latter clause proved, in the end, very correct. He never saw it afterward.

Night came, and Prouty retired to his chamber. Upon "taking account of stock,"—he found himself the rightful possessor of two dollars in ready cash—the clothes he had upon his back—a silver watch—and a small silk umbrella, which he had taken into the coach with him. Full of calculation, he threw himself upon the bed, and shortly afterward was conjecturing in his dreams, what could possibly have become of the trunk, valise and portmanteau, marked "F. P.," in white letters!

"Fine morning, sir," said a smart looking stranger, to our hero, as he stood upon the steps of the hotel, the following day, looking most anxiously for the arrival of his trunks.

"Very pleasant, sir," replied the latter, glad to find some one to speak with.

"Stranger in York, sir?"

"I never was here 'till yesterday," said Prouty.

"Pretty place—New York, sir."

"A bustling city, sir."

"Tarry long in New York, sir?"

Prouty informed the stranger that he was in pursuit of business, and that it would depend upon circumstances—he expected, however, that his stay would be somewhat protracted—whereupon, "Mr. Timothy Sharpe" presented the former with his card, and "hoped for a better acquaintance."

Now Prouty had packed his cards away in his trunk, thinking he should have no immediate use for them, and was therefore obliged to say that "his name was Prouty—Francis Prouty—at Mr. Sharpe's service—but that, unfortunately, he was minus the trunks which contained his effects, and, in consequence, minus his card-case, owing to a little incident which occurred to him on his arrival at the wharf,"—and he immediately entered into a detail of the whole affair, which was wound up, on the part of Prouty, with sundry invectives against the entire fraternity who inhabited the docks—and, on the part of Mr. Timothy Sharpe's, with a most hearty laugh!

"*Green*, my boy—a little green only—you'll do

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better next time," said Mr. Sharpe—"but you'll excuse me, Mr. Prouty—we shall meet at dinner—*au révoir—au révoir*,"—and Mr. Timothy Sharpe disappeared amid the crowd upon the *pavé*. Prouty "moved" gracefully to the stranger, as he departed, and having, for a moment, wondered what in the world Mr. Sharpe could see in the recital of his misfortunes to cause him so much merriment—he retired again into the hotel.

In the course of a *tête-á-tête* after dinner, Mr. Prouty was informed by Mr. Timothy Sharpe, that it "had seldom fallen to his lot to meet with a gentleman whose manners, apparent qualifications and general deportment, so well coincided with his notions of the character of a gentleman—and he begged Mr. Prouty to be assured of his high consideration.—In fine, he protested to him, that, from his first interview, he had conceived a particular and a peculiar desire to cultivate his acquaintance, and, however unworthy Mr. Prouty might think him, he begged the privilege of being placed upon his list of friends.

All this was very novel to our hero—he forgot all about the valise, portmanteau and trunk, marked "F. P.," in white letters—accepted the proffered friendship of the agreeable Mr. Timothy Sharpe—established his quarters forthwith in the same room with his newly-acquired *friend*—retired for the night—and awoke the next morning, to find himself minus his watch—his ready cash and his silk umbrella—all of which had been "taken care of," by his inestimable friend, Mr. Timothy Sharpe, who had decamped before day-break!

A draft upon his father for two hundred dollars, under the circumstances, was duly honored, and Prouty was put in funds forthwith. He profited by the advice accompanying it, and having replenished his wardrobe—he discharged his bill at the hotel—and started for Philadelphia—with his "first impressions" of New York indelibly established.

The character of the "city of brotherly love," pleased him. He commenced in good earnest the pursuit of his object—and three days after his arrival, having previously replied to an advertisement in one of the city journals—he found himself situated as assistant-book-keeper in the counting-house of Messrs. Rice & Constant—and as an emolument for his services was to receive a salary of eight hundred per annum.

His business habits were forthwith put into requisition, and the complicated and erroneous entries—made by the clerks during the absence of the former incumbent—were mastered and corrected—and, in a little time, the neglected accounts and affairs of the concern were satisfactorily brought up and perfectly adjusted. Prouty was an exquisite penman—he applied himself with assiduity to his occupation—and gave entire satisfaction to his new employers, with whom he daily grew in favor. A short time after his introduction into the house of Rice & Constant, he became a favorite also with the clerks—he applied himself with his wonted activity and perseverance—and in three short months from the time he left home, he was happy in the enjoyment of the fullest confidence of the principals. His prospects were truly cheering, and scarcely a single day passed without his receiving some testimonial of his increasing popularity.

Six months had expired, and the resignation of the senior book-keeper raised him to that office, with an addition of fifty per centum to his salary. Prouty felt an inward pride at the promotion—but how was that feeling enhanced, when he was assured by his employers that they felt confident he would do himself credit by the proper discharge of his new duties! He was never idle—and scarcely a moment of his business hours was unoccupied. At night—when he returned to his lodgings—he would amuse himself for an hour in profitable reading—and his days thus passed rapidly and pleasantly.

As he was sitting alone in his room rather later than usual one evening—he was startled by the alarm of fire, and looking out at the window, he perceived the citizens running towards the dock. He bethought him of the possibility that the store might be in danger, and having the keys in his possession—he started immediately in that direction. As he turned the corner of the street—what was his consternation at beholding the dense volumes of smoke curling and gushing from the closed shutters of his employers' store!—The door was immediately opened, but the smoke rushed out and compelled those who would have entered—to retreat. Ladders were then placed to the windows—the shutters of which were at once torn from their hinges—but here again they were defeated, and for a moment it seemed impossible to obtain entrance, without jeoparding life.

Among the crowd of firemen, were several young men who had become acquainted with the impetuosity of Prouty's nature, and twice had they foiled his attempts to rush into the store; but he well knew how much was at stake.

"The books *must* be saved!" shouted he—and despite the endeavors of the firemen to prevent him—he disappeared in the burning building.

He found the fire to be as yet in the basement story, but the dense smoke obliged him to close his eyes. He *felt* his way, however, to the stairs, and rushed into the second story. He forced open the counting-room door, which was upon this floor, and having closed it immediately on his entrance, shut out the smoke, and found space to breathe. There was no time to be lost, however; the flames had found vent, and were darting from every quarter in the lower part of the building. He secured the small safe, in which were always deposited the books and most valuable papers, (for the purpose of guarding against accident,) and having wheeled it to the nearest front window—with almost super-human strength—he raised it up, and threw it out upon the side-walk!

He was now discovered by the firemen, and the cry, "No, *he's alive!*" rang through the crowd—but a current of air from the door of the room which Prouty had just left, drove the smoke in the direction of the window where he stood, which forced him to retreat, to avoid being suffocated. All eyes were now turned to the window—ladders were with difficulty placed against the building beneath it by some—while the safe was taken

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away by others—and the most intense and direful anxiety was felt for the safety of our intrepid hero—who despite his best efforts was now nearly exhausted.

He breathed again, however—a stream of blaze darted through the floor, by the momentary light of which he discovered the stair-case; he reached it—with a single bound he passed it—and rushed headlong, but senseless to the threshold of the door!

"He's safe! he's safe! he's safe!"—roared the multitude, as they dragged Prouty into the open air—and shortly afterward, the weight of goods in the upper part of the building, snapped off the burning rafters, and went down with a tremenduous crash—carrying with it the floors and contents, from the garret to the cellar!

Prouty being well known, was taken forthwith to his lodgings—medical aid was immediately summoned—in a few minutes he respired freely, and soon after came to his senses. The first question he asked was "whether the books had been saved," and being informed that the safe was under lock and key in another room of the hotel, he appeared much relieved.—The building and contents were entirely destroyed.

"Good morning, Mr. Rice,"—said a gentleman who had been present at the burning—to the elder partner of the concern, as he was quietly wending his way to the store, on the following morning.

"Ah, good day—good day to you, sir,"—responded Mr. Rice.

"*Fire* last night."

"No?—I heard nothing of it. Much damage done?"

"No—not a great deal—*one store*—destroyed, only," said the other—perceiving that Mr. Rice knew as little of the matter as did five or six of his clerks.

The neighbors parted, and Mr. Rice passed on in deep thought—calculating possibly upon the shipment of a quantity of the same goods, in the course of the day—when, as he turned the corner, he had a full view of the *remains* of his establishment!

"What?—muttered he—"no! not *my* store—yes, it is—oh, I knew it—I *knew* it was my store!—yes, burned to cinders—ruined—yes, *I thought so!*—where's the books, Carter?" said he,—all in a breath—to the cashier.

"Don't know, sir—I knew nothing of the fire 'till this moment."

"Nor you, Robert?"

Robert replied meekly, "that he had just got down." Turning round, Mr. Rice espied the two other clerks, gazing sheepishly upon the ruins.

"Mr. Barton, were you here last night?"

"You know I reside at a considerable distance from the store, Mr. Rice; I knew nothing at all about it."

"And where were *you*, Charles?"

"I didn't wake up," said Charles.

"No—s'pose not. Store burnt to ashes—six clerks—books lost—goods gone to destruction—nobody knows any thing about it—I'll hire six more clerks—see what twelve of you'll do—I'll discharge every one of you, I will—I never'll give another clerk store-room, I wont—Where's *Prouty?*"

"Don't know," said one—"haven't seen him," said another—"aint got down yet," said a third—"guess he's sick," said the cashier.

"Guess Prouty's as near *dead*, as any thing," said, a carman who stood by.

"What's the matter?" eagerly inquired Mr. Rice.

The carman having been present at the fire, immediately rehearsed the whole story, and concluded by informing Mr. Rice that he had carried the safe up to Mr. Prouty's lodgings, and when he left him, that he was a good deal nearer dead than alive.

Mr. Rice flew to the hotel, where he encountered Prouty, pale, and apparently very weak, who informed him that he was just about leaving the hotel, to walk down, as he expected he would be uneasy about the books, "But they are all safe, sir," added he.

Mr. Rice listened to Prouty's history of the whole affair—and then acted very silly. He embraced him, and talked like a man who had disposed of his wits.

"You shall be promoted, Mr. Prouty—you shall," said he, in the most delighted manner—"you shall be cashier, you shall—you shall become a partner, Mr. Prouty—*I* say so, and so you shall. *Carter?*—worth forty Carters—don't know a single thing—he's a *fool!* (Mr. Carter had been in the concern as cashier for some twelve years—and was notorious for his intimate knowledge of the intricacies of finance)—I know he's a fool—always knew it—discharge him to-morrow—you shall have his place, Mr. Prouty, you shall—I *knew* you'd saved the books—*thought so, the moment I heard of the fire!*"

Thus did Mr. Rice deliver himself, and though his memory was treacherous, and, at times, he was somewhat eccentric, he was, in the main, a good business man, and a worthy citizen. Prouty expressed his obligation for his proffered kindness, but assured his employer that "he conceived he had done only his duty."

The junior partner arrived at the ruins shortly after Mr. Rice's departure, and was informed that he had gone to see Mr. Prouty, at his lodgings. He immediately repaired to the hotel, where he congratulated our hero upon his lucky escape, and expressed himself greatly obliged for the signal service he had rendered the firm, at so frightful a risk.

The safe was taken to Prouty's room, and upon examination, was found to contain all the books and papers of any material value. As Prouty was about to re-lock it—Mr. Rice's countenance blanched, and, on a sudden, he appeared to have recollected something of the greatest import. He opened the safe—seized a file of papers—and hastily drew forth *the insurance policy.* A glance at it confirmed his suspicions—*it had expired on the previous day!*

"Yes," said he, in despair—"I knew it—policy expired—ruined—store burnt up—no insurance—clerks know nothing of it—any body else, all right. I—"

"Were you not aware, Mr. Prouty," said the junior, "that the usual notice had been given that our insurance would expire on the first of this month?"

"I was," said Prouty, quietly.

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"Yes—oh, yes—*knew* it perfectly well—*said* nothing, though—cunning dog, to keep the secret!"

"Perhaps *we* are more culpable, after all, than Mr. Prouty," said the younger partner, to Mr. Rice, "but this is truly an unfortunate business, and we must—"

"Yes, yes, I see it all. Mr. Prouty—nice young man—clever book-keeper—very competent—good cow—give a full pail of milk—then kick it all over. Books? What are *books* good for? Aint worth a cop—"

"But, Mr. Rice," continued the junior, "we certainly never gave Mr. Prouty any charge in regard to the matter, and as he has proved to us, most eminently, that he has our interest at heart; even though our loss is immense, for myself, I cannot attach the slightest neglect to the part he has had in the matter. On the contrary, I—"

"Oh, I see, I see, Mr. Constant. But allow me to remind you that *forty thousand dollars* is a sum not easily made or replaced in these times of commercial distress. We are *ruined*, Mr. Constant—totally—unquestionably—irretrievably—ruined, sir—ruined—ruined!"

"I shall never cease to regret that our absence from the city, at such a crisis, was prolonged as it unfortunately was—but we must make the best of it, Mr. Rice, dreadful as it is. It is utterly useless to mourn over what can never be retrieved."

Prouty smiled!

"The less levity you display, Mr. Prouty, "the better I shall like it," observed Mr. Rice, testily."

"My dear sir, I beg your pardon," replied the former, quickly, "but on the occasion of the late absence of yourself and Mr. Constance from the city, I assure you I did *not* overlook a matter with which I was acquainted, and upon which I knew so much depended. As you did not return so soon as we had expected, and and fearing, also, that you might not arrive in season to effect it, (though I did not consider that it belonged legitimately to my department,) I assumed the responsibility of its renewal. On the day the old one expired, I renewed the policy myself—here it is, sir," and he handed the document to Mr. Rice, who could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses. He danced round the room with the insurance policy in his hand, he embraced Mr. Prouty, he embraced Mr. Constant—never was mortal happier!

"Oh, I *knew* it," shouted Mr. Rice—"*I knew it*, Mr. Constant! I felt an inward conviction that Mr. Prouty had renewed that policy!—Hurry home?—what for?—No! to be sure not—all safe—I knew that every thing would be safe with Mr. Prouty—always said so—"

"Mr. Prouty, you must be rewarded," said Mr. Constant, as he grasped his hand and shook it warmly, and the joyful firm having said a great many pretty things to our hero, left him to enjoy a few hours repose, which he much needed.

The insurance policy proved valid, and covered the entire loss. In the course of another month, the firm was comfortably situated in a commodious building within a short distance of the "old stand," and business was resumed as though nothing had transpired. Prouty had been duly installed, and copies of the following "circular" were forthwith transmitted to the patrons and correspondents of the old firm.

Philadelphia, Dec., 18—.

DEAR SIR:—You will please notice that we have admitted MR. FRANCIS PROUTY, of this city—a partner with us—to take effect from the commencement of the current year, and that the business will hereafter be conducted in the name of *Rice, Constant, & Co.* Below, we hand you our signatures, and, soliciting for the new firm a continuance of your favors—

We have the honor to be
Your Obt. S'rts.
RICE & CONSTANT.

To Ma. —— ——,

* * * * * *

Prouty proved a good financier—the business prospered with the new arrangement—and the junior partner in the house of Rice, Constant & Co. has never known cause to regret the change.

Original.

TO MY DAUGHTER.

BY WILLIAM G. HOWARD.

I.

I see thee now! thy step is light,
And graceful as the roe;
Thine eye is more serenely bright,
Than Hesper's peerless glow.

II.

Thy cheek, the blushes of the rose,
Were never half so fair,
As the delicious tint, that throws
Its melting radiance there.

III.

Thy form defies the sculptor's art,
So exquisite in grace;
And each affection of the heart,
Seems written on thy face.

IV.

But when I view thee, all divine,
My bosom heaves a sigh,
To think that charms so sweet as thine,
Were ever born to die.

V.

Bright image of thy mother dear!
In fancy's magic glass,
The happy smile and bitter tear,
In quick succession pass.

VI.

The modest flower, whose rich perfume
Fills yonder verdant glade,
Is an apt emblem of thy doom:
Like it thy charms must fade!

VII.

Yet, Ellen, when the transient gleam
Of beauty shall decay;
And like the fabric of a dream,
Its splendors pass away:

VIII.

Then may the feelings all refined,
Unfold in heavenly bloom!
Then may the flow'rets of the mind,
Spring up on beauty's tomb!

Louisiana, January, 1843.

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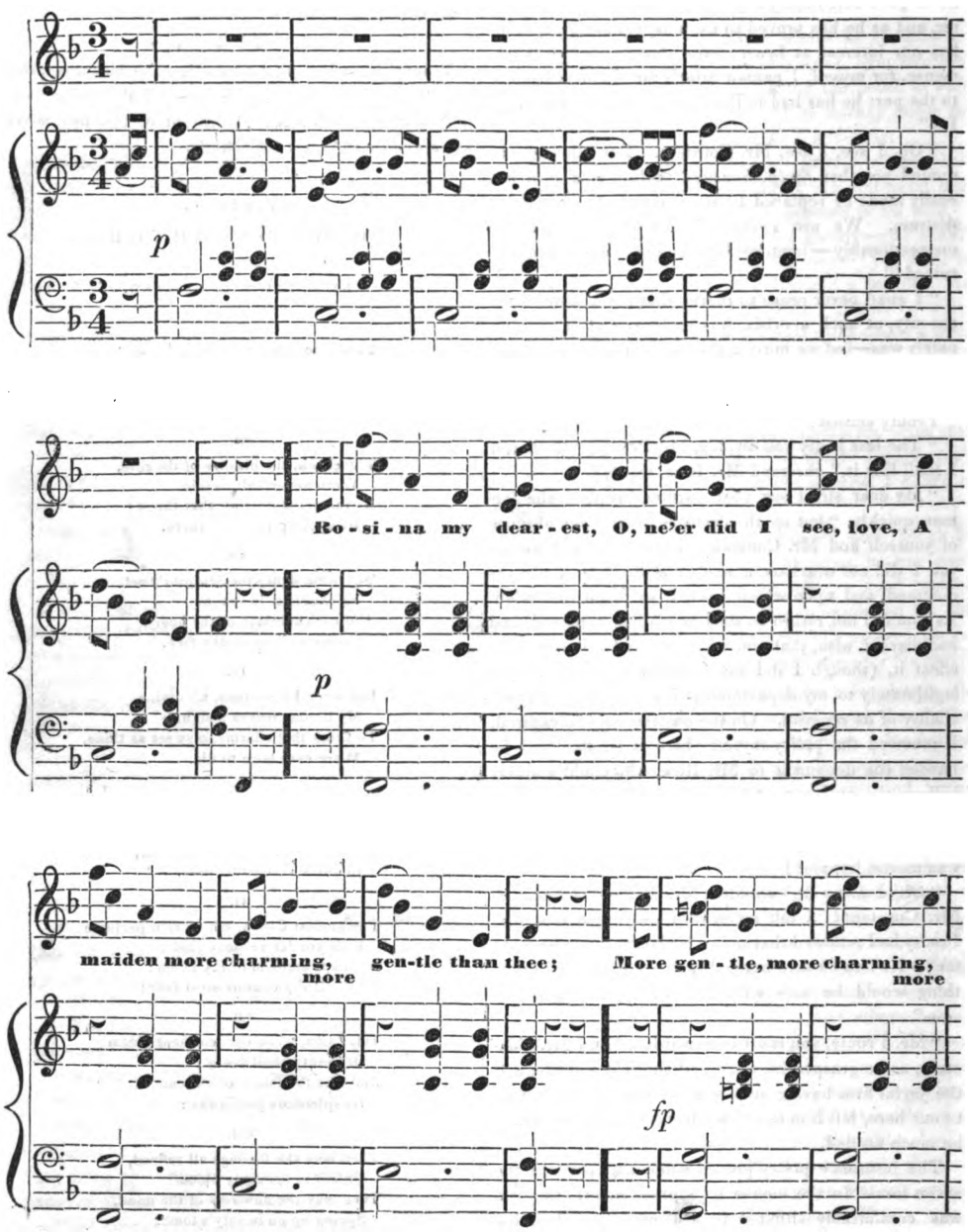
ROSINA, MY DEAREST.

A BALLAD.

MUSIC ARRANGED BY WILLIAM CLIFTON.



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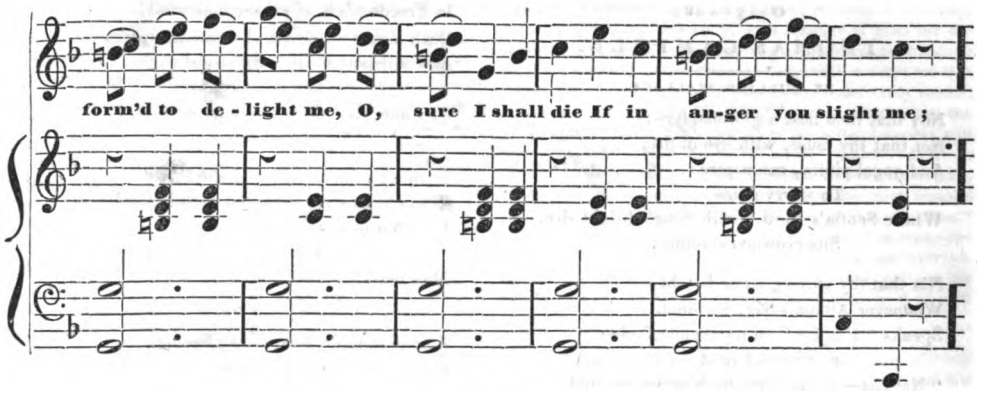

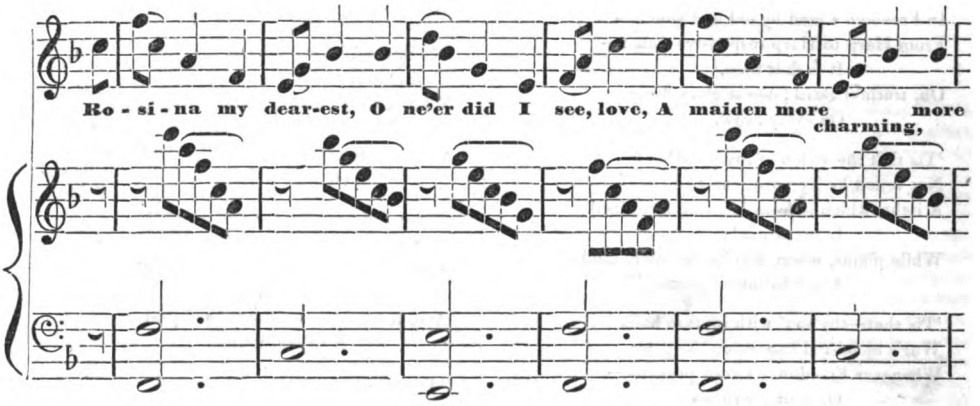

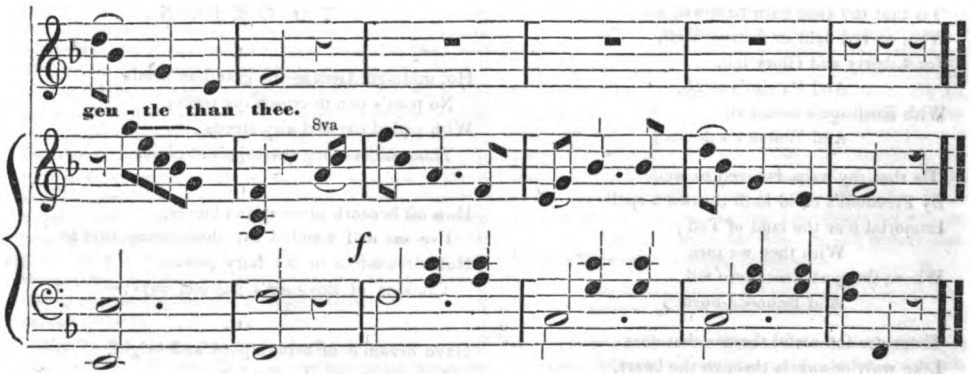

2 And when shall kind heav'n,
That happy day send, love,
When all my long grief and my sorrows shall end;
When with thee I shall live,
So form'd to delight me,
For sure I shall die,
If in anger you slight me;
Rosina, my dearest, &c.

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Original.

THOMAS CAMPELL.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

Not that thou hast a glorious lyre;
Not that thy muse, with eye of fire,
And angel-pinion, can aspire
To starry clime
Where Scotia's Bard,* with Song's bright sire,
Sits crowned sublime;

Not that thy stirring name is told
Whenever Albion's flag, unrolled,
Speaks "Empire" on its ancient fold—
For there I read
"Nations—while Earth hath nerves or gold,
Ye're doomed to bleed;"†

No! not for thee, thy name is sung
In Freedom's land by old and young—
From Harp to Harp responsive rung:—
It is that thou,
Oh, truthful Bard! see'st glory flung
On every brow.

'Tis that the vision of thy mind,
Not veiled by Tyranny, can find
A light, which is from Heaven, enshrined
In all around;
While plains, where dwells the lowly hind,
Are "hallowed ground."‡

'Tis that—thy soul with rapture hails
War's blood-red banner on the gales,
Whenever Freedom's sword prevails—
Or madly writhes
When the o'er-tortured Being wails
In tyrant-wythes.

'Tis that thy song hath hallowed all
Who, on red field or fortress-wall,
For Liberty and Glory fall,
And Patriot's tomb,
With Kosiusco's hero-pall
And Warsaw's doom.‖

'Tis that thy harp, beloved so well
By Freedom's child hath thrown a spell
Immortal o'er the land of Tell;
With thee we turn
Where those at Trocadero fell,
And Bannock-burn!§

These are the awful themes that dart
Like warrior-angels through the heart,
Even when sung, devoid of art,
By common lyre:
But when from Campell's chord they start—
The soul's on fire!

In Freedom's host we seem arrayed!
With Bruce we clench the flashing blade,
And welcome in the sulphury shade—
"The charging cheer!"—¶
Or smile, though by the death-shot laid
On bloody bier.

Then let your marble wed the skies,
When lords have sundered earthly ties!
Let even pyramids arise
To Heaven's blue span:
Man rears a nobler pile, when dies
The friend of man:—

A spirit-temple where each feeling,
Pure as a white-robed seraph kneeling
Before an altar-shrine, is pealing
A burial-song
Whose words, like his, are hate revealing
To tyrant-wrong.

Oh, Scotia! Birth-land of my sire!
Well may thy lofty brows aspire,
When gazing on thy Wallace-fire—
Thy patriot urns—
Scott's, Campell's glory and the lyre
Of Robert Burns!

These waken mem'ries that out-last
An empire's sceptre and shall cast,
Through the ETERNAL, shadows vast
Far over Time—
Aye, live when even stars have past
Away—sublime.

* See Campell's ode to Burns.
† Such have the aristocracy, not the people, of England virtually written on the National Standard.
‡ Campell.
‖ See "Pleasures of Hope.
§ Same.
¶ Campell.

Original.

TO ORION.

I.

Ho, midnight Gem!—thy grandeur needs
No poet's pen to crown thy train;
With gilded car and airy steeds
Thou roll'st along the sapphire plain.

II.

How oft beneath some sylvan bower,
I've sat and watch'd thy shimmering rays;
Half dream-like in thy fairy power,
Thinking of Boyhood's halcyon days;—

III.

Have dream'd of beings pure and bright,
Arrayed in weeds of sombre woe;
Who far from earthly cares and blight,
Now roam where streams of glory flow.

IV.

Oh, yes!—'mid woe and tears I've smiled!
Sighs woven in with rapturous bliss!
And then in peaks so wonderous wild,
Have longed thy silver rim to kiss!

Hartford, Conn. G. W. F.

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LITERARY REVIEW.

THE LAST OF THE BARONS: *by Sir E. L. Bulwer; Harper & Brothers.*—We pronounce this, one of the best productions of the popular and indefatigable Bulwer. It contains more of the historical characters than aught of his previous works, and in which, judging from its merits, he is more calculated to excel than in fictitious composition. The plot, incidents and characters, are founded upon the memorable era of English history, when Richard Neville, the gallant earl of Warwick, known by the title of king-maker, conspired against Edward the fourth, and the destiny of the kingdom was decided in the bloody struggle between the houses of York and Lancaster on Gladsmoor. It is needless to say that the prominent personages in the novel are drawn with the vigor of Bulwer's genius, aided from strong research in the documents of history. The character of Warwick is one of the most glorious portraits ever conceived by a writer, not inferior to the best of the historical heroes in the works of Scott. Had he never depicted aught else than the battle field of Gladsmoor, and the death of Warwick and Montagu, it would have stamped him as a master of imagination and the greatest novelist of the day. Of the other numerous characters, both ideal and historical, they are all life-like, graphic and natural. The plot is deeply interesting, and a better knowledge of the "Race of Iron and the Age of Force," will be gleaned from a perusal of this volume than hundreds of dogmatical and prejudiced histories. The public are greatly indebted to the Harpers for the cheap price and excellent manner they have placed this work within the reach of all classes.

THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND, SECOND SERIES: by *Agnes Strickland; Lea & Blanchard.*—In a former number we had occasion to express our hearty commendation of the first series of this very valuable publication, and are pleased again to award our favorable opinion of the second. The authoress (or, we believe, rather, authoresses, although the name of one of the sisters only graces the title page,) exhibits a mind rich with the stores of antiquity extracted from the most ancient records and MSS. extant, in the state paper office of London, and the *Bibliotheque du Roi*, at Paris, as also the "private MS. collection of historical families, and gentlemen of antiquarian research." The present series, commences with the history of Elizabeth of York, consort of Henry the VII., which forms the connecting link between the royal lines of Plantagenet and Tudor; the latter the most remarkable epoch in the annals of English history, as it certainly is the most replete with interest and romance. Among the records of the Tudor Queens, will be found the lives of the six wives of Henry the VIII., three of them for the first time published,—fraught with the most minute details and incidents, especially those of Anne Boleyn and Katharine Howard, and which cannot be perused without exciting our liveliest sympathy in their behalf, and our utter detestation of the tyrant who encompassed their downfall. The work concludes with the life of Mary, the daughter of Henry the VIII., and Katharine of Arragon, the first Queen regnant of England and Ireland. The style of the writer is terse, vigorous, and succinct, while great research is evident in every page. As a lucid exposition of the lives of these royal personages and their times, it has no equal, and to the records of history must be considered a valuable addition, as well as one of high authority.

THE TRUE LOVER'S FORTUNE: FROM THE GERMAN; *James Munroe & Co., Boston.*—This is a very interesting, but rather *too naturally* depicted a story. There is an *indelicacy* about the *moral*, if we may so term it, that will prevent it from becoming a favorite with the fastidious, a fault which appears to be indigenous to the modern school of German novelists. Those however, who seek for amusement merely, will find in its pages ample gratification. The translator has performed his task with ability—the diction is graceful and correct, and the spirit of the plot is never for one moment permitted to flag. We know not the translator, but from this specimen, we consider him capable of achieving higher deeds in this department of literature.

ROSINA MEADOWS: *by W. B. English; Redding & Co., Boston.*—We lay down this story, with feelings of grief for the heroine and instruction to ourselves. The lesson it intends to inculcate is one of inestimable value, and told in a manner that cannot fail of making a deep impression upon every reader, but more especially upon the young novitiate entering into the snares of the world. The intention of the author however, will be better known from his introductory remarks. It is to shew "In the beginning, *Virtue*, in all her transcendental loveliness, and in the end to exhibit *Vice*, in its most hideous mien, thus shewing how to obtain the one and shun the other." The scenes, incidents, and characters are truly American—the interest of the story is intense, and the language nervous, chaste and appropriate. The author deserves well of his countrymen for this his first acknowledged essay in the world of letters.

THE ORION.—This popular periodical for February, is before us. It is edited by W. E. Richards, a gentleman who wields a vigorous and polished pen, and one who has done much to advance the literary character of the South. We are glad to learn it keeps its ground among the numerous monthlies.

THEATRICALS.

BOWERY.—The success of this establishment continues without abatement, the performances of the highly gifted artist, Mrs. Shaw, having attracted the most brilliant audiences. Of this lady, we have always spoken in terms of commendation, esteeming her with the public of New-York, the first of living artists. But never, until her recent engagement, were we so fully convinced of her high genius, consummate skill, and life-like delineations of character. Endowed with a beautiful person and expressive countenance, she adds to these a graceful deportment, natural gesture, accurate pronunciation, and a voice of the most extensive compass, and melodious intonation. But it is for higher qualities we admire her; for her strong judgment and keen perspicacity, her total abstraction from every object but those of the scene, her self devotion to her art, her brilliancy of genius that irradiates all around her, and the beauty of harmony which she preserves throughout whatever character she delineates. She resorts to no trick to command applause and astonish her audience, she exhibits no carelessness in one scene, to create some peculiar effect by contrast in another, no peculiarities of voice or occasional bursts of passion, but like a majestic river rolling along, receiving its hues from the changes of the sky, and the objects on its banks, so from her entrance upon the scene she moves in one grand and solemn march, her countenance expressing the changes of her mind, and her eye alternately flashing forth its gloom and glory. These qualities will apply, however, principally, to her tragic personations, although we question if there is her rival, at this day, in comedy. Who that has beheld her glorious performance of Constance in *The Love Chase*, but will allow it is the very spirit of the comic muse, the real embodyment of Milton's Euprosyne, in whose features are

> "Quips and cranks and wreathed smiles,
> Such as hang on Hebe's cheeks"—

in short, she possesses the highest attributes of genius, with the most consummate knowledge of her art. During her last engagement, she has been ably supported by Mr. Hamblin. This gentleman is by far the best actor in an extensive range of leading characters at present extant. There may be other performers, who, from a repetition of a few parts may impart to them a higher polish, and enjoy in them a higher fame, but viewing Mr. Hamblin, as one, who, in the wide field of the drama, has essayed almost every character of import, we consider him the best and most valuable performer in America. In such characters as *The Stranger*, *Othello*, *King John*, *Hamlet*, *etc*, it is allowed he is unrivalled, and in the present state of the stage, it will be long before we look upon

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his equal. His recent personations have shown that his genius is as vivid as in the days of his great popularity, indeed we esteem his acting of a much higher order. His style is more pure and chastened, the result of years of experience and observation. We will not enter into an analysis of the different pieces performed during the engagement of these celebrated artists, but merely remark that they were ably supported by the various members of the very efficient stock company, and that the costume, scenery, and the numerous other auxiliaries were all of the most correct and characteristic description.

PARK.—The equestrian performances still receive a tolerable share of patronage, and deservedly so, for they are marked with taste, talent and decorum. A prominent feature during the month, has been the production of a new pantomime, entitled *The Devouring Ogre*, a title admirably suited to astonish the eyes and ears of our juvenile community. It is certainly one of the most amusing pieces of its *genus* we have ever looked upon, and we do not envy that man or woman who can behold it and not feel their risible faculties excited to an extraordinary degree. The scenery is excellent, the mechanism ingenious, and the tricks and changes managed with great dexterity, while the Harlequin, Clown, Pantaloon and Columbine, are in their various ways, inimitable.

CHATHAM.—The low prices of admission at this theatre, especially to the pit, have had the effect of materially aiding its fortunes. The manager is untiring in his exertions to secure novelty for his patrons, and the performances are ever marked with liberality, care and attention.

OLYMPIC.—Mr. Mitchell progresses steadily and profitably at his neat little establishment. Piece after piece follows rapidly, and whether opera, farce, burlesque, or even sentimental execution, all are ably supported, and correctly produced.

EDITORS' TABLE.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTH DAY BALL.—This magnificent *fete* which came off at the Bowery on the evening of the 22d ultimo, was attended by upwards of three thousand persons of both sexes. Among the most conspicuous visitors were the heads of our naval and military bodies, and the civic authorities of our city and Brooklyn. The theatre, which was converted into a noble saloon, was tastefully hung with drapery, and flags of different nations, while at particular points, were displayed designs of the most prominent incidents in the military career of Washington. At nine o'clock the dancing commenced, which, with short intervals of cessation, was continued 'till an early hour. To attempt any description of the beauty and fashion assembled on the joyous occasion, would be impossible, so truly brilliant was the general character of the whole. It reminded us of the often quoted lines of Byron, when speaking of the memorable ball in Belgium—

——— "Our capital had gathered then
Its beauty and its chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone on fair women and brave men,
A thousand hearts beat happily, and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell."

The managers of the theatre deserve the especial thanks of the community for the good taste and liberality by them evinced in so nobly accomplishing this national commemoration, as also the committees of arrangements, and reception for the gentlemanly and attentive manner in which they discharged their respective duties.

CONTRIBUTORS.—Will our numerous friends under this title, have the kindness to oblige us by indulging in that inestimable virtue, *patience*. We assure them their favors are neither neglected nor overlooked, but so great is their accumulation, that we deem the only method to award impartial justice, and satisfy all, is to give each article a place according to the date of its reception.

THE LATE SAMUEL WOODWORTH.—The Companion of this month, contains the *last effusion* of the late poet Woodworth. To the lovers of his genius, it must be truly acceptable, containing the poetry of thought, simplicity of style, and the graceful and natural imagery which so peculiarly characterized his muse. Among our various *literati*, we are surprized that none of them have announced their intention of collecting the recent productions of this amiable man and sweet poet, which he of late years contributed to our periodicals. In the Companion alone, there are contributions enough, to form a handsome volume, and we are confident that there are also admirers enough of his genius in every corner of the Union who would gladly become possessed of the posthumous works of one so deeply identified with the literature of his country.

CAPT. MACKENZIE.—As we anticipated, this gentleman and the officers of the Somers, who so nobly and fearlessly performed a painful but needful duty, have been honorably acquitted by the Court of Inquiry. It is a verdict that must give satisfaction to every friend of justice and freedom, calculated as it is, to check the spirit of insubordination and mutinous designs which at all times are apt to take root among our naval crews, where the blackest society are mingled with the purest and bravest of characters, men who, fearing neither God nor their fellow creatures, but for the strong arm of power would turn the bulwarks of our country into dens of piracy, violation and murder.

OUR PLATES.—Our subscribers will acknowledge that our Engravings and the *plate of fashions* for this month, are in the first style of art and execution. As this department of our magazine appears to be a particular favorite with our readers, they will be pleased to learn that we have now in the hands of several popular engravers, subjects from the designs of the most eminent artists. We have also entered into arrangements with several new writers, male and female, who will hereafter be added to our already extensive list of contributors. Our publication must, as it has hitherto done, rank among the first of American Periodicals.

THE WEATHER.—While we were fondly congratulating ourselves upon the departure of winter, it has returned upon us at this period of our writing with redoubled fury. Our worthy citizens, however, appear to receive his visit with the best of humor; if we may judge from their great indulgence in that most singular of all amusements, sleighing, and its "luxurious concomitants." While many of these happy individuals are enjoying themselves to "the top of their bent," we would feel obliged by their casting a thought to 109 Fulton Street, and forthwith remit us their arrears for the Companion.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.—*Morning Dress.*—Robe of satin, silk or velvet—corsage high and braided—sleeves tight. Mantles of velvet, lined with blue satin and ermine, or quite plain—fur trimmings are much used. Cashmere shawls and cloaks of last year's style are yet in fashion. Bonnets are rather full—made of satin, with edgings of crape *lisse*, or *bouillons of tulle*. Flowers, feathers, satin and velvet ribbons are the ornaments. Hair plain.

Evening Dress.—Robe the same as the morning. *Camails*, or mantles, with hoods lined with various colored silks, satins, or furs to be worn on the head at pleasure. Bonnets close to the face, ornamented with velvet ribbons. Veils. Hair braided or in ringlets.

Promenade Dress.—Robe of pekin, satin or *poult de soie*,—sleeves rather full—corsage tight and richly braided—skirt full—rich Cashmere shawls. Mantles lined with fur or rich satin. Bonnet of velvet or silk rather full and straight, trimmed with or without flowers. A single bracelet. Hair plain, or in ringlets.

Ball Dress.—Robe of silk—skirt full and richly braided—corsage low—waist rather short, and edged with deep lace. Sleeves short. Moorish handkerchiefs are worn on the head, confined by gold pins—or else the hair is ornamented with flowers.

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Leonora.

Engraved for the Ladie's Companion.

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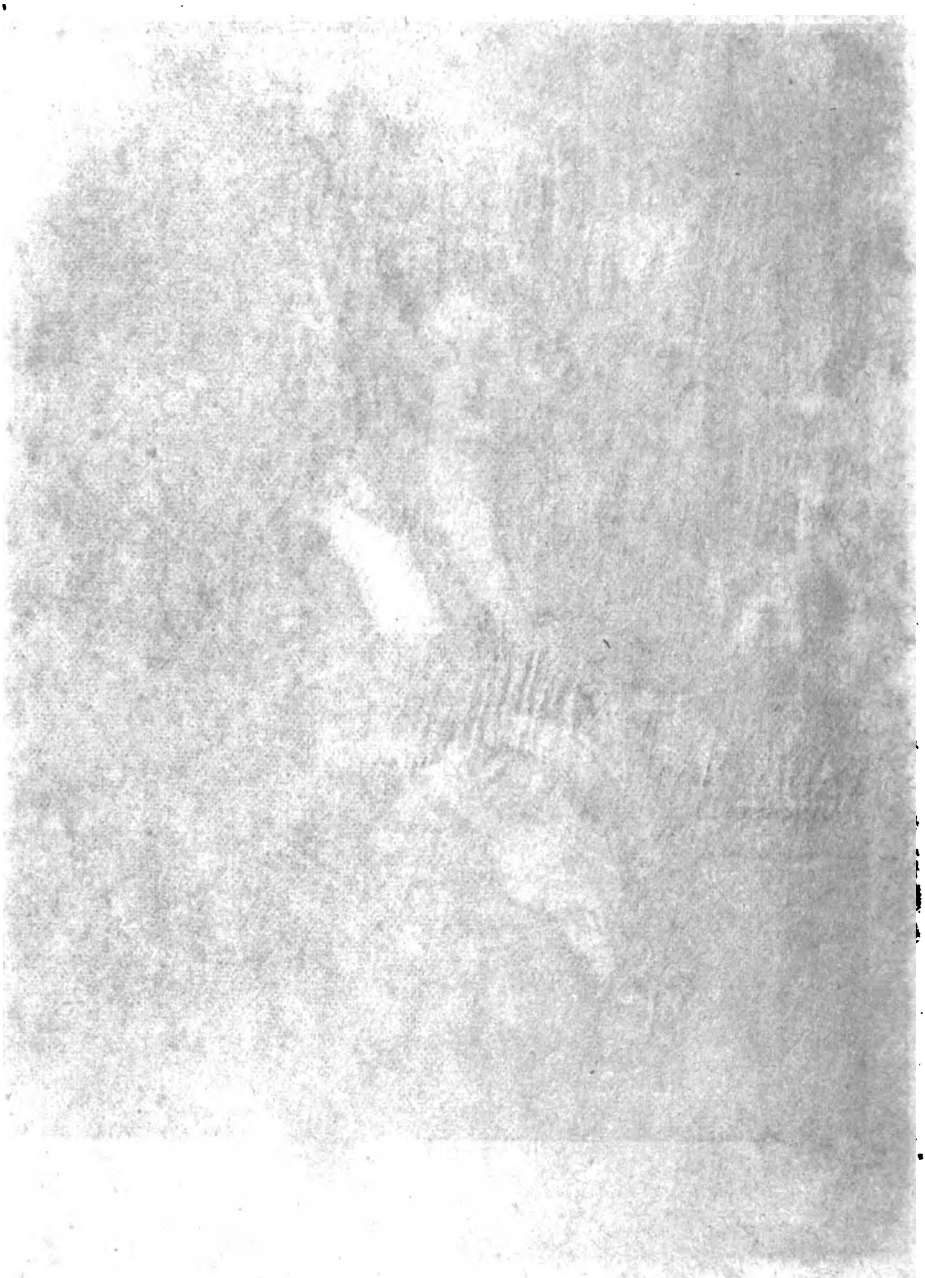

Engraved for the Ladie's Companion.

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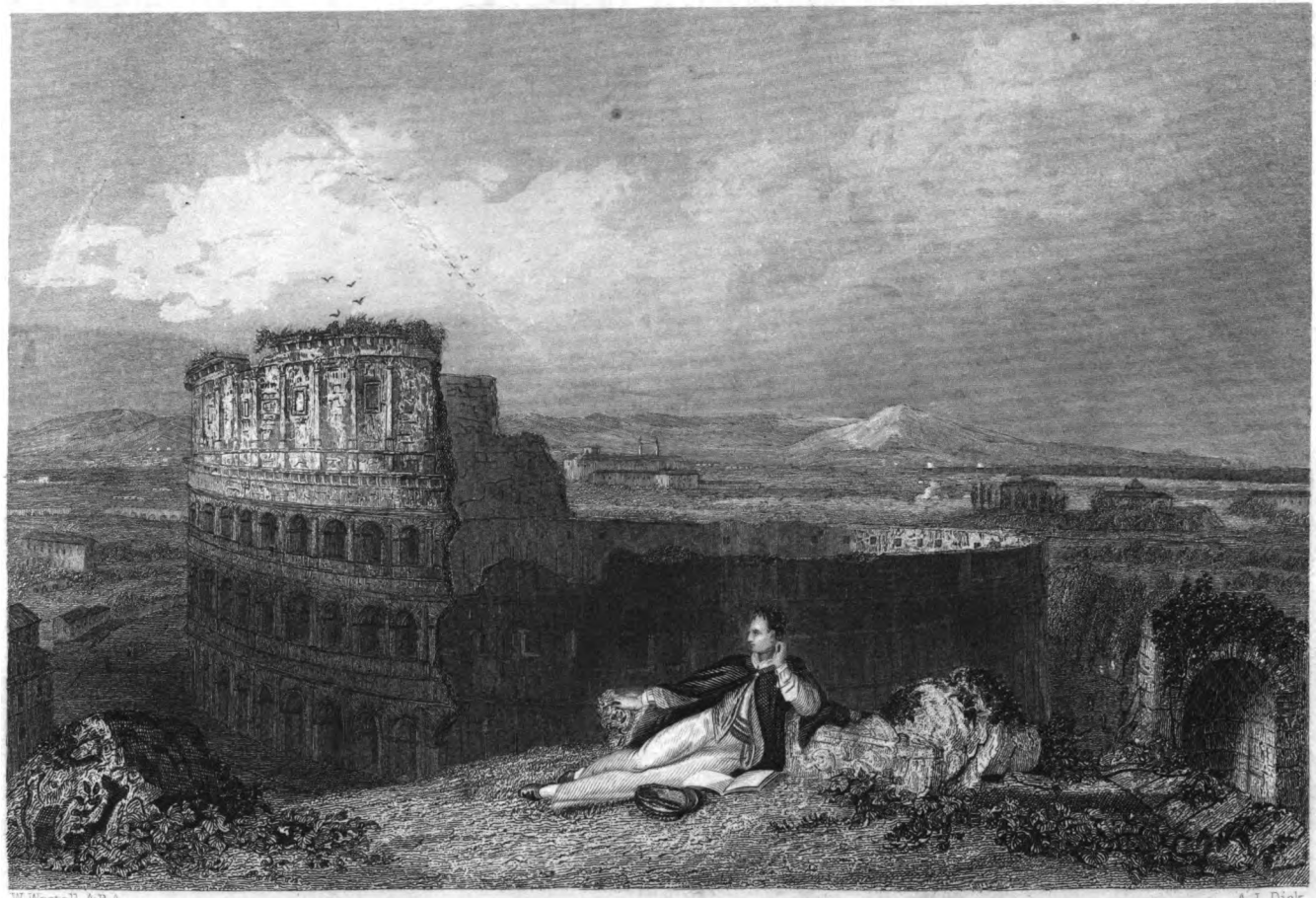

W. Westall, A.R.A. A.L. Dick.

Byron contemplating the Coliseum.

Engraved for the Ladies's Companion.

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THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, APRIL, 1843.

LEONORA.

"Arrived at the little village of Tortoni, we were busily employed in removing our baggage from the carriage, when suddenly a thunder storm took place. The peals were the most terrific I ever heard, and the lightning flashed with a brightness truly appalling. We had just seated ourselves at table, when the voice of lamentation was heard, and the daughter of the landlord rushed in, crying, "Father, father, poor Leonora has been killed by lightning." The old gentleman rushed from the apartment, leaving us to take care of ourselves. My curiosity, however, was so excited, that I followed him, and true enough, at a short distance from our hotel, lay a beautiful girl, a blackened corpse. She was the daughter of the commandant, and it appeared was seated at her open casement during the storm, when she had been struck by a thunderbolt. She presented a frightful appearance, such as I trust I shall never again behold."

Notes of a German Traveller.

I SEE thee in thy summer bower,
The fairest and the sweetest flower;
The sunshine of thy happy heart
In blushes o'er thy features start,
And well it may, sweet maid, for ne'er
Hast thou felt worldly doubt or care.
And like thine own Italian skies,
Without one cloud to stain their bright
Blue boundless depths—thy laughing eyes
Flash through their lashes, lustrous light.

The rose-bud gemm'd with morning's dew,
Just opening to the glow of heaven;
Seems not so sweet as the rich hue
That to thy rosy lip is given.
While thy dark tresses wild and free,
Stream in the balmy breath of eve;
A sight most beautiful to see.
Oh! that such charms should ever leave
This world of ours—such dwellers here,
Would change it to a glorious sphere!

So sat the maid in beauty's charms,
Her young heart fraught with feelings kind;
Secure from danger and alarms,
And wooing of the balmy wind,
That swept o'er beds of fragrant flowers,—
While slowly rose the evening star,
And stilly fell the dewy showers—
As sweetly in her silver car,
Came twilight with her solemn beam
O'er mount and valley, lake and stream.

When hurtling in the golden west
Was heard the thunder's voice of ire;
And round each peak and Alpine crest,
Leapt the red lightning's forked fire.
Yet still upon the scene so wild,
Fair Leonora looked and smiled
Strong in her faith—the lightning's dart
Or thunder peal awed not her heart.

When hark! a crash falls on the ear,
A blighted flower the maiden lies;
Struck by the lightning's vivid beam,
Struck, blighted, never more to rise;
The blush has fled her downy cheek,
Dimmed is the light that fired her eyes;
Her rose lips never more shall speak
Sweet words, nor breathe soft melting sighs.
She sets, a star of beauty bright,
In death's deep sea of endless night.

Original.

THE POET'S LOVE.

I.

CHILD of the pleading eye—
The soft and earnest gaze, what wouldst thou here?
The spirit longs to throw its fetters by,
And read thy future fate to calm its fear!

II.

So gently dost thou yield
Unto a stronger spirit, and betray
Such depths of tenderness in faith unsealed,
That love must tremble for thy future day!

III.

There seems foreboding thought
Struggling for utterance in thy melting eyes!
How little of earth's joyousness is wrought
In the deep shadow which upon them lies!

IV.

Early thine infant brow
Was pressed by sorrow's unrelenting doom!
It hath departed, but its impress now
Seems like the shadow of thy waiting tomb!

V.

Love's strong unsullied shield
Hath moved before thee—a defence and guide;
E'en as the breaking cloud the ark revealed
To save the wanderer from the foaming tide!

VI.

There is a home for thee,
Though love would lure thee from the safe retreat;
We clasp thy soft white hand, yet fear to be
The guardian leaders of thy sinless feet!

VII.

Child of unwearied prayer,
Of deep abiding tenderness, farewell!
Thou art a treasure yielded to our care—
Lent us from Heaven, and only loved too well!

Boston, Mass. IOSE.

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Original.

THE LADY MARGARET'S VISION.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"Visit not with a severer scorn
Faults, whose deep root was with our nature born,
From which,—though others wooed thee just as vain,—
Thou, differently tempted, didst abstain."—*Mrs. Norton.*

In a richly furnished, but somewhat antique apartment, sate a stately and still beautiful woman, on whom the hand of time had fallen so lightly, that but for the silver threads which were woven amid her braided locks, she might have seemed proof against his power. A bright fire blazed in the ample hearth, and as the evening rapidly closed in, the flickering light of the burning brands alone illumined the chamber, while in the red glow the old pictures upon the wall seemed to gleam out like living faces. But the lady's brow was dark, and her eye was troubled,—the flush of anger was upon her cheek, and pride, the anguished pride of outraged affection, ruled her heart.

"I will *not* forgive her;" said she at length, raising her head and looking sternly at the portrait of a fair young girl, which hung directly before her, and speaking in that low deep tone which seems like the unconscious utterance of thought,—"I will not take back to my heart and home the undutiful and ungrateful child, who has thus trampled upon my affections. She has chosen her own path, and she must now pursue it wherever it may lead. Any thing else I could have borne,—but to think that the cherished, the indulged, the idolized object of my love,—the youngling of my flock,—she who alone remained to me, when the inexorable grave, or marriage—that lesser death to filial affection—had robbed me of all my other children—that she should have forgotten the mother who would have died for her, —that she should have preferred a stranger's love to the life-long tenderness which had watched over her infancy,—that she should plight the bridal vow without a parent's blessing—nay, even trample upon a mother's heart ere her steps could approach the altar,—no—no —it cannot be forgiven! She has left me to my loneliness,—she has deceived my trust—she has wedded the lover of her choice, and now let her bide the destiny she has chosen. Henceforth she is as a stranger to my home and my affections."

Was it the faint, sweet perfume of the flowers beside her which stole upon the senses of the Lady Margaret, as she ceased speaking, and sate, buried in profound thought in her quaintly carved and cushioned chair? Or was it the fanning of some angel-wing, which in mercy to the stricken heart of the proud mother, lulled her into a calm deep trance, wherein, freed from the clogging weight of earthly passions, her soul might look upon the past, and learn a lesson of forbearance? Her eyes closed,—her brow relaxed its frown,—her hand fell senseless at her side, while her spirit, awakened to its new perceptions; and while to a common eye she might have seemed wrapt in slumber, she was in truth gazing upon a well-remembered vision of the past.

She seemed to be in the same apartment—the same familiar objects were around her, but a lady fairer and paler sate in the seat which had so long been her own, while a dark, proud man stood in the midst of the chamber with folded arms and threatening aspect, gazing upon a weeping girl who knelt at the lady's feet. The girl's face was buried in her hands, but her slight frame shook with convulsive emotion, as she listened to the fierce rebuke of her stern father, and the keener but gentler remonstrance of her delicate mother. But while the Lady Margaret gazed upon the scene, a dimness, like that which the breath might leave on a mirror, seemed to pass over it, and as it slowly faded, another picture appeared before the watcher. Bending from a low balcony, was the slight figure of the same weeping girl, while a muffled form stood beneath the casement, in the dim star-light of a summer's night. In the dewy stillness of that quiet hour, words were uttered which scorch the heart and fire the brain,—there was a murmur of cruel parents, and thwarted love, and ere the grey dawn broke upon the pair, the maiden had promised to leave her father's hall for the arms of the homeless stranger.

The scene again grew dim, and melted away like the mist of morning, but the Lady Margaret knew that she had looked again upon her *first temptation*, and her proud heart grew still with dread when she remembered that only the treachery of a domestic had saved her from the disgrace and misery of a clandestine marriage.

Again the broken shadows seemed to form themselves into a picture. A beautiful landscape lay before her,—a stately villa, with all its rich array of cultivated fields, and gardens, and its wide extent of park scenery, was in the distance—while a lovely dell through which murmured a rapid mountain stream, occupied the foreground. On the bank of that noisy rivulet, hidden from a careless eye by the umbrageous thicket, stood two persons. The face of the lady was turned away, but her hand lay tremblingly in the clasp of her companion, as she listened in silence to words which should never have been uttered.

"Your husband loves you not, my adored Margaret," said the lover—and the words were uttered in those impassioned tones which woman never hears with indifference: "he cares but for the rewards of ambition,—he toils for fame, heedless of the joy of reciprocal affection. He satisfies his selfish heart with the plaudits of the multitude, while you are left to loneliness and neglect. Your loveliness is but as the ornament of his rank, and he wears you, but as the star upon his breast, to do honor to his haughty station. He surrounds you with every luxury for his own sake, even as he would place a rich setting around a costly diamond. You are beautiful and can adorn his state,—you are gifted and can do honor to his taste,—you are the child of rank and wealth, and can therefore aid him in his aspiring path to distinction. But does his icy nature ever melt beneath your smiles? Does he love the sweet and tender woman? Does he worship your image with

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the passionate tenderness which has filled for years the bosom of your humble, your untitled, your almost nameless worshipper? Oh, Margaret! you who were once mine own,—had you been but faithful to your early love, how different had been your destiny! You would not have been the neglected mistress of such a wide domain—you would have worn no jewels on your brow,—your foot would not have been familiar with palaces,—but you would have been the idol of my heart—sharing my humble but beautiful home in Italy's land of bye-gone glories,—you would have been the theme of your poet-lover's song,—the star of his destiny,—the one sole object of his thoughts—the creature of his cares as you now are of his dreams. Years of anguish have gone over me—the fire within mine eye is dimmed with tears, and the glow on my cheek is faded, but my heart is yet unchanged. You have found new objects of affection—you have poured out the overflow of your passionate heart upon your unconscious children, while I——"

The words were suddenly checked upon the speaker's lips,—the voice of the tempter ceased,—the lady flung off the hand which clasped her trembling fingers, and covering her face, burst into a flood of tears. The fountain of maternal tenderness had been unsealed—the fire of evil passion had been quenched in those pure waters, and as the lover turned foiled and disheartened from the now self-possessed and sorrowing woman, the Lady Margaret remembered her *second temptation*.

Again the mist darkened over the scene, and as it cleared away, lo! another view presented itself.

In a dimly-lighted chamber sate a stately lady attired in the habiliments of mourning. The widow was alone, alone amid the scenes of her youth, and her recollections of the past were far more softening to her heart, than was the grief of the present. The husband over whom the grave had just closed, was one to be remembered with pride, but not with tenderness. He had lived for ambition, he had reached the summit of his hopes, and he had died ere any vicissitude came to disturb his brilliant career. The lady cherished his memory with lofty pride, but no deep grief mingled with her haughty recollections of his genius and his honors. At that moment a well-known form appeared before her. The lover of her youth had come once more to seek her whom he had worshipped so long in secret, and, it may be, that the faded beauty of the lady was forgotten in the remembrance of her broad lands and noble heritage. He knelt before her; he poured out those passionate entreaties which almost break a woman's heart; the fierce, wild nature which is the heritage of Italia's children, rioted in his veins, and he uttered his earnest pleadings in those sweet, rich tones that breathe of music and of love. The lady trembled, and her tears fell fast on the hand which clasped her's, in all the fervor of ungoverned emotion. She knew that her lover's life had been one of waywardness and evil, but through all changes he had cherished his early tenderness, and he now knelt before her unfettered by any tie, to claim the hand which death had freed from his embrace.

The lady bowed her head, until her brow rested on the dark locks that clustered on her lover's head; she knew that she must resign country and friends and home, if she wedded the lowly suitor; yet she shrunk not from the sacrifice, for the tones which had first won their way into her girlish heart, were now sounding in her ear, and the accents of unswerving tenderness trembled on her lip. Another moment and the widow will be the betrothed. Why does she start as if a serpent had stung her Why does the flush of pride and shame mount to her brow as she rises from the half-embrace of her kneeling lover? A ringing laugh resounded from the distant chamber, where sport her stately boys, and their fair and gentle sister; the voice of her children falls upon her ear, and the mother's heart is steeled against the woman's weakness. "What, give to those innocent children the guardianship of one whose nature had ever been like that of a fallen angel, full of glorious errors and dazzling vices? Place them within the guidance of one who had sought to lead her own youth astray? Deprive them of the noble example of their own high-minded father, to place before them the enticing model of gifted and graceful error? No! those joyous voices had awakened a better spirit within her. The spell was broken, and as the lady bade the tempter a last farewell, though her cheek was like ashes, and her lip was writhed with the fierce agony of her spirit, the Lady Margaret remembered her *third temptation*.

The vision passed away, and she looked only on the familiar objects in her apartment. But the frown had left her brow, the flush had vanished from her cheek, and her eye was softened as if an unshed tear lay within it. The door opened, the darkness shrouded the intruder from view for an instant, but the next moment the erring daughter knelt at the feet of the chastened mother. "They who have often stumbled in the path of duty, should have compassion on those who fall," murmured the Lady, as she raised the weeping girl, and pressed her to her bosom, which throbbed with forgiving tenderness.

Original.

TWILIGHT.

How sweetly comes the silver moon,
From out yon rose-cloud curtained bower;
While stars their angel watches keep,
And balmy dews embathe each flower.

The glories of the dying day,
A golden hue have left on earth;
Hushed is the music of the grove,
And gone the shout of boisterous mirth,

Far as my eye this hour may scan,
The boundless bosom of the sea;
No speck of life or snowy sail
Appears—but one tranquillity

Rests over all—sweet hour of peace,
That unto weary man doth bring;
Oblivion to his care-worn heart,
Like fanning of an Angel's wing.

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Original.

A LEGEND OF FUEGO.

BY W. S. MAYO, M. D.

THERE are few more magnificent and interesting natural objects to be found in the world, than the several mountain peaks which distingish the principal clusters of islands in the Atlantic. In the Azores, the Peak of Pico; in the Canaries, the Peak of Teneriffe; in the Cape de Verdes, the Peak of Fuego.

The Peak of Pico is perhaps the most beautiful, although less imposing, from its inferiority in height, than its more lofty, and better known rival of Teneriffe. Occupying nearly the whole of the small island to which it gives its name, and rising, as it were, directly from the sea, to a height of seven thousand feet, the eye commands every foot of the acclivity, and takes in at one glance the whole of its symmetrical proportions. Viewed from the little town of Orta, the capital of the opposite island of Fayal, at a distance of about seven or eight miles, no sight can possibly be finer. Frequently a great part of the scenic effect of a lofty mountain is lost from the irregularity of its base, and from the difficulty of determining at what point the mountain commences. In this case there is no uncertainty, and the whole elevation of seven thousand feet is at once attributed to the beautiful cone which rears its lofty apex far into the region of the clouds, which, in a thousand fantastic and ever varying shapes wreath their vapory forms around it.

The Peak of Teneriffe, which is nearly twice as high as Pico, has been often visited by travellers, including the learned Humboldt, and has been frequently fully described. Its exact height, however, has long been a subject of dispute, and we believe that the question has not even yet been perfectly settled. Struck by its imposing and majestic appearance, there have not been wanting visitors who have claimed for it the credit of being the far famed Atlas of the Ancients. The claim, however, vanishes before the better founded pretensions of the Mauritanian giant and the Peak must content itself with its modern fame and the classic associations of the true Fortunate Isles of which it is the pride.

Both Pico and Teneriffe are smouldering volcanoes —sleeping giants, who, as if tired out with these exertions in past ages, had composed themselves to rest—an occasional groan—a sighing sulphurous expiration—a deep but transient shivering alone giving evidence of the vitality—the raging life—the restless energies within. The Peak of Fuego, on the contrary, has been almost always since its discovery by the Portuguese, in a state of active eruption. From the accounts of the earliest voyagers, however, it would seem that they were much more violent formerly than in the present day. It is particularly described by Dampier Froger and Ovington. "It is most horrible to behold, especially in the night," saith Beekman—"what prodigious flames and vast clouds of smoke it vomits up continually which we could perceive afterwards in a clear day, though we were above sixty miles distant." Captain Roberts, who, in 1721, was captured by pirates, and landed at the Cape de Verdes, says in his account of his remarkable adventures, "that it is almost incredible what huge rocks are cast out, and to what a great height, the noise of which in falling again, breaking and rolling down, may very easily be heard eight or nine leagues off in a still air, and in the night, be seen rolling down the Peak all in a flame."

The Cape de Verdes were first discovered in 1456, by the celebrated voyager and writer, Cada Mosto, a Genoese, in the service of the Portuguese, who, by his energy and daring, gave something of that same kind of impetus to Portuguese navigation, although in a less brilliant way that his great countryman afterwards did to the Spanish. It is a curious fact that at that time the Peak of Fuego did not exist, that is, if we may believe the traditions of the inhabitants of the island. Certain it is, that Cada Mosto makes no mention of it, and that it was some time after his discovery that the name he gave to it, St. Felipe, was superseded by that of Fuego, or island of fire. It seems that at one time, shortly after its discovery, the whole island was enveloped in flames, and that in consequence, no efforts were made to settle for many years. At length the fire having subsided, excepting at the Peak, the King of Portugal issued an edict, granting the lands in fee simple to whoever would settle upon them, and, in consequence, a scanty population was soon drawn from St. Jago and the other islands, allured by the hope of finding some of the gold which, according to the tradition, was the cause of the fire, and which, even now, some of the inhabitants believe to exist.

—

It was on a calm clear summer's evening, that a stranger stood amid a group of chattering fishermen, upon the little sandy beach of the *Fonta de Villa.* Directly in the back ground rose the rugged basaltic rocks, beneath which were scattered a few huts, each one with a flashing fire of dried sea-weed before it, round which, dark, half clad female figures were busily preparing the evening meal. Extending round upon the point, which separates the bay of *Nossa senhora* from *Fonta de Villa*, other fires threw their strong light upon the sharp projections of the rock. Upon the beach were drawn up in a line the black latteen fishing boats, while their lounging owners gathered in knots, wandering up and down the beech, puffing their paper segars, and discussing the adventures of their last cruise to the opposite African coast, or the prospects of the next.

No unimportant personage was the stranger among these rude and simple-minded fishermen of the Fonta de Villa. It was your Excellency here, and your Excellency there, and all crowded round, vieing with each other in their expressions of courtesy, and all striving to have in an execrable Portuguese *patois* some communication with him. The subject of fishing was debated in its greatest length and breadth—the difference of the shebbel and the tassart, and the comparative merits of both were fully explained by a dozen eager voices.

"But is there not much danger when you go north

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upon the coast of the Sahara? Are you not afraid of the Arabs?"

"Oh, yes, Signor, but the fish are so much larger and more abundant there; we can fill the biggest mistico in a day; and if we do not go too far north, the Arabs have no boats in which they can attack us. The Spaniards of the Canaries sometimes get caught off of Wednoon, but we never go so high as that. There is no danger for us except when we get driven on shore, that happens sometimes, signor—"

And here twenty voices put in, each trying to tell its story of some felucca or mistico which had been driven ashore upon the desert, and the crews either murdered or carried into hopeless captivity.

"Signor! listen to me! Listen, your Excellency!" exclaimed a huge tawny fellow, who, by dint of vociferation, had partially silenced his voluble compeers—"listen to me. I'll tell you the story of Pedro Vosala, who was wrecked just this side of the Rio del Oro, and carried away into the sandy country. He was my wife's own father! Listen, Signor! Silence all, while I tell his Excellency the story."

A broad glare of light at this instant shot up from the dark mountain, illuminating its rugged sides, and throwing its light far out to seaward.

"The Peak! the Peak!" exclaimed a dozen voices, and the fisherman's story was cut short in the general interest with which all turned towards the magnificent spectacle.

Two tall columns of flame flashed upward from the apex of the Peak—at one moment steady and erect—the next, quivering and swaying to and fro in the currents of the wind; at one moment seeming to repel each other, the next, bowing, crouching, and turning like wary combatants preparing for a struggle for life or death, they would rush at each other, close, and writhe for an instant in the fierce embrace.

"The priests!" exclaimed one—"The magicians!" shouted another—"The alchemists!" bellowed a third.

"Priests, magicians and alchemists! What is it that you mean?" demanded the stranger.

"I'll tell his Excellency the story, bawled the stentor, who, having been cheated out of the tale of his father's adventures among the Arabs, was determined not to lose another chance. At length, after some altercation, the speaker "obtained the floor," and commenced.

"You must, know, Signor, that many, many years ago, there lived over in the other island of St. Jago, two very celebrated men, who were renowned as much for their knowledge as for their piety and holiness. They were both monks of the order of the most holy St. Dominick. One's name was Father Gonzalo, and the other's, Father Alvarez. No one knew anything of their history, except that they had been great travellers and students, and it was pretty generally suspected that they knew a great deal more than a pious man ought to. They had not known each other until their arrival at St. Jago, but they immediately formed a great friendship for each other. They kept aloof from their brethren of the convent, were often heard talking together in a very queer kind of language, and seen drawing the most diabolical figures upon the ground. Still, they were such very good christians to all appearance, that no one dared say anything against them openly, although the brethren, in time, began to think that they might be wizards, or perhaps Alchemists.

"Alchemists!" demanded the stranger, "what do you understand by that term?"

"I don't know, Signor, but Father Chacon says that it is something a great deal worse than a witch or a magician. God save us from all such"—and here the fisherman devoutly made the sign of the cross, in which he was followed by his auditors.

"Well, things went on this way for a long time, until at last, the two fathers began to find out that every body suspected them. And so they resolved to come over here to this island and live. At that time, it was supposed there was not a single inhabitant here. There was no Peak then, but it was very high and rocky, and it was covered all over so thick with sulphur that there was no place where you could plant an olive tree or a grape vine.

Very glad were the people of St. Jago, when the two fathers took a small boat and set out, because although they had done no harm to any one, every one was afraid that some day with their great knowledge, they would destroy the town, and perhaps the whole island. No one could feel safe for a moment when he knew that they had sold their souls, and that at any moment the Evil One might come for them, and perhaps take the opportunity to carry off more than he had bargained for. Because you see, Signor, the Devil, if he can get any excuse for coming into a town, has a right to carry off any one who has neglected to confess and attend mass.

"Indeed! I was not aware that that was a privilege of his Satanic Excellency."

"Oh, yes, Signor, ask Father Chacon, he will tell you the same thing. Well, you see the monks landed, and set about building a house, thinking that they were all alone upon the island, when in the midst of their work they saw coming towards them a stately, noble, well-dressed Cavalier—a real Don. He was dressed in a magnificent cloth cloak, beneath which he wore a shirt of mail, covered in front with a leather apron, with slits in it, into which were stuck a huge dagger and two or three pairs of pistols. The scabbard of his long *spado* or sword was made to open by means of a spring, so as to save time and trouble in drawing it, and over the pummel was hung a chaplet of beads, like a good and Christian gentleman. Upon his head he wore a high peaked hat, with a brim an arm's length in width, and looped up a little on one side with a silk cord and a tassel as big as my fist. Oh, wasn't that a most splendid dress. I've had it described to me fifty times, and it seems to me that I never could get tired of hearing of it."

"Or talking of it either," interposed an envious listener, "go on and tell his Excellency the story, or else let some one else who can tell it better."

Thus admonished, the narrator continued his discourse.

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"The Don saluted the two monks and welcomed them to the island, upon which he said he had been for many years, having been wrecked on his passage to the Mina or Gold coast, and the only one saved out of the whole crew. He offered them any assistance in his power, and soon the three grew very friendly, each one glad of the new acquaintance he had made.

In this way they lived together for two or three days, until at last the Don told the monks, among other things, that there was plenty of gold in the island, and at their request, he took them and showed them where it was to be found. As soon as they saw the gold, the monks began to think that their new friend was one too many, and that it would be much better to share the gold between two than three: so they consulted together and concluded to murder the Don in his sleep. But, for my part, I can't see why, if they were great magicians, and could make gold, they should be so anxious to keep the poor Don out of his share of what he had found.

"But, so it was: they killed the Don, and began collecting the gold which he had shown them. But they had not worked long at that business before they began to disagree. Each one wanted to assume power over the other, and each one began to express his determination of laying claim to more than half of the precious metal; so that from being the best of friends, they soon became mortal foes.

"'I tell you,' said Gonzalo, 'that I am the most renowned and learned magician of the two. Have I not lived and studied in the East, at the very fountain-head of science? Have I not been taught the mysteries of the most holy *Cabaa?* Am I not the favored disciple of my master *Mahmoud?* I tell you I am the superior and I will be obeyed.'

'Go to,' replied Alvarez, 'with your cabaa and your Mahmoud. Haven't I travelled all over Soudan and Bambarra, and lived in the great city of Tombute, and don't I know all the mysteries of the *Fetish*, and am I not the favored disciple of the great *Obih?* Go to, I say, I am the most learned and the most powerful magician, and I will be obeyed.'

"And so they wrangled for three days, and then they withdrew to different parts of the island, and commenced working at their art, each one to destroy the other. All kinds of tricks and sorceries and incantations they practised against each other: and the fight between Mahmoud and Obih lasted a great many weeks. All that time our island was covered with thick clouds, which could be plainly seen at St. Jago, and in the clouds hosts of spirits rushed upon each other night and day, with a most terrific noise.

"One night, the good citizens of Ribeyro Grande, were startled by a great light, and looking over this way, they saw the whole island in flames. The magicians had set it on fire——"

"Whether by accident or design is not known, I suppose?"

"No, Signor! but Father Chacon thinks that the way it came about, was this. You see the ground was all covered with sulphur, and one of the magicians used such a powerful charm to call up the evil spirit, that he was compelled to come instantly, without time to cool on the way, so that arriving here hissing hot, the moment his fiery feet touched the sulphur, the whole soil took fire."

"A very probable supposition of Father Chacon!"

"Oh, yes, Signor! Father Chacon knows how all such things come about. But to finish my story.—The fire continued to burn for a great many years, and amidst the flames and smoke the magicians could be seen fighting with each other, aided by vast armies of spirits and demons."

"And which conquered?"

"Oh, neither of them as yet, Signor: they keep it up still, as you can see with your own eyes," pointing up to the Peak. "Those two flames are the magicians, themselves. You see the gold is in the mountain, and when the fire subsided, and people came over here to live on the island, the two monks took up their residence in the Peak, and by their struggles have raised it up so high. Sometimes for weeks we can hear them at work, growling and threatening, and throwing great stones at each other with so much force, that at times they fly up into the sky twice as high as the mountain, and sometimes they come out and fight upon the top of the Peak as they do to-night. See, now they have got hold of each other, and hear how they bellow and roar!"

The flames now rushed together, writhed and twisted; again separated, and again united, with an appearance of animosity and rage that might well justify the belief of the credulous and ignorant fishermen of the Fonta de Villa.

"And the gold," inquired the stranger, "have you ever found any of it?"

"No, Signor, but we are in hopes that some day some of it will be thrown over the side of the mountain. Whenever there is a great eruption, we always go to look for it, but we have never found any thing yet but pumice stones and sulphur. Some of these days it will come, and then won't we be rich? I'll buy me a sombrero with a brim as wide as the sail of my felucca."

"And I'll buy a cloak that will come down to my heels," exclaimed one.

"And I'll have a rosary of real coral and pearls," said another.

"And I'll have a gold cross-handled spado as high as my head," shouted a fourth.

All eagerly commenced explaining the purposes to which they would apply their wealth when it should come, while the stranger, thanking them for the story, took his leave and walked away for his dirty *posada* in the little miserable town of *La Ghate*.

There, the next day, he heard the story repeated, and found that the fishermen were not alone in their belief; that it was a matter of faith as well with the priests, the dignitaries, and the governor of the town, which it would take two or three courses of geological lectures to unsettle. Fortunately, for the credit of the wizzards of Fuego, there is no lyceum at La Ghate, and the school-master has never taken the Cape de Verdes in his tour.

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Original.

THE GRAVE IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"The Oriel sang on the pendant bough,
By the home of her lowly rest,
And o'er it the star of evening shone,
Like the smile of an angel blest."

It was on a bright morning in the month of May, that the wagon of an emigrant might have been seen slowly moving along the rough, grass-covered road, faintly traced through the heart of the South-western Wilderness. It is seldom that the sun looks upon a scene of richer beauty, and yet the hearts of those who beheld it, pined for the home they had left beyond the mountains.

"Rosa, how do you feel now?" said Mr. Osborne, with an expression of great anxiety, looking back into the wagon from the seat where he sat guiding the horses. This was addressed to his daughter, a girl of seventeen, who lay on a bed placed in the bottom of the wagon, with her head supported in her mother's lap.

"A little better," she replied, in a faint voice.

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Osborne, "the fever-flush on her cheeks deepens every moment. I do wish that we could find some spot where we might rest; she cannot bear the motion of the carriage."

"We must go on 'till we can find water, at any rate," replied her husband," and if I am not deceived, the nature of the soil indicates it to be near at hand."

"Let James and I alight, father, and go on forward," said a handsome, active boy of thirteen," and see if we cannot find some."

His father assented, and alighting, the boys bounded along the road, which now began to enter a deep forest. Leaving the road on the left, they soon emerged into the open country, and ascending a spot of ground, somewhat elevated, they, to their great delight, beheld at a little distance, a stream of water sparkling brightly in the sunbeams. The shout of joy which they uttered at the discovery, rose shrill and clear on the air, and was wafted back to those left behind. Mr. Osborne cheered the horses into a quicker pace, and in a few minutes they had arrived at the point, where the eldest boy, whose name was Robert, had stationed himself, that he might direct his father which way to proceed. It was with considerable difficulty, though the distance was short, that Mr. Osborne led the horses through the intricacies of the forest, the interlacing boughs or the luxuriant vine, frequently checking all further progress, 'till cut or torn away.

"There, father, said Robert, when they had at last arrived at the foot of the eminence, "you see where James stands in the shade of those large trees. Well, the water, though we cannot see it here, is not more than half a rod from that spot, and looks almost as bright and sparkling as the brook that used to run back of our house, which Rosa used to love so well. There are no such smooth pebbles at the bottom, though," he added with a sigh.

It was not long before they halted in the shade of a cluster of noble tress, the same which had been indicated by Robert. Here it was their first care to arrange a bed for Rosa.

It was a lonely and quiet spot; the rustling of the foliage, and occasionally a gush of sweet, wild music from some bird, alone breaking the Sabbath stillness. The air, soft and clear, and laden with the breath of the many brilliant flowers gemming the greensward, as it fanned the brow of the fair girl, for a moment appeared to alleviate her sufferings. From the place where she lay, she could behold the sparkling stream, and she thought of the clear brook on whose pebbly bed she had, in childhood, so often stood and watched its waters like a stream of liquid amber gurgle over her small, bare feet, and listened to its musical voice that seemed whispering to her of days of joy yet to come. There was a living form, too, that rose amid the scene, and hallowed and endeared the memories of her late home. The spot where Edgar Ashton had told her of his love, and communicated to her the plans he had formed of joining her in the far West, as soon as he had accumulated a sum that would make the little homestead comfortable for his widowed mother and his two young brothers, rose up so palpably before her, that she held her breath to listen, expecting to hear his voice. The loud carol of a bird, such as she had never heard before, dissipated the illusion, and covering her face with her hands, she wept as she became conscious that her mind was yielding to the bewildering influence of her disease.

The noontide hour had long been past, and Mr. Osborne and his two sons had completed a slight structure, formed of the limbs and boughs of trees, as a shelter from the heavy night-dews. Rosa, as she turned her eyes towards the East, beheld one lone star beginning faintly to shine near the horizon, and she imagined that its light might beam on him who was now far away. Perhaps even then his eyes, like her's might be directed towards it.

"Is it not Thursday?" she inquired of her mother, who now drew near her bed-side.

She replied that it was.

"Thursday evening," she resumed, is, as you may remember, the last we ever spent in our home. Edgar Ashton was with us, and before we parted, we all sang our favorite evening hymn. Let me listen to it now for the last time.

Many persons have heard the "Evening Hymn," commencing with the line—

"The day is past and gone,"

beautiful for its simplicity, and which, in former years, might often have been heard by a New-England fireside, sung by the united voices of a household, before retiring to rest. Now, for the first time, its music rose on the still air of the lonely and solemn wilderness. The clear, deep voice of Mr. Osborne trembled not, even when the voice of Rosa was heard joining in the hymn in accents sweet, yet low and broken—for the iron nerves of a strong man are not easily shaken even

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when the heart is bleeding with anguish; but the voices of the mother and the brothers were faint and unsteady, and sometimes, almost ceased, for they knew that it was the last time Rosa would ever sing with them. She had, before they commenced their hymn, been removed to the shelter of the bower, but so near the entrance, which had, by her request, been made to look towards the home of her childhood, that she could still behold the star which had attracted her attention when it first began to kindle its fires in the heavens.

She spoke of Edgar Ashton, and holding up her hand, so as to display a plain gold ring he gave her at parting, requested it to be returned to him when she was dead.

"Oh, Rosa," said Robert, sobbing as he spoke, "you will get well—I know you will."

"No, Robert, I shall die, and you and father and mother and James will all have to go away and leave me here alone. You, mother, must write to Edgar Ashton, and tell him you left me resting in a pleasant spot, near a stream of clear water, almost as beautiful as that which runs near the home we left. Tell him the song of birds will float over me by day, and that a star, sweet and mild as the one we loved to imagine was the home of ministering spirits, will shine upon my grave, by night. Mark the spot where you bury me, so that if ever he should be a wanderer in this country, he may find where I lie."

She now closed her eyes, and seemed inclined to sleep.

The night wore on, and the father and mother watched together by the low couch of their dying daughter. Even the boys, so light were their slumbers, roused themselves at every noise, were it only the low twitter of a bird, as it moved on its leafy perch.

The day-star had risen in the east, when Rosa awoke from her heavy sleep. Mr. and Mrs. Osborne bent earnestly forward to catch the low murmur on her lips. Her words were broken and indistinct, but they knew that she spake of the blessedness of that land, where friends meet to part no more, and where sorrow and sighing flee away. She became silent, and they saw that it was death that had hushed her voice. Mrs. Osborne and the boys covered their faces and wept, but Mr. Osborne, as he turned his eyes toward heaven, now glowing with the first beams of day, said in a low, yet unfaltering voice, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord."

All the next day they watched beside their dead. Her shroud was carefully arranged by the mother's hands, and her long, golden tresses, which used to sport with every breath of wind, were parted on her cold forehead and lay motionless amid its snowy folds. Robert and James gathered violets and wild roses, for these were New England flowers, which they knew she loved, and placed them upon her bosom.

The twilight shadows began to gather. A grave had been dug in the shade of the largest and most beautiful of the trees, amid whose branches birds were now singing their evening song. They knew that the time had come for them to commit her to the dust, and kneeling by the bier, woven of green boughs, Mr. Osborne offered up a prayer, fervent and humble—heart-thrilling, yet full of trust. When they arose, they felt strengthened for their mournful task. They placed her gently in the grave they had prepared, looked upon her for the last time, and then, all but the father turned away, for they could not bear to see the earth fall upon the sweet face that had so often smiled upon them, and which was beautiful even in death. Mr. Osborne leaned for a few minutes on his spade, and breathed a silent prayer, that he might not shrink from this last trying duty, which he owed to the dead.

By the time the grave was closed and covered with the fresh green sods, day-light had entirely faded. All was calm and silent. Even the voice of the winds was hushed, yet as they sat together by the spot where they had laid their poor Rosa, "a floating whisper," such as is heard only in the deep hush of the evening or night time, seemed to come to them like low and very distant music. None spoke, yet it fell on the hearts of all with a deep and soothing power. It appeared to them like the echo of spirit-voices singing some sweet hymn, such a one as Rosa used to love to breathe with her clear, musical voice on a still Sabbath evening in summer.

The morning rose bright and balmy, and Mr. Osborne, with the assistance of his family, having enclosed the grave with logs prepared the day before, mentioned that it was time for them to pursue their journey. Every thing being ready for their departure, they looked on the grave for the last time, and wept.

When they had arrived at the spot destined to be their future home, Mrs. Osborne's first care was to perform the request of Rosa, and write to Edgar Ashton. The letter and the ring were entrusted to the care of a gentleman about to commence a journey, which would lead him near the young man's home, and he promised to deliver them with his own hands. He wrote an immediate answer, for it was a consolation to him to pour out his heart to those who he knew would give him their sympathy.

"A thousand thanks," said he, towards the conclusion of his letter, "for the faithful description you gave me of the spot where you made her grave. It is present to my mind in the still evening and in the deep night. It will ever be the dearest spot to me on earth, and soon to be able to behold it, is the hope I most fondly cherish."

—

A number of years afterwards, as a traveller from one of the New England states, was riding in company with a native son of the forest, he, at a little distance observed a small spot of ground enclosed with logs. Inquiring of the Indian its design, he related to him the incidents on which the foregoing sketch is founded. With feelings deeply touched and interested at the idea that a young and beautiful girl was reposing alone in the wilderness, far from kindred and friends, he drew near the enclosure. A wild rose-tree, together with the sensitive plant had taken root on her grave and were growing in rich luxuriance—appropriate emblems of the beauty and modest virtues of her, who slept beneath.

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Original.

THE LOTTERY TICKET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE," "KYD," AND THE "QUADROONE."

DONALD FAY was a young and industrious farmer, blessed with a beautiful and virtuous wife, and surrounded with every comfort that the heart of man could desire. But, unluckily becoming acquainted with some thoughtless companions, who preferred pleasure to industry, he was progressively and insensibly led, step by step, to idleness, intemperance, and finally to gambling. Frequently, in his sober moments, he formed the resolution to break from their society, but no sooner did he encounter them, than reason, judgment, principle, all took flight, and he became a ready victim to their vicious and designing arts. His conduct before and after drinking, illustrates in a strong manner the folly and degrading effects of intoxicating drinks. Alas, that "men will put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains!"

One morning, Donald got up very late, with a headache, and a parched and feverish palate.

"Donald, dear, you look ill this morning," said his young wife, laying her hand upon his soft temples.

"And can't a man be a little ill without such a fuss being made about it," he said, testily, throwing aside her hand. The tears came into Sarah's eyes, for Donald had never spoken sharply to her before.

He went out to look after his farm, but felt disinclined to exert himself. He leaned upon a gate and began bitterly to reflect upon what he had done the day before.

"Yes, I have disgraced myself, and lost my self respect. Instead of returning directly home and spending my few leisure moments with Sarah and the child, I preferred lounging in the market; and then this low drunken fellow persuades me to go into a drinking cellar with him! I wouldn't have been seen with him by any respectable persons, but—but—" and Donald could not conceal from himself that his love of money had been the temptation that drew him after gain. "If I had drank nothing, now, I should not condemn myself so much—for it was business I had with him. But that I should drink, and not once, but twice! And then I don't know hardly what I did—I have some remembrance of riding in a coach, and I do recollect distinctly purchasing this lottery ticket, and foolishly paying sixteen dollars for it!" And he took from his pocket book the ticket and looked at it with a melancholy air. Sixteen dollars thrown away! What a fool I have made of myself! If I had been sober, I should no sooner have gone into a lottery office than into a gambling house. And then to purchase a ticket, too! To throw a stake for chance! Ah, Donald Fay, I would not believe yesterday morn you would have done all this! Truly, if any man had said to me then, 'Donald, before sunrise to-morrow, you will have cronied with Jim Talbot, gone arm and arm with him down into Burling's cellar, drank with him, got drunk with him, rode in a hackney coach with him, bought a lottery ticket and paid sixteen hard earned dollars for it,' I would have knocked him over! And yet it is all true; oh, Donald Fay!" And Donald placed his hand on his brow and groaned aloud. "And what would poor Sarah say, if she knew all? She would despise me; and I spoke cross to her; that is the top-stone of my madness! Oh, that I should have spoken a cross word to the young wife of my bosom, the mother of my little girl! Oh, Donald Fay, Donald Fay, what bitter repentance has an idle moment cost thee!"

"Nay, dear Donald," said his wife's soft voice close to his ear, while her arm fondly encircled his neck: "do not grieve, Donald! Now I know all, for I have listened as I came near you, and know all you have done. You have been tempted and have fallen! But God will forgive; and think not of speaking sharp to me! I don't mind it! I knew something had gone wrong with you, and I anxiously followed you as you went out looking so ill at ease, and when I saw you lean over the gate so miserably, I came to bring you into the house and nurse you! Never mind, it now, Donald, dear! Let the yesterday's folly be buried with the yesterday! Come, do not grieve so! You will break my heart if you do! Nay, nay, dear husband! It is a fearful thing to see a strong man sob!" And this true wife and woman, pressed his head to her bosom, on which he lay for several minutes, sobbing like a child.

His spirit was broken by her forgiveness and tender sympathy, which he felt he did not deserve: he was humbled too, with shame at his fault, and could have sunk on his knees before her, and before his God! At length, he became calmer, and her few but healing words, soon brought a smile to his face.

"Ah, Sarah, dearest, you are indeed a help-mate to me! I felt so wretched at what I had done, that I feel, if you had met me with reproaches and harsh reproofs, I should have fled to the cup for relief from my remorse! But you have acted like an angel! You have acted like a wife! God bless you;" and the humbled, grateful, penitent husband clasped his noble wife to his swelling heart.

Donald now went about the duties of his farm with a light and cheerful spirit, while Sarah returned to the house to enjoy in the recesses of her own bosom, the generous joy that follows noble conduct. Sweet wives! ye that love to upbraid a husband's faults and rail at his lapses and weaknesses, adding bitterness to the cup, his silent conscience has already sufficiently drugged, and by your coldness, or silence, or reproofs, or tearful and angry upbraidings, convert penitence into despair, and increase the evil you foolishly hope by this treatment to cure, take pattern by the humble, sensible and loving wife of Donald Fay! Think not it is noble and spirited to resent! When man wrongs another, he is met with resentment; but when he wrongs his wife, he should be met with forgiveness! This is feminine, this is generous, this is the temper that will liken you, indeed, to that similitude with angels, which you so love to have said of you! Every true wife—I mean the still young and lovely in the husband's eyes—holds in her own hands the magic wand of domestic peace and happiness.

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I say the *young and lovely*, because it is then, before beauty wanes and the power of the eye and voice and smile is gone, that she must gain that sweet control over his heart which is to last, and bind him to her for life! Few women who neglect it 'till their peculiar youthful fascinations are in the wane, will be likely then to succeed if they attempt it; therefore, I have said that every young wife may *rule* her husband, if she will, by sweetness, gentleness, affection, forbearance, and forgiveness—laying on these the golden foundation of the beautiful temple, in which Domestic Love delights to dwell!

"Oh, woman, wife! didst thou but know the power
Held in each gesture of thy snowy hand;
Couched in thy smiles; flashing from thy glance;
Dwelling in each lineament and look of love;
Round every motion thrown; in step and air
Concealed—hidden, yet stronger for being hid—
On thee bestowed to captivate and bind,
Thou wouldst, alone, with these thyself engird,
Cuirass and helm, breast-plate, and sword and shield,
A glorious panoply of wifely
Armor! Sweetness doth temper, and true love
Polish it, and bright and spotless kept by daily use!—
Oh, didst thou know this power that dwelt in thee,
Heaven bestowed, and such as seraphs wield,
Thou wouldst not more th' unsexly weapons use
Of frowns, and nails, and words of high abuse!"

So much for our poet, who writes like an honest old English husband, who hath learned his wisdom herein by experience.

That evening, Donald sat in his door with Sarah affectionately seated beside him. He thought she never looked so lovely, and was sure that he had never loved her so dearly.

"Sarah," he said smiling, yet blushing with ingenuous shame, "I find on looking in my pocket book, I have not told you all the evils that resulted from my idle moment yesterday. I find I have in some way lost a twenty dollar bill. I can form no idea how it is gone! But a man who drinks must expect to pay for his folly."

"Never mind it, Donald; you will never lose any more in that way, and we will work a little harder and try to make it up."

"But I don't mind that so much as that I should be guilty of buying a lottery ticket, besides the risk of losing sixteen dollars more. I am heartily ashamed of myself. I have a good mind to destroy the ticket and think no more of it, for I did a wicked thing to purchase it."

"It would be best to remove the evil from sight, and thought, Donald," said Sarah, quietly, and looking pleased at this suggestion coming from him.

Donald took the ticket from his pocket-book, and looked at it with the resolution to destroy it. But his eye was arrested by the deceitful and alluring figures of thousands of dollars, and by the tempting promises to the adventurous spirit that covered its face. Sarah saw that his love for money was tampering with it, and that he might yet keep it; she therefore playfully snatched it, saying,

"Come, Donald, I will tear it up myself, and then it will go into oblivion with every thing of that unlucky yesterday."

"No, stay a minute, Sarah," he said, withholding it; "it will be no harm to look at it! It says the highest prize is $100,000, and that the drawing takes place on the 27th; that is next Saturday! Suppose we don't tear it up, but wait 'till after Saturday! There is no knowing what it may bring us; and as it's bought, destroying it won't give me back the sixteen dollars I so foolishly paid for it."

"No, Donald, do not keep it! Your resolution to destroy it was a virtuous one. You won't be happy while you have it on hand, but always be thinking about it, do, dear Donald!"

"But it may be the means of making us both rich; who knows? I don't think it would be wise to throw it away 'till we know the result."

"But you said you were so sorry you bought it," said Sarah, gently.

"So I am. But to tear it in pieces won't make me any sorrier, wife. I am resolved to keep it 'till after Saturday, and then if there is no prize, I'll throw it away and never think of lotteries again."

His wife saw that it would be of no use to urge him farther, and was silent; though her face was sad as if she instinctively fore-saw the evil that would come of keeping it.

All the week, Donald, sure enough, was thinking every leisure moment about his ticket; and when at work on his farm, visions of wealth would fill his imagination, and he would pause over his plough or spade and idly give rein to his fancies. When the day approached on which the drawing was to take place, he became restless and anxious; Friday afternoon he left the field early, and came to the house and walked about uneasy and in a feverish state of mind, until bed-time. Sarah saw the change in his conduct, and her heart told her the cause of it. She sighed, and trusted that the next day would for ever put an end to this unhappy disposition, and that the smile would once more gladden his cheerful brow as before his temptation by honest Jamie Talbot. That night he scarcely closed his eyes; and rising early, he made his milk-man stay at home and fodder the cattle, while he went himself to town with the wagon. After he had hurriedly served his customers, he put up his horse at a stall near the market, and hastened towards the lottery office. He looked warily round before entering, lest any of his customers, or persons who knew him, and whose opinion he respected, should see him go in, and then slipped in as well as he could for a crowd that thronged the door. He here learned that the drawing took place in another part of the city, and that as soon as it closed, which would be about three o'clock, the fate of his ticket would be immediately made known on his application where he now was. It was now ten o'clock, and there were five hours yet for him to wait. He left the office, and reflected what he should do with the time in the interval, his heart heavy with the increasing weight of his conscience. Slowly he walked along Nassau street towards the Park, reflecting upon the state of mind the possession and retention of the lottery ticket had produced. He felt he had been guilty of a great evil in keeping it, and

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almost wished he had destroyed it. He could not but confess he had spent a very nervous and unhappy week thinking about the drawing, and his conscience now loudly reproved him for spending a whole day in idleness 'till the fate of his ticket should be known. All these reflections filled his thoughts and weighed down his mind 'till he became hateful to himself—yet he would not destroy the cause of all his guilty misery, which he still held in his pocket-book. He readily assented to all the open and stern admonitions and reproaches of his conscience in relation to his conduct, but had not resolution enough to be guided or influenced by them: weakly and deluded, he yielded himself up to the current into which he had launched, without making an effort, though conscious of the dangers, to save himself from the probable shipwreck of his peace of mind, perhaps of his little fortune and of his character. So deluded is man when he once gives the rein to criminal indulgence—the reproofs of his better nature instead of correcting him irritate, and increase the evil it is their province to lessen.

Donald felt so unhappy that he could have wished any society to help him to beguile the time, and relieve him from his thoughts. As he walked along in this mood of mind, he entered the Park; and as he lifted his eyes to the City Hall clock to see how slowly lagged the hour, he beheld at a distance in one of the walks the figure of Jim Talbot. Jamie had also recognized him, and remembering the abstraction of the twenty dollar note, began to feel the fears of suspicion coming over him, and turning his back was shuffling off with his shape so altered by an ingenious twist of his body and a stooping of the shoulders and a bowing in of the legs, that when Donald's eyes first beheld him, he hesitated in deciding whether it were Jamie or no. He was, however, too familiar with Jamie's long-worn habiliments, and the peculiar angles and cock in his hat to be wholly at fault. A closer inspection assured him of his identity. His first emotion was that of pleasure; for he felt wearied of his own reflections, tired of himself, and any company was relief! Alas! how had Donald Fay fallen! He, therefore, quickened his pace after Jim, who as he was making off was looking at him beneath his arm. The natural thought that occurred to him on now beholding Donald start after him, was that he was about to charge him with the theft of the note; he, therefore, incontinently set off at a round pace, listening to hear the cry in his ear of "stop thief!" Donald, seeing him run, increased his speed of foot, and Jim ran the harder; his rags flying, his hands holding his trowsers up, and his feet slipping from his old shoes at every third step. Donald, however, was clean shod and had suspenders to hold up his trowsers, thus he had that great advantage of using the hands in running, as well as being light heeled, and of a most vigorous constitution. Poor Jamie was overtaken by him at the south gate with his hand on the latch ready to open it.

"What in the nature, man, set you getting up sic a running," said Donald, grasping him firmly by the arm; "is it this way ye treat a friend, Jamie?" he asked, reproaching him.

Jim saw at a glance that all was right, and he had no more to fear from Donald on account of his theft of the bank note, which he was now satisfied he had not missed, or having missed, supposed he had lost it out of his pocket-book. It was, therefore, with an open brow and a heart relieved of much solicitude for the safety of his precious person, which, as he fled he imagined tenanting one of the cells in the Tombs, that he replied, while he grasped Donald warmly by the hand,

"Oh, Donald, man, is it you I heard running behind me? I am glad you spoke—for you see I should have missed you—for I was, you see—going—where in the devil *was* I going?—Oh, to see if that ticket you bought had been drawn a prize! Yes, I was going there, Donald! You see I don't forget my friends." And here Jim gave his friend another hearty shake of the hand. "Where are you going, Donald?"

"Why, I came over with my milk-cart, and as I had a little time to spare, I thought I would just stop 'till the drawing was over. I have no way to pass it, and so seeing you, thought I'd call you!"

Donald colored as he answered, for he knew he had lied when he said he had time to spare—the best part of a whole day, too—when he knew his farm and family required every hour he had resolved to waste in the city, waiting for the result of the drawing morning. Thus falsehood was added to the other vices of which his few idle moments in the market house were the prolific parent. The first indulgence in sin is like the first step down a flight of stairs descending mid-way into a fathomless abyss, with all fearful dizzy space below! It is useless, however, to make reflections here for the reader; for no one can fail to see all that we could point out with but little reflection on his own part. We will, therefore, give our pen more closely to the incident and action of the story, leaving it to convey its own moral.

"You are just the man, then, for my morning," said Jim, enthusiastically clapping his hand on his empty pocket, for not a "red cent" had Jim remaining of his twenty dollars; "come with me, I will show you a way to pass it. How long afore the drawing?"

"Three o'clock—four hours and a half," answered Donald, looking at the clock.

"Good—come on, boy! You are a good fellow, Donald! In five hours you'll be a rich fellow! Good! Let us go!"

"But where?" asked Donald, a little ashamed of his company, yet glad to get it to fly from self-upbraidings.

"Come with me, I'll show you where!" was the satisfactory reply of Jamie, as he passed his arm under Donald's, and pulled him along in the direction of Centre street.

Donald gave himself up to his guidance, and under his care at length reached the market. On the way he had been met by two or three respectable persons of the city, and by one of his neighbors a wealthy lawyer, who, each one of them all stared first at Jim, and then cast an inquiring look at him. He felt excessively ashamed, but his avarice lay deep in his heart, and so he drove the idea of what they would think from his mind.

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"Come, Donald," said Jim, with a patronizing air, "come, man, as I have taken you under my care, you must do as I say. Let us go in here!"

"That is a drinking place," said Donald, holding back.

"Well, it won't bite! Let us go in and take something, and then I'll show you what I have got to show you. Come along, and don't be bashful. You'll be as rich as Jack Astor to-morrow, and then you won't look at folks like me. So I'll have as much of you to-day as I can get."

Donald was flattered by the allusion to his anticipated riches, and suffered Jim, who, it appears, was a perfect devil for temptations, to conduct him up two or three wooden steps, into a long narrow room with a bar on one side, a table covered with dominoes on another, and a black, dirty, torn billiard table visible in a rear room There were but two or three persons in the bar, and these were drinking and talking in a loud tone about bets and cock-fighting. Donald's purer nature revolted at their presence, but Jamie would give him no time for reflection. He took him up to the bar and ordered drinks, and prevailed upon him to take brandy and water; and as Donald's mind was in an uneasy and wounded state he was the more readily tempted to take something to drown his reflections and raise his spirits. How much better it would have been for him to have used the power he still held in his possession, by tearing up the fatal ticket which had been the instrument of all this evil. But, though the idea flashed instantly upon his mind, his avaricious hopes conquered, and so he preferred his misery with prospective and criminal wealth to happiness and his present independence. Therefore, unwilling to restore his peace of mind by this sacrifice, he preferred drowning his self-reproaches in the intoxicating cup. To what a fearful brink had he now approached!

After drinking, he felt lively and cheerful, for false elevation of spirits is the temporary bait which the Demon of Intemperance holds out to the unhappy victim who seeks peace of mind in the goblet he proffers to all mankind!

"You haven't paid for the drinks, sir," said the barkeeper to Donald, without even glancing at Jim, who had called for them, but whom experience told him not to look to. Jim, however, heard, and found it convenient to be at the other end of the room looking very attentively at a crack in the plaster. Donald, without hesitation, paid down the money, when Jim suddenly recollected to pay for the drinks himself, and came forward with both hands diligently searching for nothing in pockets that were not!

"Oh, Simpkin, I'll settle for the drinks, now;" and Jim, in his energy, made a dive into his breeches so deep, that he drove his hand clear through a hole in the knee.

"The gentleman has paid," said Mr. Simpkin, with a smile, seeing Jim draw back the unlucky hand as quick as lightning.

"Oh, ah, Donald," said Jim; you are a too good fellow—too generous! It was my treat, and you ought to have let me paid! Never mind, you shall not pay next time, unless you ask *me* to drink, which in course you will do, seein' I axed you now; but the next time after that I'm whipped if I don't pay! Come, let us go! Are the boys at it in back, Simp?"

"Yes, Jim," answered Mr. Simpkins, briefly, at the same time rinsing the sugar out of the bottom of a tumbler.

"Where do you go, now, Jamie," inquired Donald, as his friend dragged him through the billiard-room.

"Just in here! I know you like a good fowl! All farmers do! and I've seen cocks of first rate breed at your place."

"Yes, that is true—I keep a good lot of fowls, Jim; it makes the poultry better to have trained birds."

"I knew you thought so. I have got some birds to show you, Donald! If, when you see 'em, you don't thank me for taking you there, then I'll never do a a friend a good service again. Come! don't you hear the shouts! This way, and across the yard! That is the building!"

"Where are you taking me?" asked Donald, as Jim led him through the billiard-room, and down a flight of steps into a back lot, on the other side of which was a small rough shed of boards, on the top of which was stuck a pole, with a game-cock cut out of a shingle, and gilt on the summit. From this rude building came loud and mingled shouts, cries, clapping, yells, whistles, and curses, in hellish confusion! No wonder Donald stopped, and demanded where Jim was taking him?

"Never mind," replied Jim; if you don't like it now, you will when you get inside. Come on! they are at it bravely, I know by the shouts!" and Jim hauled him in a dark doorway and along a boarded passage, at the end of which stood a short, fat, blackleg looking man, to whom Jim advancing before Donald, said a word, glancing over his shoulder at his friend.

"Well, go in, Jim; I'll take care he pays for both when he comes out," said the man, winking, "if he is a pigeon, you're lucky to have him for your friend."

"He is a moral man, you know—wouldn't pay for me, nor go in himself, you know, Bill, if he knew it was a cock-pit—but all will be strait, you know! Come, Donald; don't stumble over that loose board! Here we are! Come in and let this gentleman shut the door behind you;" and Jim, partly by pulling, partly by coaxing, drew Donald into a scene such as he had never conceived as existing. He had entered a sort of low circular room, surrounded on all sides by benches, tier above tier, crowded with people of the lowest, roughest, and most vicious class; these seats surrounded a small fenced ring on the earth, about twelve feet in diameter, in which two game-cocks were pitted against each other, and upon whom all eyes were fixed. The fight had been already long, for they were bleeding and staggering from weakness, and could hardly keep up the sport for the spectators, who cheered them on with loud cries. Each cock was attended by its keeper, who stood by it in the pit to set it on, encourage it, and see fair play. These men were nearly stripped and wore handkerchiefs tied about their heads, and looked as

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eager and absorbed in the combat as if it were an engagement between armies of men. The spectators were leaning over the sides of the pit in every possible attitude, expressive of eagerness and interest, and altogether Donald thought that he had got into a place of amusement in hell, rather than on earth.

"There they go at it!" shouted Jim. "Look, Donald! aint they beauties? See the bets go round! I bet on the red cock! Wasn't that a good stroke? He handles his spur as well as a soldier his sword! Do you bet, Donald?" he added, as they crowded into seats.

"No—what is all this, Jamie?" asked he, bewildered, and not half himself with the noise, the sight, and the effect of the brandy he had drank.

"A cock-fight, to be sure! See that red chap! how he drives it into the other! Which will you bet on?"

"I wont bet, I never bet, Jamie."

"Because you never was at a cock-fight, afore. You must bet now, man! Every body bets! See the money fly! See the stakes! Here's a gentleman'll bet with you," he added, addressing a crony of his, and tipping him the wink; "I say, Mister, take this gentleman's bet, and," he added in a low tone of voice—and I'll go you halves, Jerry, if you win."

"And if I lose?" asked the other, cautiously.

"I'll see you don't have to pay—my friend—green—plenty of pewter—methodist sort or so—you know," and Jim winked profoundly at each dash in his words.

"Oh, ay, I take," said the "gentleman," laying his fore-finger sagaciously against one side of his nose; and then addressing Donald, he said, bluntly,

"You offered to bet."

"No, I didn't sir," answered Donald with surprize.

"Your friend said so."

"Yes, I told the gentleman so, Donald," said Jim, in a low voice; "it wont do to refuse him now."

"I can't bet—besides, I haven't watched the cocks."

"If that's all, these will soon be drawn off," said the man, and we'll have a pair of fresh cocks in the pit. There, the grey cock has got his breakfast settled! Hurrah for little bob red!"

"Hurrah, hurrah!" rung in a hundred victorious voices through the room, while the losers mingled oaths loud and deep, as they saw their cock fall over dead on his back, pierced by the steel spur of his adversary, which penetrated the bleeding breast like a needle. The victor cock was immediately caught up, and carried out by his keeper, to have his wounds washed, while the owner of the dead bird hung over him cursing in a manner fearful to hear.

"Clear the ring! Throw out that carrion!" cried the spectators, in a momently increasing uproar, and at length the defeated cock-fighter took up his slain cock, and left the arena. An attendant now lightly passed a fine rake over the surface of the pit, and soon after, amid the acclamations of the multitude, two other cocks were brought in by their keepers, who entered the area, each with his bird on his arm, and after holding them up to the view of the crowd, prepared them for the combat, by fastening on their steel spurs, or gaffs. There seemed now to be the most eager and exciting interest felt by every one present in the approaching fight between the cocks, as they were large, well made, full eyed, and carried themselves with bold and courageous looks. Donald, himself could not help catching the contagion, and feeling an interest in the novel scene. He was, as Jim had intimated, a great lover of fine cocks, and had paid some attention to breeding them, but without any other end than the improvement of his barn-yard stock. He now thought he had never seen two such noble birds, and although he wished himself away from such a place and company, he thought that now he was there, he might as well interest himself in what was passing; and he thought as he must while away the time 'till three o'clock, in some way, he might as well do it there as any where. So he looked on, and began to take a deeper interest in the animating scene. At length the game-cocks were ready, numerous bets were made, and the birds set down upon the ground. It required no effort on the part of either cock-fighter to set them fighting. No sooner did they feel themselves free, than true to their instinctive hostility and warlike spirit, they engaged each other with a deadly fierceness that would have been terrific in human combatants.

"Now your bet," said Jem's friend, laying his hand on the arm of Donald, who was leaning over the heads of those in front of him, eagerly watching the fight.

"I'd rather not bet, sir," he said, though not very decidedly. "See! the black cock is the best bird!"

"I'll bet a five on the speckled cock," said the man, decidedly.

"I'll see the sport awhile, first," answered Donald, too deeply absorbed in the combat to turn round. "There was a good stroke! The speckled cock will be beaten."

"A five the speckled cock beats," said the man, promptly, and fluttering a bank note before Donald's eyes.

"No, the black cock has the true mettle! See how boldly he carries himself."

"D——n the black cock," said the man, coarsely," he is a coward—see him run back!"

"To gather force," answered Donald, warmly; "see how he has knocked the other over and over."

"I'll bet you for all that, the black cock you brag so on, is whipped."

"Done—I bet," cried Donald, in the intense eagerness of the spot, and fully entering into the spirit of the sport and place.

"Plank the money, Donald," said Jim, who had anxiously watched this progress of events so interesting to himself personally; "I'll be holder; where's your pocket-book!"

Donald put down the money in Jim's open palm—Jim's gentleman placed his upon it, and Jim's digits clasped over it with a significant emphasis. At length the combat terminated, and Donald won.

"Never mind, take up the stake," said the loser coolly, as Donald turned round to remove the deposits from Jim's grasp. "Double the stakes, and I'll bet

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you on the next cocks." Donald elated by the scene, and by his triumph, instantly placed a ten dollar bill down, forgetting to take up the five, for he was a little under the influence of the brandy he had drank, and Jim was not one likely to remind him of it. The cocks appeared, were pitted, fought, and Donald lost! Angry at his loss, he rose and left the cock-pit in spite of all Jim could say or do to detain him; this worthy, however, had made seven dollars and a half by this operation, and had secured it, save the fifty cents, after settling with his croney, safely in a receptacle in his garments, known or suspected only by himself.

At the door, Donald was stopped by the keeper, who was about to demand half a dollar for admittance for him and Jim, when the latter, who saw Donald was vexed at his loss, prevented him, by thrusting the half dollar he had reserved for this purpose, into his hand; for Jim was too wise to run the risk of losing so valuable a friend as Donald, by having his annoyance increased by the demand of a paltry four shillings. So Donald left the cock-pit, and returned to the bar-room —a *gambler*!

Irritated at his losses, angry at himself for being tempted to bet, self-condemned for idleness, overwhelmed with a flood of self-reproaches, and goaded by a stinging conscience, he walked deliberately up to the bar, and asked in a loud tone for brandy. It was placed before him, and he poured out and drank a large quantity to drown his reflections. He then threw down a shilling, and was walking out, when Jim caught him by the arm to detain him for some purpose of his own; but Donald rudely thrust him aside, and run into the street and left his tempter, for he had reason and reflection enough left, to know who had been the main instrument of his guilt and misery. Jim, finding this mood not so congenial to his feelings as he could have wished, did not follow him, but turned back to amuse himself in the cock-pit.

Donald walked rapidly along the streets, he scarcely knew whither, and at length found himself at one of the slips. Walking had excited his blood, and the brandy, his brain, while his reflections on his departure from the path of rectitude, maddened him; it seemed to himself that he had sacrificed in one short week, reputation, peace of mind, life, body and soul! He loathed himself—he detested the life which his folly had made so miserable—he felt wearied of himself He advanced along the wharf, and stood on the farther verge of it, looking into the deep water as it surged against the pier-head.

"Yes," he said to himself, "I will live no longer! I am ashamed to meet Sarah—ashamed to confront myself—I will live no longer. God forgive me—but I cannot—cannot endure this weight upon my heart!"

He struck his breast violently, pressed his throbbing forehead in his clasped hands, and plunged madly into the flood. This act, however was not unwitnessed, for some painters, slung on a stage over the side of a vessel near by, which they were painting, saw the plunge, and instantly put off in a skiff tied to a raft beneath them, to his rescue. Donald, now become a suicide, rose to the surface, and the love of life, of his family, of the blue skies and fair green earth with all its pleasant sounds and sights, rushed back upon his soul; and he struggled with the death he had courted.

He was soon taken from the water by the painters, placed on the pier, and after some rudely given advice to keep away from water, was left to his own reflections. The bath sobered him in a degree, and had the effect to calm his mind, and enable him to judge and act with reason. Ashamed of his conduct, he moved away, and taking a position on some steps where the sun shone warmly upon him, he remained there 'till his clothes were dried, and he had come to the resolution to return home after the lottery was over, and confess all he had done, to his wife, and seek, by repentance, the forgiveness of that Being whom he had offended. How much better it would have been for him to have destroyed that fatal ticket, and departed at once to his peaceful and virtuous home! But avarice ruled still, and he *hoped* that he might yet draw a prize!

It was now nearly three o'clock, and rising from the steps, he took his way to the lottery office. When he arrived there, he saw that it was surrounded by a crowd of low people, the interest, anxiety and hope, doubts, fears and evil passions strongly marked on their countenances. He felt ashamed of being seen among them at such a place, but love of money—his hope of being rich, held ascendency over moral feeling. The director of the lottery was announcing the drawings. He saw every ear open, every eye set, as the numbers drawn were read off. He saw the hopes of many around him crushed, silent expectation changed for curses, and anxious inquiries for the fate of a ticket turned into execrations upon the director! he saw, too, in striking contrast, but affording no better moral picture, the insane joy and boundless exstacy of three or four who had drawn small prizes, and witnessed their capering, their silly laughter, their affectionate huggings of those nearest to them, their unmeaning shouts, and their wild impatience to get possession of their money. "God," says a Persian sage, "gave man sobriety, chastity and charity; but the devil would give something, too, and counterfeiting these divine bestowments, gave to man, avarice, lust, and the love of wine." Donald could not but acknowledge that avarice was at least the gift of Satan, as he witnessed the scene which it produced before his eyes.

At length he heard the announcement of his own number! He was all feverish attention! He gave utterance to a cry of joy—he had drawn a prize of five hundred dollars! Better, far better, for thee, Donald, if thou hadst drawn a blank!

After the crowd had withdrawn, he entered the office, and received the money down, the lottery vender retaining fifteen per cent.

"Come, sir, now you can afford to buy another ticket," said the man, as Donald was placing the money in his pocket-book; "you have a prize, and may draw a larger one. You have luck on your side the first time, and it'll follow you awhile. Come, sir, here

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is a package of quarters. You owe it to us to try again, sir."

Donald was tempted, for the second temptation is easier than the first, and, in the face of all his bitter remembrances of the follies his first ticket had led him into, he purchased the package, and left the office. But that package contained to him all congregated guilt, suffering and misery packed together. He hastened home, and communicted his good fortune to Sarah. She did not look happy, for she feared he would henceforth love lotteries rather than work. Her fears were sound and too truly realized. The money Donald had drawn, he did not lay out in improving his farm or adding to his stock, but he purchased a gold watch, handsome clothes, and a saddle-horse. At length the next drawing took place, and his package proved to be blanks. He was easily induced to try his luck again, and a second time drew a prize of fifty dollars. Thus Donald went on from month to month, 'till he spent more time at the lottery office than at home, and 'till he had got confirmed habits of idleness, drinking, and dissipation. In the course of the ensuing year, he found himself in debt, for he had neglected his farm for this quicker "road to wealth," which was proving his road to ruin. At length he became too intemperate to work, was compelled to sell his stock, then give up his farm, and take a low house in Jersey City. Two years after the purchase of his first ticket, he was the habitual frequenter of the lowest tippling shops, and the boon companion of Jim Talbot and his cronies; like Jim, his clothes were ragged, his eyes red, his face bloated, his constitution broken. Every five dollars he could obtain from the pawn-broker, he spent on fractions of lottery tickets, but never did Donald draw a third prize. Finally, his wife, who silently pined in grief, died of a broken heart and broken hopes; the child was taken and adopted by a charitable lady; and Donald had no home but the street or some old railroad car about the depot, that he would crawl into. At length the web of his fate was woven. One morning a few weeks ago, the following paragraph appeared in the morning papers:

"*Shocking Accident.*—We are sorry to learn that as the line from Philadelphia was coming in late yesterday evening, having been detained five hours near Trenton, by an accident to the engine, a drunken man who lay across the track was run over before the engineer could stop the locomotive, and his head was severed from his body, as if it had been done by a butcher's cleaver. It was a horrid sight. His name, we learn, was Donald Fay. The coroner's inquest was, that "he came to his death through intemperance."

Thus died Donald Fay, the victim, as the coroner's jury should have rendered it, of a lottery ticket, which one moment's idleness, acting upon a naturally avaricious mind, tempted him to purchase.

J. H. I.

THOUGH every old man has been young, and every young one hopes to be old, there seems to be a most unnatural misunderstanding between those two stages of life. This unhappy want of commerce arises from the insolent arrogance or exultation in youth, and the irrational despondence or self-pity in age.—*Steele.*

Original.

QUEEN ESTHER.

THE chronicles of great women have been somewhat confined to modern times. History is full of heroic acts, striking virtues, wonderful sacrifices and exalted heroism of distinguished women, but little has been said of the illustrious women of the Scriptures—little, we should say, comparatively speaking; they have been honored, applauded, selected as models of virtue, but profane history has not done them ample justice—their lives, it is true, were secluded, and few striking occasions occurred for history to note or applaud. Foremost in the list of illustrious women is Queen Esther. Her history is a remarkable one—few women of modern times united so much beauty to so much worth and virtue, so much piety, purity, faith, decision, exalted character and eminent services.

The book of Esther in which great historical events are recorded, is well known to the reading world—there is so much interest in the narrative, the story is so extraordinary, and the result so great and startling, that by some it might have been considered a mere romance, one of those Persian tales and fabulous stories which abound in that empire; but it has been cautiously and understandingly incorporated in the Jewish canons, and although there are doubts to whom the authorship of the book of Esther should be ascribed, whether to Mordecai —to Ezra, the scribe, to Joachim, the high priest, or the events collected in a book by order of the Great Synagogue, as is conjectured by the learned Dupin, it is certain, that all the events recorded in that book did actually occur, and were so written in the Persian chronicles; and Sir Robert Ker Porter in his travels through Persia, speaks of the tombs of Esther and Mordecai being still standing at Shushan. The chronology of the book, however, is very uncertain, and it is somewhat difficult to ascertain who was the Persian monarch spoken of in Scripture as the King Ahaseurus. Archbishop Usher says it was Darius Hystaspis who married Esther; that Atassa was the Vashti, and Artystina the Esther; but history gives no such character to these personages as is recorded in the book. *Scaliger* will have it that Xerxes was the Ahaseurus, and Hamestres the Esther, but then Hamestres was a woman of violent character, incontinent and tyrannical, unlike Queen Esther in every respect.

There are two books of Esther, one is apocraphal, and from that book it is evident that Artaxerxes was the King Ahaseurus, not Artaxerxes called *Mnemen*, but *Artaxerxes Longimanus*. Josephus says it was he. *Severus Sulpitius* says it was he. Most of the ancient and modern writers speak of that monarch as the King Ahaseurus, from the well known fact that he was ever kind to the Jews, and sent Ezra, and Nehemiah to raise up the Jews in Jerusalem to repair their broken fortunes and reassemble the nation. These historical facts disposed of, let us see where the events occurred which are narrated in the book of Esther.

Persia, in which were the 127 provinces of Ahaseurus,

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extended from the Hellespont to Indus, 2800 miles, and from Pontus to the shores of Arabia, 2000 miles. It was founded by Cyrus the Great 2399 years ago, and was a most powerful empire. The kings after Cyrus were Cambysus, Darius, Xerxes the Great; Artabanes, Artaxerxes Longimanus (Ahassherus,) and other kings of minor note, down to Alexander the Great, who conquered it, Persepolis being the capital. The city of Shushan, in which the great events to which we now refer occurred, was the ancient Susa. It was built by Tithonus, the father of Memnen, and was surrounded by a wall one hundred and twenty stadia in circumference. The palace of the king was built of the finest white marble, and was covered with gold and precious stones, indeed the book opens with some indications of the splendor of that palace, for the pavilion in which the banquet was held, is described in Scripture as "*being fastened with cords of fine linen and purple, to silver rings and pillars of marble*," and their Ottomans "*of gold and silver upon a pavement of red and blue and white marble*," and, in fact, the origin of this banquet to all the nobles of the land, was to show "*the riches of his glorious kingdom and the honor of his excellent majesty in the court of the garden of the king's palace.*" So says the book.

This banquet, given to all the princes and nobles of the land, may be considered as the origin and cause of all the wonderful events which subsequently occurred. It was not the custom among those heathens, as among the Mussulmen, to conceal their women—to hide them from the public gaze and veil their faces—women had their rights among the Persians, and mingled on all proper occasions in the general festivities, but on this important event, a banquet which was to last seven days, the Queen Vashti, with becoming propriety declined being present, aware that in a weekly festival, continued night and day, when the golden wine cup passed briskly around, and bacchanalian revels shook throughout the splendid pavilions, it was not a proper place for a lady to be seen. Nevertheless, as the Scripture tells us, in order to do honor to the king, she "*made a feast for the women apart in the royal house which belonged to King Ahassherus.*" She had a banquet of her own for the ladies of her court. It will be recollected that this banquet of seven days, was but the finale to a festival which had lasted six months, and it was on the last day, when the wine was served in vessels of gold, and every one called upon to drink freely, when the king had exhibited every thing in proof of his power and glory, the idea suddenly occurred to him that the brightest jewel in his crown, his surpassingly beautiful Queen had not yet been presented to his guests—he loved her, was vain of her exceedingly great attractions, and was determined that she should shine the bright effulgent star of the banquet, the observed of all observers, and he ordered seven chamberlains to introduce her, arrayed in her royal apparel, in order, as the book says, "*to show the people and the princes her beauty.*"

How few there are, even in our day, who could have resisted the temptation of such an honor. How many a female heart would have bounded at the prospect of so much admiration and adoration from the assembled princes and magnates of the land—how carefully she would have made her toilet, how many graces would have flung themselves around her peerless person—with what majesty she would have walked through the imperial pavilion, receiving the homage of her guests, and seating herself on the throne of gold and ivory by the side of her King and husband. Not so Queen Vashti. "*She refused to come at the King's commandment.*" She considered it immodest and unbecoming as a lady and a Queen, to be gazed at by drunken courtiers, and admired by a motley crew of besotted guests—she refused to come, the honor of her husband, her own nice feelings of delicacy and propriety, admonished her of the fact that her presence at such a time at the banquet, was at once improper and uncalled for, and she refused to come.

That refusal saved the Jewish people; the Almighty, in implanting in her mind the sense of what is due to the dignity of her sex, intended, at the same time, to make that refusal the cause of a glorious issue to the Jews.

"*The King*," so says the Book, "*was very wroth, and his anger burned within him.*" He had exhibited to his guests the splendor of his possessions, and the plenitude of his power, yet, on the last day of the banquet, he was rebuked by the decisive course of the Queen—he was not an absolute monarch. What was to be done? Take her life he dare not, there were laws in Persia not to be disregarded, and he called his cabinet together to know what should be done to his disobedient Queen, and they determined to divorce her—to strip her of her crown and power, and send her forthwith a wanderer. She paid the penalty of her modest firmness, but *her* sufferings were ultimately joy to countless thousands, *her* disgrace averted the destruction of the entire Jewish people, and here, for the first time, Esther is introduced to our notice.

Scripture enumerates many Jewish maidens and women who were an honor to Israel. Our mothers Sarah, Rebecca, Leah and Rachel, in the days of the Patriarchs, were models of wives and mothers. Pious, obedient, kind and hospitable, eminent for every virtue—Deborah, Miriam and others, were greatly distinguished, but we doubt if any were to be compared to the greatness of character, firmness of purpose, unbounded love of her people, consistency and devotion equal to Esther. She stands out in bold relief, unapproached and unapproachable. She was an orphan and a captive, the cousin of Mordecai a Benjamite, who was carried captive to Babylon by Nebuchadnezzar, and who had adopted her as his daughter under the Hebrew name of Hadassah.

Mordecai was a man of great moral and intellectual worth—a shrewd politician, an able statesman—a bold, courageous, pious, devoted, patriotic man, and he educated his adopted daughter with care and tenderness, and she amply repaid all the affection and kindness bestowed upon her. Independent of great beauty and symmetry of person, she was blessed with every modest

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becoming quality, full of amiable feelings and sweetness of temper and the most graceful and engaging manners.

When the King divorced his wife and gave orders to assemble all the beautiful maidens of Persia, from whom he was to select a Queen, Mordecai determined that his adopted daughter should become one of the candidates; hazardous as was the experiment, painful the privation, yet a secret voice and spirit urged him to make the attempt. He consulted her on the subject and she consented, and among other cautious lessons of prudence, he admonished her not to let it be known that she was a Jewess, as they were captives in the land and prejudice might mar her advancement. The Book says "*it came to pass that when many maidens were gathered into Shushon, the palace, to the custody of Hegai, the chamberlain, Esther was brought also to the King's house.*"

It was, no doubt, hard for Mordecai to part with his child, probably his only solace in captivity, the joy of his age, and the companion of his leisure hour—harder still to urge upon her the concealment of her religious faith, a faith which in the face of every prejudice might speak trumpet-tongued to all the nations of the earth. But it was a good purpose he designed to bring about. Possibly Esther might find favor in the eyes of the King—her beauty and modest deportment might win him—she might be destined to be Queen of Persia, and then—what then were the aspiring hopes of Mordecai? that his daughter should reign in pomp and splendor in riches and honor over the 127 provinces? No, not so. She was a Jewess—her people were captives, spread over the realm, well treated it was true, but an hour of calamity might arrive to threaten their destruction, and then Esther—the Queen, from her exalted position and persuasive powers might save them. Such was the pious, the laudable ambition of Mordecai. He brought her to the King's house—gave her a world of paternal counsel, and consigned her to the care of the chamberlain, to undergo her probation for twelve long months, and such was his great anxiety for the successful issue of the experimem, that "*he walked every day before the court of the women's house to know how Esther did and what should become of her,*" nay, to such an extent had this solicitude for her success reached, that he finally purchased or solicited the humble situation of porter to the palace, and took his station daily in the discharge of his new duties without any one being aware of the deep interest he had at stake. Those ladies whose beauty and accomplishments authorized their admission to the palace as candidates for the high honor destined to one of them, were all treated with princely distinction. They had separate apartments, numerous attendants, and splendid dresses, they felt their dignity and importance, their pride was flattered, their power acknowledged, and each haughtily imagined that she was to be the favorite choice of the King. Esther, on the contrary, carried into the palace her usual meekness and modesty—her unwillingness to give unnecessary trouble, her sweetness of disposition, and the absence of all pride or affectation, and Hegai, the distinguished chamberlain, was so struck with her amiable deportment that after giving her every thing required by her position, "*he preferred her and her maids unto the best place of the house of women.*"

And now the hour of trial arrived; the important day big with the fate of so many ladies, who with throbbing hearts were to venture on the trial for the King's love. They arrayed themselves with all possible splendor. We can imagine how magnificently they were attired—what coronets of gems—purple and fine linen—what brilliant complexions—what a galaxy of beauty must have been present on that day at the court of the King's palace. When Esther's turn for attiring had arrived, and the chamberlain was determined that she should be the bright particular star, if crowns of jewels—velvet trains—the purest cosmetics and magnificent robes could make her so, the book tells us "*she required nothing,*" that is no costly ornaments, no royal appanage, but with simple unadorned majesty, with modest looks and downcast eyes, with the "pure red and white which he who blends the rainbow," had mantled on her cheek, she walked into the presence of the King, and she triumphed—the Almighty was her friend, and the Jewish maiden was proclaimed Queen of Persia. "*The King loved Esther above all the women, and she obtained grace and favor in his sight more than all the virgins; so that he sat the royal crown upon her head and made her Queen instead of Vashti.*"

Mordecai, we can readily imagine, was overjoyed at her success, yet he did not make himself known to the King—he enjoined upon Esther not to reveal her nation and her creed—the time had not arrived. "*Esther did the commandment of Mordecai as when she was brought up with him,*" thus evincing her gratitude and filial affection for her kind friend and father, even while surrounded by wealth and power. While Mordecai continued in his humble station as porter to the King's palace, he overheard two conspirators plotting the King's life, and he immediately conveyed to the Queen the knowledge of the fact, and they were arrested and put to death. This important event was recorded in the chronicles of Persia, and Mordecai and his agency in the affair were soon forgotten.

And now a very important personage makes his appearance in this eventful history, the Prime Minister, Haman. He was a man of great address—bold, haughty, ambitious, and revengeful. He was a great favorite with the King—his services had given him unbounded influence at court, and he enjoyed rank, honor, and immense wealth. Such a man, second only to the King, received as much homage as the sovereign himself It was customary then, as it is now, to "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee," to power and authority—he who had office and honor in his gift was sure to have followers and fawning sycophants. Every man bowed down before him as the Prime Minister walked into the Palace—all prostrated themselves in his presence excepting Mordecai—and why did he refuse to follow, in the general homage? Was it from pride, anger or revenge? Not so. He was a Jew—it was idolatry to throw himself prostrate on earth before man, besides Haman was an Amalekite, a bitter enemy to the Jews

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—he did not like the character of the man, and he let him pass unnoticed, "*Mordecai bowed not nor did him reverence.*" At first, Haman passed it by unnoticed, but day after day no reverence—no salutation—no token of respect, his attendants complained of the indignity, and at length it aroused in Haman a spirit of revenge—he discovered also that Mordecai was a Jew, and his violence and hatred knew no bounds—he did not order him to be bastinadoed or strangled, which he could have done; that was too poor a revenge for his insulted dignity, and he resolved that the whole nation should die—the many millions spread over the Persian territories should perish by the sword. He knew that his influence with the King could procure a decree which could not be revoked, and being fond of sorcery and witchcraft, he determined by casting *Pur*, as it is called in Scripture, meaning to cast lots for the day, and fortunately it fell in the month of Adar, the 13th day, which gave twelve months grace to the victims of his malice and revenge.

Haman having fixed the day for the massacre, applied to the King for a decree, representing the Jews to be a worthless race of outcasts—of different religion—difficult to govern, having no union—no alliance with the Persians, and a stain and blot upon the national escutcheon, and to fix the wavering policy of the King, particularly in losing subjects who produced revenue, he promised the King ten thousand talents of silver, upwards of nine millions of dollars. The King, without reflection, without inquiry, without the caution and deliberation due to so important and sanguinary a measure, gave his signet ring to Haman to affix to the decree, and the fate of all Israel was sealed—all, we might say, because there were but few remaining at Jerusalem, and they were without a home or a temple. The decree went forth "*to destroy, to kill, and to cause to perish, all Jews, both young and old, little children and women on one day, even on the thirteenth day of Adar, and all the spoils were to go into the King's coffers.*" This was a thunder-bolt to the poor Jews—they had done no wrong, they were peaceable and industrious—always kind and obedient to the laws, and yet were singled out for sacrifice. Well, indeed, might the inspired historian say, on issuing the decree, "*The city of Shushon was perplexed.*" "*The King and Haman sat down to drink, but the city of Shushon was perplexed,*" and in all the provinces there was fasting, wailing, weeping, sack cloth and ashes. How this cruel edict fell on Mordecai, we can readily imagine.

He had been the cause—the innocent cause of this intended destruction of his people—his refusal to bow before Haman, had been revenged by this sanguinary edict. What was to be done? He was in an agony of grief—he rent his clothes—dressed himself in sackcloth—went round the city, bewailing, "*crying with a loud and bitter cry,*" until he reached the palace, and there he sat, the picture of misery and despair. Queen Esther, on hearing of it, was exceedingly grieved, "and sent a confidential messenger to know what had troubled him, and another dress for him to wear instead of his tattered clothes. He refused to be comforted, and informed the messenger of the whole nature of the cruel decree, and demanded that Esther should interpose with the King, to save the life of her people.

Never was woman placed in a position so delicate and embarrassing. She knew that a decree of Persia could not be recalled. She knew that by the laws, she did not dare present herself before the King to ask a favor, unless he first had touched her with his sceptre in token of confidence and love. The King also had allowed her to remain in her own apartments for thirty days—besides, Mordecai, her father, had commanded her to conceal from the King that she was a Jewess, and now his orders were to confess the fact, and pray for the lives of her people; what was to be done in this dire extremity? Mordecai saw, at once, the difficulty of her position, but he was determined to overcome every obstacle.

He had asked nothing for himself—his child was Queen, yet he sat at the King's gate as usual, as an humble porter, he wanted nothing for himself—he wanted to save Israel from the slaughter, and she must, under Providence, be the instrument. Again he urges her interference—animates her to action, appeals to her heroism, her duty—nay, even to her fears. "*Think not,*" said he, "*within thyself that thou shalt escape in the King's house more than all the Jews,*" and after presenting the subject to her in every possible form, he says to her solemnly and emphatically, "*If thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall their enlargement and deliverance arise from another place, but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed.*" Here was a touching appeal—sufficiently powerful to overcome the timid fears of any woman. In a moment her resolution was taken; she determined to save her people. "Go," said she to Mordecai, "*gather together all the Jews that are at present in Shushon, and fast ye for me. I also, and my maidens, will fast likewise; and so will I go in unto the King, which is not according to the law, and if I perish I perish.*" How calm, how pious, how firm. Fast and pray with me in this dreadful extremity, and then I will venture to make the fearful request of the King, and if I perish, why I perish. From fasting and prayer, and inward meditation, come faith and consolation—she felt all its influence, and was buoyed up with the hope of success. Never, to our recollection, was any measure, any important step managed with so much skill and diplomacy, as Esther managed to render this frightful decree null and void. With an aching heart, but with a joyful countenance, she entered the royal presence as a suppliant.

Although uncalled for, although separated from her for some days, he could not behold her beauty, her modest deportment, her suppliant position unmoved, but holding out the sceptre to her, the sign of royal protection, he said in a voice mild and benignant, "*What wilt thou, Queen Esther, and what is thy request? It shall be given thee even to the half of the kingdom.*" Here were delightful, soothing words of encouragement, of hope of confidence. Another woman, on the moment, would have fallen at the feet of the

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King, and asked for the revocation of the frightful decree against the lives of her people, her heart would have poured forth its grief, and she would have communicated to the King all she wished, all she feared. But Esther was too politic—she had too much tact and address to lay herself open by this course to a refusal—she knew that women had no right to interfere in affairs of state, and she had great reason to apprehend that the King might answer, take half my kingdom, gold and jewels of countless value, but thou knowest, Queen Esther, that the decrees of the Medes and Persians altereth not. This would have been too heavy for endurance; she did not therefore rashly put to sea in so frail a bark, with all the kindness and encouragement of the King's manner, but simply asked the favor of the King and Haman honoring a banquet with their presence, which she intended to give.

Who could refuse a request so reasonable, so desirable, so agreeable? It was granted; the King accepted the invitation for the ensuing day. Haman, the prime minister, should also come, and Esther retired, rejoiced that thus far her plans had succeeded. Words could not describe the joy of Haman when the invitation and commands of the King were sent to him. To attend a banquet given by Queen Esther to the King, to be the only guest invited, where was his power, his honor, to extend? Overjoyed at his good fortune, he left the palace for his own house, but at the gate there sat Mordecai, again, unmoved, and "*when Haman saw Mordecai in the King's gate, that he stood not up, nor moved for him, he was full of indignation against Mordecai,*" and repaired forthwith to his house, called a council with his wife, Zerish and friends, he pourtrayed all his power, his wealth and influence, the high honor destined him by the Queen, but what were riches, honor, power? "All this," said he, "*availeth me nothing as long as I see Mordecai, the Jew, sitteth at the King's gate.*"

The whole nation was to be destroyed in twelve months, but hatred and revenge called for an immediate object—the delay was too great, and a victim was forthwith required; it was Mordecai, and the wife of Haman and his friends counselled him to make a gallows fifty cubits in height, and demand of the King his consent that Mordecai be executed thereon, and he did order that gallows to be so erected. While this revengeful and cruel plan was devising, the hand of Providence was directed towards the preservation of Mordecai, and the downfall of his implacable enemy. The King was restless and perturbed. On that night the King could not sleep, and on calling for the chronicles of Persia, then read the record of Mordecai's services in detecting treason, and saving the King's life. Struck with the injustice done to him, he soon ascertained that neither riches nor honor had been conferred on Mordecai, and at that time the King asked who stands in the court? and the servants answered, Haman standeth in the court. He came to solicit the permission of the King to hang Mordecai, at the very moment the King was reflecting how he could reward him for his fidelity.

When Haman stood before the King, he said to him, what shall be done to the man whom the King delighteth to honor? Self esteem and vanity made up a great portion of Haman's character, and believing that he alone deserved the highest honor from the King, answered unhesitatingly, "Let him be clad in royal apparel, with the royal crown upon his head, set him on the King's horse, lead him through the streets of the city, and proclaim, thus shall be done to the man whom the King delighteth to honor."

We can imagine the rage and disappointment of Haman when the King said! "*do even so to Mordecai, the Jew, who sitteth at the King's gate.*" There was no evasion, no escape from this degradation—this bitter disappointment, and he led Mordecai throughout the city in triumph, and then returned in grief and anguish to his own house, and in the midst of this grief and mortified pride, orders came from the Queen to attend the banquet to which he had been especially invited. He was in no frame of mind to enjoy this royal festival, but there was no avoiding it, and he went with the chamberlains, "*so the King and Haman came to the banquet with Esther, the Queen.*" This banquet, or rather this private festival—this confidential meeting to which Haman had been invited, was the time and place intended by the Queen to make the request she had contemplated making of the King, and he remembered it—demanded to know her will, to express her wishes, to speak her desires—she should have it, yea even to the half of the kingdom. What then must have been his emotions when he saw Queen Esther prostrate at his feet, with uplifted hands and streaming eyes, saying, "*If I have found favor in thy sight, oh, King, and if it please the King, let my life be given to me at my petition, and my people at my request.*" What must have been his amazement at hearing these words. "Ask thy life?—thy life in danger?—thy people—what people—what danger threatens thee?" Such must have been the thoughts of the King, while Esther proceeded in an empassioned agony of grief—"*For we are sold, I and my people—to be destroyed—to be slain and to perish.*"

The King at once saw that some dark plot, some foul conspiracy had been set on foot, and hastily demanded, "*Who is he, and where is he, who durst presume in his heart to do this?*" We can imagine, better than describe the horror of Haman, when the Queen, rising in all her majesty, and pointing expressively and indignantly at the prime minister, the great counsellor of the King, exclaimed, "*The adversary and enemy is the wicked Haman.*"

The truth flashed upon him at once. Esther was a Jewess, and it was her people that Haman intended to have destroyed. The King rose from the banquet, and darting fierce glances at the wicked minister, rushed into the garden for air and reflection. It was then that "*Haman stood up to make a request for his life to Esther, the Queen, for he saw that evil was determined against him,*" and such was his terror and agony—his apprehension and aberration of mind, that he threw himself on her couch as the King entered enraged against him, and the attendants muffled Haman's

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face as a doomed man, and hurried him out of the presence.

The sequel is known, "*they hanged Haman on the gallows that he had prepared for Mordecai,*" the Israelites were allowed to defend themselves on the fatal day, and they destroyed those who went against them—the city of Shushon was rejoiced—the Lord had again saved his people.

Every circumstance in this eventful and interesting history carries with it its moral. We see virtue triumphant, and vice punished—error defeated, and tyranny destroyed. Honor for ever is due to the memory of Queen Esther. Religion and history have consecrated her in the hearts of her people—her firmness and consistency, her truth, piety and courage, are examples of the purest, the highest character, even to the present age in which we live. N.

Original.

SONG.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

I.

The chain which links my soul to thine,
I sometimes fear may be less bright,
That sorrow yet may dim the shrine
On which my soul has cast its light.

II.

When e'er thou art, or seemest cold,
My bosom saddens with a fear,
That love so easily controlled,
May perish when it is most dear.

III.

I know not why such thoughts should come,
To frighten thus my brief repose,
As humming-birds that cease to roam,
Find shelter in the fragrant rose

IV.

And slumbering in its blushing core,
Content with all the sweetness there,
Forget the blossoms that before
Tempted their wings to try the air—

V.

My spirit-bird has found her rest,
And in the shelter of thy love,
All timidly she builds her nest,
Without a thought or wish to rove.

VI.

She leaves it to less happy things,
To seek all flowers that brave the sun;
She is content to fold her wings,
And gather honey but from one.

Original.

THE NOBLE SACRIFICE.*

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

"Oh, sir, grant me your assistance, your counsel and protection. You behold before you one who is placed in the most cruel situation, and surrounded by the most imminent danger."

Such were the words addressed to me as I was returning from my clerical duties one evening in the sunny month of June, a short way from the village of Oras in Normandy, by Mademoiselle de Lis, the daughter of a colonel of cavalry. She was attended by an old lady, a relative, who joined her entreaties to those of the fair girl, and both exhibited the deepest grief and agitation.

I endeavored to calm them by promising my protetion, and having conducted them to my dwelling, Mademoiselle spoke as follows:

"You see before you, sir, the only daughter and heir of an honorable family. My father, after having fought the battles of his country, retired from service covered with wounds, and fixed his residence on the estate which you know is now possessed by myself and mother in this neighborhood. He had united his destiny to the daughter of an emigrant, my parent, and now the Countess of Calvados, poor, but rich in beauty, and affection. For three years, in this calm retreat, the time fled sweetly on, not a cloud darkening the horizon of our felicity,—when my beloved parent received a fall from his horse, which, opening his principal wound, so great was the hemorrhage, that he died before assistance could be procured. His irreparable loss, I need not tell you, was deeply felt by my mother and myself, but never more so than at the present moment, by me. Oh, sir, I am indeed unfortunate, lost and miserable."

The poor girl here burst into a fresh flood of sorrow, and it was with difficulty that her friend and myself could prevail upon her to recover her fortitude and proceed. At length she continued—

"My poor father, in leaving me the sole heir of his property, directed by his will, that my mother should be entrusted with its guidance 'till her death, and a few moments before his dissolution, drew from us an oath that mother and child should never separate, but dwell beneath the same roof. I willingly acceded to his dying wish, he was satisfied, and clasping my hand in his, invoked a blessing upon my head, and calmly breathed his last.

"I was then, sir, in my eighteenth year, ignorant of the world and its machinations. Indeed, from the secluded manner in which we lived, we seldom saw or received visitors. My mother continued to fulfil faithfully the injunction imposed upon her in the will of my father, and so successful was she in the direction of our affairs, that each year we found ourselves progressing in wealth and prosperity. In this quiet and secluded manner we lived, the existence of the one seeming necessary to that of the other, when a young nobleman of an illustrious race, scarcely numbering thirty summers,

* Founded upon an incident in the works of Bouilly.

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was introduced to my mother. She, although considerably his senior in years, still retained her beauty and brilliancy of person. By his grace, noble bearing, and agreeable conversation, he contrived so deeply to interest her, and pleaded his suit with such ardor, that ultimately he succeeded in gaining her hand. This marriage delighted my parent—it was the brightest moment of her life, while it gave to her the title of Countess, an honor she had never dared to hope for or expect. I partook of her happiness, and became blinded to the dangers which, alas! on every side now began to surround me. My father-in-law, at first, in the presence of his wife, evinced for me every kindness, and was profuse in his professions of endearment, all which I believed emanated from an honorable and paternal respect. I spoke to him freely, I confided in him with all the innocence of a young and artless girl, but I soon found that I was confiding in a villain. Whenever my mother was absent, he was certain to redouble his attentions, and at length dared to speak to me of *love*. Judge, sir, of my horror at the avowal, and of the terrible situation in which I was placed. To reveal the truth to my mother, would have been for ever to destroy *his* repose and *her* happiness. Perhaps, too, she would have doubted my word in her blind partiality for her husband, and considered me the aggressor; and to have quit ted my maternal roof would have been but to excite suspi cion, besides breaking my oath given to my father on his death bed. What was to be done? It was necessary that I should at once decide. To you, therefore have I come; I know your heart—you are the friend and advocate of the distressed. Succour me—save and direct me."

For a moment I was so confounded at such implicit confidence being placed in me, that I could not reply. At length I said, "Calm yourself, madame. I know the agony you must have suffered. By your concealment, you have committed both a virtue and an imprudence. To reveal this to the public, would be to embitter your life for ever, for innocent as you are, the world is ever too apt to indulge in suspicion; and with the gay society, the conduct of your tormentor will rather meet with approval than denunciation. The only way I know, to preserve you from the evils that threaten you, and to escape from the Count's guilty passion, is to give yourself in marriage, and thereby secure a legitimate."

"Yes, yes," she replied—"my intention, nay, my ardent wish, is to unite myself to one that I could believe was worthy of my confidence."

"But where is he to be found?" said the old lady, who accompanied her young friend. "An equal match, in these days, is difficult to make, our young gentlemen have such fanciful tastes, and are so averse to the tie of matrimony. But if she *can* find a young person who seeks only in his wife a just return of feelings, know then, sir, that she is willing to yield up her heart and hand to such a protector."

"But in the meantime," said the young lady—"that he will preserve me from danger wherever I may encounter it, and from all machinations to which my inexperience and credulity may be apt to expose me."

"In that case," I answered, "I see no other way but to place you under maternal protection. I have a plan which, if properly carried out, will, I know, secure you from danger, foil your persecutor, and preserve the happiness of your mother. But I fear you lack the courage to undertake it."

"Try me, sir—you know not my heart," said she—"true, I am but a weak woman, unacquainted with the designs of the world, but I will shrink from no danger, not even death itself, to effect so great a purpose."

"In the meantime then, you must quit your mother's dwelling."

"That, sir, I cannot do," replied she; "remember the oath made to my father. I would rather suffer every ignominy, danger, yea, death, than violate it."

"Heaven will absolve you from so doing, when it is to advance the cause of virtue and religion."

"And how I am to proceed?"

"To declare to your mother that you have imprudently exposed yourself to great peril,—that you burn with love for your father-in-law—that you find it in vain to smother your passion, and that it is necessary for *her* happiness, as well as your own, that you should withdraw from your maternal roof; and I will so support your avowal, that she will, instead of censuring, praise and thank you for so generous a resolution. Be therefore composed. In the interim, I shall take care that you are surrounded by friends, where danger cannot reach you. Confide in me—bright and joyous moments are yet in store for you."

"I will not oppose your design—I will confide in you," replied Delphine, "but I fear the part you impose upon me, is above my strength. I fear I shall never be able to make such an avowal personally. My countenance would betray me—nay, my lips, I fear, would refuse to utter the words. No, no, I can suffer much, but I cannot bear—perhaps by such confession, to lose for ever the affection of my beloved parent."

"Her first feeling, I allow, will be anger, but reflection will soon convince her that she is as culpable as yourself. That in giving you a beautiful father-in-law—a daily associate—a young nobleman, endowed by nature with all that is perfect, she exposed you to feel that love, she herself felt for her husband. In short, my fair friend, the essential point is to save you, and the more that I consider, the more I believe that what I have proposed, is the only way to effect it."

"Well, I will think of it and to-morrow morning shall wait upon you to make known how I have determined;" saying which, they retired.

Many weeks, however, elapsed, after this interview, before I had an opportunity of seeing or speaking to Mademoiselle Delphine. Had she had the strength to follow my course? Had her filial love so deeply rooted in her heart, prevented her from revealing the facts to her mother? or had she been carried off to become a victim of the dangers which threatened her? Such were the various reflections that presented themselves

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to my imagination, when the old lady, her friend, came to me with a letter, couched in the following terms:—

"Oh, that I could have your counsel. I have conceived the idea that my mother will never forgive the rash step that I am about to take. She is too deeply enamoured with him who is the cause of all my misery, to believe him criminal. I am residing now with the kind lady who will deliver this letter to you, confined to my room with a strong fever—a prey to all the terrors of the revealment you wish me to make."

I was astonished at the receipt of this, and at once resolved upon visiting Delphine, thinking that she imputed to me the cause of her illness. I luckily arrived in time to prevent the increase of her malady, and afford her consolation. I demanded of her, permission, at once, to dictate in her company, the following short billet, which I sent by a courier to the Count.

"Delphine is attacked by a fever, which threatens her life; will you so inform her mother with all the precaution that your prudence may suggest."

On the following day, the Countess arrived, although her husband had endeavored to persuade her from her intent, fearful, as he artfully insinuated, that she might fall a victim to the contagion—but in truth, from the fear that Delphine might betray him. It was plain to the acute eye of the Countess that her daughter was suffering more from a fever of the mind than the body—but all her arts and persuasion could not extort from her the secret; and it was only from a *hint* that I artfully dropped, that our plan was set in motion. For some time the Countess remained speechless, a prey to all the feelings of indignation and jealousy, and she was only recalled to consciousness and tranquillity by my informing her of Delphine's virtuous determination to never again behold the Count—but to leave for ever the place where he resided, even in violation of the oath which she had sworn to her dying father, never to quit her mother." Maternal love at this avowal, soon overcame wounded pride—she fell upon her daughter's neck, and wept and blessed her for her noble resolution.

Several months had passed from the period of this interview, during which the Count had relapsed into his former dissipated habits, mingling in the gayest of society, and availing himself of every opportunity to escape from the company of his wife, in which he was countenanced by his dissipated and fashionable companions, who never failed to remind him of the disparity of years between himself and the Countess. At length, through the influence of his relations, he was appointed secretary to an embassy to Prussia, and in consideration of the title he had bestowed upon his wife, he demanded of her the sum of a thousand louis to enable him to be installed with becoming splendor at the court of Berlin; where he proposed to represent with all dignity his noble ancestors, who had held before him, the like honorable office. For some time the Countess hesitated to sacrifice a portion of her daughter's patrimony—but when she remembered it would free her child from danger and afford her husband an opening to an honorable career, she at once determined to yield to his demand. The money was accordingly procured and the giddy husband departed, expressing a thousand pretended regrets for the delicate health of Delphine, and consoling himself for being defeated in his designs by the bright conquests he would achieve in the Prussian capital.

Months had passed, since this occurrence, without the charming Delphine having encountered one whom she deemed worthy of her heart, or realized the dream of her imagination. But the Providence which watches as kindly over the rich as the poor, presented to her eyes a young counsellor, a near relation of one of the principal ministers, of the most handsome exterior. His easy manner was enhanced by his modesty, which gave to all his bearing a particular charm. His conversation was eloquent and persuasive, he had already greatly signalized himself in the career he had run, and every appearance betokened that he would some day take a high stand in the councils of his country. He had long, unknown to Delphine, regarded her with feelings of admiration and honor, and his venerable and reverend parent, at his desire, waited upon the Countess to request her hand in marriage.

To so favorable a proposition, the Countess could not but accede, especially as she desired the happiness of her child; as well as to prevent a recurrence of the fatal passion, as she supposed. She therefore delicately broke the subject to Delphine. But what was her surprize on hearing her express herself in the most joyous terms at the proposed marriage. It was therefore agreed that it should at once take place. The Countess despatched a letter to her husband, informing him of the event, and requesting his attendance at the nuptials. But that destiny which sports with the projects of mortals, had decided otherwise. The Count Cavaldos—ever presumptuous and imprudent, had dared to fix his designs on a young lady of the court of Berlin, whom he believed was smitten with his manners, and fascinating conversation, but which was regarded as insulting in the extreme. In short, the brilliant and conceited Count was provoked to a duel, and paid with his life, that, which in France is only considered harmless badinage.

We may conceive what were the feelings of the widow. Never was grief more acutely felt. To lose the most brilliant of husbands, a little fickle perhaps, but which the future might have amended,—and above all, the offspring of an illustrious family. She was indeed inconsolable. Delphine appeared to partake of the sorrow of her mother, and bestowed upon her all the consolation of filial affection.

At last, one day, when Delphine was alone with her mother, and their aged relative, she contrived to make the conversation turn upon the *fatal passion.*

"Now," said the Countess—"my dear daughter, you may confide in me the cause of your error, and inform me how you first became infatuated with the Count. It is a passion that can now no longer exist."

"It never did exist," said the aged relative.

"How! What do you mean?" said the Countess.

"'Twas but a *pretended passion* of Delphine's—a noble sacrifice of a child's affection, to preserve the happiness of a mother."

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The Countess was about to reply, when Delphine prevented her by saying—

"The passion which I told you I had conceived for the Count was indeed but pretended. It was he who dared to make unlawful advances towards *me*—and I knew that to have revealed the truth, would have for ever sown the seeds of suspicion and distrust between you. Besides, I had sworn to my father that I should never quit my natal roof. I chose, therefore, to assume the error of the Count, guided by the advice of the worthy pastor, and our mutual friend here. You know the sequel."

How shall I paint the astonishment, remorse and confusion of the Countess. How little did her rank and title now appear, contrasted with the noble and disinterested conduct of the charming Delphine. She pressed her to her heart, poured out her tears and invoked eternal blessings on her. Like the sudden gleam of morning, dispelling the shadows of the night, and showing the landscape, she beheld at once the foolish error she had committed—an error, which too many of our modern dames commit, in taking to themselves handsome and accomplished husbands their juniors in years, and thereby placing their daughters in the way of temptation,—for assuredly, youth will ever neglect the fruits of *Autumn* for the flowers of *Spring*.

Original.

EPITHALAMIUM.

BY MRS. H. LIGHTHIPE.

Two roses on a stem there grew,
That drank the sunbeam and the dew.
When youthful Love, one shining day
With wing all light and heart all gay,
Came down to woo his fairy bride,—
Beheld the flowrets side by side.

He plucked the roses and twined them there
In a garland for his lady fair.
But he thought as the fragrant wreath he made
How soon the lovely flowers might fade,
And he prayed Father Time his course to stay,
Nor sweep his happiest work away.

"It cannot be," old Time replied,
"Such beautiful things may never abide.
But here is a wreath that I have made,
And promise thee too that it never will fade,
Of loving hearts and of wishes kind
A garland fitting, her brow to bind."

And now behold in this simple rhyme,
Love sends the gift of old Father Time,
The roses have faded, dear lady, but we
Bring rarer and choicer gifts for thee,
Of happy favors, and hopes as bright
And joyous thoughts for thy bridal night.

Original.

THE FOREIGN COUNT;

OR, HOW TO WIN A BRIDE!

BY ROBERT F. GREELEY;
AUTHOR OF "RICH AND POOR," "CAROLINE," ETC.

I.

"THEN you are really and unquestionably in love?"

"Too deeply for a joke!"

"I can readily believe you, for you have all the symptoms. Is the lady rich?"

"I do not know."

"Is she of good family?"

"Of that, alas, I am ignorant."

"She is young, of course."

"Sweet, blushing, sixteen!"

"The warmth of your panegyric, Alfred, is almost enough to make one a participator in your feelings; but you have not told me the name of your new-found beauty."

"Strange, as it may seem, I do not know even that."

"I comprehend; it is altogether an *affaire du coeur*—love at first sight, is it out? But have you no clue to the object of your passion?"

"None, whatever."

"You are in a strange predicament; upon my word, I see no way but to retrace your steps, and forget the lady."

"Forget her?—never!"

"Your case is a desperate one, then; I suppose you cannot live on love all your days."

"Laugh at me, if you will, Frank; perhaps I deserve it, but I am unable to do as you advise."

"Suppose you detail to me the circumstances of your meeting; it may lie in my power to lend you some assistance."

"I doubt your ability to render me any help, but you shall hear my story, notwithstanding. It was, then, about a month since, that I just saw the angel of whom I speak; she had applied to me for her likeness, and in my studio, day by day, and hour by hour, I drank in her unearthly beauty, until I was like an intoxicated man. I once thought that my ardent glances were returned; subsequent facts, however, have undeceived me. In two weeks I had accomplished my task—the pleasantest that had ever fallen to my lot—and delivered it to its owners. This locket is the only memorial left me of those brief, but pleasant hours."

"How! is this, a *fac simile* of her features?"

"It is; you seem to recognize them?"

"Unfortunately for you, my friend, I do."

"You alarm me! where is she?"

"Her name is Caroline Blondel; she is the only daughter of a retired merchant, who, from his ridiculous pride and intolerant spirit, has earned the well-merited title of 'the aristocrat.' You might as well hope for the sovereignty of the Indies, and expect to see your wishes gratified, as to aspire to the hand of his daughter."

"Are you acquainted with the family?"

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"Intimately; the title of a relation gains me a ready access to their doors."

"I must claim then, your voluntary promise of assistance."

"What! do you mean to persist?"

"Undoubtedly!"

"What would you do?"

"Obtain access through your influence to the house of your proud relative."

"My dear fellow, are you mad? Such a thing is impossible—nay, impracticable!"

"You are too easily daunted; listen, and I will convince you, that what I propose is not so difficult of accomplishment as you would imagine. Blondel, you say, is an aristocrat?"

"To the back bone!"

"So much the better for my purpose. I will purchase some extravagant frippery, which you shall choose, and you shall introduce me to your connection as a 'Foreign Count.' With an artificial moustache, and a miniature hedge of hair, I may be sure of success."

"You would not surely deceive Miss Blondel?"

"Were I to encourage such a thought, I should be unworthy the name of a lover; nor could I hope that the love thus won from her by me, as a Count, would endure towards the poor artist."

"Well, since you promise to deal fairly with her, and are resolved to push the affair, I will aid you. Let me think; to-morrow evening the old gentleman gives a grand entertainment in honor of his daughter's first appearance in society. This will occur most opportunely for your scheme. But you will have many obstacles to contend with; in the first place, you have a rival."

"A rival? Who—where?"

"Not at your elbow, as your looks would seem to intimate; he is, nevertheless, a formidable one. He says that he is rich, the ladies call him handsome, and the gentlemen declare him to be a 'devil of a fellow!' He has, moreover, obtained the consent of her parents to an union with Miss Blondel."

"How? has he dared——"

"Nay, not so hot; Caroline, I can assure you, will never consent to receive him as a husband, with all his riches. To-morrow night, then, I will introduce you, and you shall have an opportunity of seeing, both your mistress and your rival."

II.

We have often, in our daily wanderings, met with a face, fairer, and more beautiful, than any we have yet beheld; which has left upon our minds an impression that required weeks—in some cases, months—to erase. It may be compared to a single ray of sunshine, suddenly bursting its way after an April shower through a dense veil of clouds, gladdening the sight, and imparting an unaccountable feeling of happiness to the heart, but vanishing almost as quickly as it appears. Yet, although the ray has gone, the sensations aroused by its appearance remain behind. Such was the face of Caroline Blondel, and such were the feelings experienced by the most indifferent upon a first interview.

She was just sixteen; her hair, which was of a dark chesnut color, instead of falling in ringlets over her temples, was combed carefully back from the forehead, and served to set off a brow of transparent whiteness: beneath which, like two "gems in a monarch's diadem," or, sister stars in the clear canopy of heaven, shone a pair of dark, lustrous eyes, that set the heart throbbing to gaze upon! She was tall and graceful as the famed Medicean Venus, and was, in fact, accomplished in every art that can serve to render a lady the object of admiration, of interest, or, (shall it be said?) of *love!*

She was constantly surrounded by a throng of admirers. They forced themselves upon her society by day; they tormented her with their fawning attentions at night. If she rode, there was a coxcomb, casting love-born glances at either elbow; if she danced, there was no possibility of obtaining a moment's rest, for, fast as her hand was resigned by one, it was seized by another. Did she walk, she was attended by a train of tormentors, and she could not thrum a note on her piano, but she was surrounded—almost suffocated by a crowd of vain fellows, each of whom imagined himself the object of her unconquerable attachment. Up to this time, however, her occupations were more suited to the daily routine of a petted daughter, than of a young lady about to undergo the ordeal of an introduction into fashionable society. But now a change was about to take place; she was about to be held up to the view of the world in all her charms—"an heiress, and a Venus"—and the night appointed for her "coming out"—which was to endow her with all the privileges of a woman, was drawing near. Never was maiden so elated, and from the time of its appointment, to that of its fulfilment, every thing—(even the young artist, Alfred Moreleigh; whose features had made such an impression upon her while sitting for her portrait)—was forgotten, and she could think of nothing, talk of nothing, but the one engrossing subject of her début.

The long expected evening arrived. A flood of light streamed from the windows of the thronged mansion of the aristocrat, and music resounded through the emblazoned halls, until the air was made vocal with melody! The apartments were filled with the wealth and beauty of the city. There was dancing in one room, and singing in another; all was mirth—gay, unclouded mirth!

Prominent in that large assemblage—the very embodiment of beauty and vivacity, sat the bell of the evening—the young Caroline Blondel. With music in her ears, and adulation at her side, how could a young maiden fail of being happy? There was a stir in that part of the room nearest the door—a suppressed whispering—a compressed murmur, and it was said that the lion of the night—the noble Count Eugene de Fribourg was approaching. All eyes were fixed upon the outlet, and expectation had arisen to its utmost height, when, in the midst of the sudden silence, the door opened, and a *valet* in magnificent livery, announced in a loud voice, "The Count Frayburg!" He entered—the foreign "Lion," the descendant of a long line of nobles, whose pedigree had its birth in royalty, and whose dignity aspired to the clouds!

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At first he seemed taken aback at the scene of splendor which, on every side, met his eyes, but gaining confidence, his countship, with an irresistible air, and a profusion of low bows, advanced into the apartment, and was introduced by the overjoyed Mr. Blondel, to his daughter. Again the music struck up, and the Count led his charming partner to the dance.

"What grace—what elegance!" exclaimed the gentlemen.

"What a figure—what an enchanting *moustache!*" exclaimed the ladies.

"What asses!" thought Frank Huntley, as he stood and surveyed the frantic motions of his noble friend. Fribourg—(*alias*, the artist, Alfred Moreleigh,) amid the immoveable variations of a *French* quadrille.

—

Midnight had passed, and still the amusements were unabated. In a remote corner of the garden attached to the house, two figures—one of whom, had he been present, Mr. Blondel would have identified as his daughter, and the other as Frank Huntley's noble friend—were lingering. *Mais, econtéz!*"

"Am I beloved, then, dearest?" exclaimed the *soi disant* Count.

"As much as a confiding girl of sixteen can love."

"This is beyond my utmost expectation! But, have you never thought of the many advantages you will lose, by refusing the hand of the rich Elverton?"

"Often; but were they countless as the waves of the ocean, I would resign them all for you, Alfred!"

"Will you consent, then, to abandon your father's gilded roof, for the humble one of the poor artist?"

"Is flight our only refuge?"

"The only one. Your father's aristocratical nature would spurn at once all idea of an alliance with me."

"But can you not manage to keep up present appearances, and by this device, win his consent?"

"I have already gone farther than my conscience warrants, and should have hesitated long ere this, were not your hand the incentive. Believe me, dearest Caroline! I have mentioned one only resource."

"What would my friend say?"

"Surely you value my happiness too much not to discriminate between the difference which, if you really love, must exist between them and me. Come, love, consent, and I will soon find the means of liberating you from this dreadful thraldom."

"Alfred, you have conquered me, but do not deem me weak if I request a few days respite, ere I accompany you. Come to me at the end of three days, and I will be ready."

—

"What success?" asked Huntley of his friend, upon his return to the house.

"The greatest!" was the reply.

"You are a skilful manœuverer; wed Caroline Blondel, and be happy. Napoleon, with all his tact, never won so great a victory!"

—

It is impossible to portray the rage which seized upon the worthy Mr. Blondel, as he read the following note, which he discovered one morning lying upon his bureau:

"DEAREST PA:—I am aware that the step which I have taken, may seem, in your judgment, excessively imprudent, but you will own, upon reflection, that the consequences were entailed by yourself. You would have married me to the man whom I detest, for the sake of a few paltry dollars; *I* preferred eloping with the man whom I love, and I hope that your own good sense, prevailing over the absurd notions of pride which render you so little liked by your neighbors, will lead you to acquiesce in the propriety of the step.

"My husband, Mr. Alfred Moreleigh, artist, (late 'Count Fribourg,') joins with me in requesting your pardon.

Your truly affectionate, though erring daughter,
CAROLINE MORELEIGH."

—

To this unworthy story, I will, with the permission of my readers, append A MORAL.

Let fathers think more of the happiness of their daughters, than of gratifying their own selfish desires, and there will be fewer *elopements!*

Original.

THE HEATH FLOWER.

BY MRS. H. LIGHTHIPE.

THEY left Brittania's shore,
Their native land, their pride,
To seek abroad the sustenance
Her own green fields denied.
But yet they loved them not the less,
With a sad and yearning tenderness.

And they found 'neath stranger skies,
The wealth for which they toiled;
And months and years like darkened seas,
Between them now had rolled,
'Till thoughts of that sweet land at last,
Seemed like a dream of beauty past.

One day of early spring,
When earth and air were blessed,
A book was for their pleasure given,
Between whose folds were press'd
Leaves of the gentle summer time;
And bud and flower from many a clime.

Each blossom's hue they loved—
The verdure of each leaf—
When lo! upon the paper lay
A sprig of purple heath,
Such as had grown on England's soil,
O'er which their childish feet had trod.

Oh! who by word can tell,
The feelings of that hour;
Or speak the tearful eyes that gazed
Upon that simple flower?
As there unconsciously it lay,
What cherished memories could it say?

Ye who like them have wept—
Whose hearts like theirs were bruised—
Say, would ye give such holy tears,
Forgetfulness to choose?
Are not such precious moments worth
More value than the gems of earth?

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Original.

BYRON CONTEMPLATING THE COLISEUM.

"ARCHES on arches! as it were that Rome,
Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
Her Coliseum stands: the moonbeams shine
As 'twere its natural torches, for divine
Should be the light which streams here, to explore
This long explored but still exhaustless mine
Of contemplation; and the azure gloom
Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume
Hues which have words, and speak to ye of heaven
Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument
And shadows forth its glory. There is given
Unto the things of earth, which time hath bent,
A spirit's feeling, and where he hath lent
His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power
And magic in the battlement
For which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and wait 'till ages are its dower.

Childe Harold.

IT is almost needless to say that our second engraving is an illustration of a certain portion of Childe Harold, where the poet is contemplating the ruins of the Coliseum, the most magnificent of the various amphitheatres which were scattered throughout Imperial Rome, "the eternal city," in her days of greatness and wealth. This extensive edifice was founded by Titus Flavius Vespianus, the Roman Emperor, somewhere between A. D. 69 and 90, being 1702 feet in circumference, and 163 feet in height, capable of holding eighty-seven thousand spectators. It is situated in the ancient portion of the city, not far from the grass-covered Forum, and in the immediate vicinity of the Temple of Peace. Since the decline of the Roman Empire, this magnificent edifice has gradually fallen to decay, and but a portion of its walls now remain, yet sufficient to impress the mind of the spectator with its once inconceivably grand and extensive form. Our view is taken from the south, and in the distance is seen the plain of Latium, once thickly populated, and whose inhabitants at one period caused no little trouble to the Roman people, but which is now a desolate campagna, where solitude and silence hold their unbroken reign. Above this barren plain rises the wooded heights of Castel Gondolfa, and the horizon bounded by the Latian hills, Moute Cavi, the Alban Mount, Frascati and other remarkable places, and to the right or N. E., is seen Ostia, once a celebrated town and harbor at the mouth of the Tiber, formerly known as the port of Rome; "for when the Romans began to have ships of war, a fleet was constantly stationed there to guard the mouth of the Tiber," and then prosperity flourished in its strength. Alas, how time has changed it. Pestilence, now continually raging, and annually carrying off all whom necessity confines to its frightful region. From a work entitled Rome, in the nineteenth century, the author thus writes. "Nothing can be more dreary than the ride from Rome to this once magnificent sea-port. You now issue out of the Porta San Paolo, and proceed through a continued scene of dismal and heart-sinking desolation; no fields, no dwellings, no land-marks, no marks of cultivation, except a few scanty patches of corn, thinly scattered over the waste; and huts, like wigwams, to shelter the wretched and half starved people that are doomed to live in this field of death. The Tiber, rolling turbidly along in its solitary course, seems sullenly to behold the altered scenes that have withered around him. A few miles from Ostia we entered upon a wilderness indeed. A dreary swamp extended all around, intermingled with thickets, through which roamed wild buffaloes, the only inhabitants of the waste. When we entered the gates of the fortifications we found no sentinel, on its bastion appeared no soldier; no children ran from its houses to gaze at the rare splendor of a carriage; no passenger was seen in the grass-grown street. It presented the rare spectacle of a town without inhabitants. After some beating and hallooing on the part of the coachman and lackey, at the shut updoor of one of the houses, a woman unclosing the shutter of an upper window, presented her ghastly face; and having first carefully reconnoitered us, slowly and reluctantly admitted us into her wretched hovel.

"'Where are all the people of the house?' we inquired.

"'Dead,' was the brief reply, and we learned, on more strict inquiry, that the population of Ostia, "at present nominally consisted of twelve men, four women, no children, and two priests. The ruins of old Ostia are farther in the wilderness." What a change has transpired within a few centuries—her vast and gorgeous monuments, her lofty temples and splendid palaces, what are they now but melancholy mementoes of her once unbounded power—wealth, grandeur and the wisdom and bravery of her citizens? In the palaces of Emperors, where luxury and grandeur dwelt, now crawls the lizard, and wanders the wild fox. In the mighty Coliseum, where congregated the best and bravest of the Queen of Nations, whose applauding shouts rose like "*the crash of thunder and the wrath of storm,*" in approval of the "bloody show," whoops now the owl, flickers the bat—nothing but the impress of ruin and desolation being left to tell of her once godlike greatness. The figure and likeness of the poet in the foreground are admirably preserved and in good keeping, forming as a *whole*, a picture of great poetical beauty and magnificent art.

EDUCATION.

IN whatever light we view education, it cannot fail to appear the most important subject that can engage the attention of mankind. When we contrast the ignorance, the rudeness, and the helplessness of the savage, with the knowledge, the refinement, and the resources of civilized man, the difference between them appears so wide, that they can hardly be regarded as one of the same species. Yet compare the infant of the savage with that of the most enlightened philosopher, and you will find them in all respects the same. The same *high capacious powers* of mind lie folded up in both, and in both, the organs of sensation, adapted to these mental powers, are exactly similar. All the difference, which is afterwards to distinguish them, depends upon their education.—*Stewart.*

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Original.

THE SCAPE GRACE AND THE SCAPE GOAT.

A MATTER OF FACT SKETCH.

BY WILLIAM E. BURTON.

BOLINGBROKE BOGGS was an excessively "nice young man;" a person of the strictest propriety. He was regarded by the senior moralists of the chequer-board city of Philadelphia, as an exemplary specimen of juvenility. Amateur agriculturists, who busily employed their nonage in extensively sowing wild oats, were requested to imitate the staid decorum of Mr. Boggs' way of life; and church-going maternities desired their marriageable daughters to be particularly civil and attentive to their parson's pet, the rich and moral Mr. Boggs.

Boggs, senior, possessed the reputation of enormous wealth. He imigrated into the states from Canada, at an early period of life, and pitched his coblar's seat in a Dock street cellar, "which served him for parlor, for kitchen, and hall," and eke for bed chamber, too. Habits of economy and industry soon enabled him to become a small Boss; and a lucky speculation in leather, during the time of war, placed him in a Market-street store, with a capital of some ten thousands, and a character worth twenty more. He married the repudiated maid of a fashionable lady, who had condescended to visit America in quest of her husband, an officer in the British army, who remained in Philadelphia long after the termination of the war, in subjection to one of the fairest of his country's enemy's enemies. Mrs. Boggs was a considerable pretender to gentility; she made Boggs give up his bottled porter for small claret, but not without much intestine grumbling on the part of said Boggs. She had her first, and, in fact, her only child, christened "Bolingbroke," as it was a name famous in English history. She insisted upon this son receiving the education of a gentleman—desired poor old Boggs to style himself a merchant; and absolutely went into real hysterics when an extortionating drayman called him an old coblar.

Boggs throve. In due time he retired from business, and as Mrs. B. eloquently phrased it, became "rayther a conspickeyus portion of the aristocratic hayleet." Young Boggs went to college, and came back with one of those easily earned degrees which are entirely useless, except in rendering boys vain, and parents proud. Bolingbroke was a tall and rather handsome youth; he possessed not the snob-like look of his coblar father. The maternal lessons fructified exceeding in his ductile mind, and Bolingbroke had not emerged from his teens, ere he resolved to live and die a gentleman, in thought, in word, in deed. Unluckily, Mrs. Bogg's pretensions to aristocracy, were not recognized in the highest circles of our straight-lined community; a pseudo-pietist seized an opportunity to ingratiate himself into her confidence, when her mind was most ireful against the upstarts, as she called the non-recipients. The creed professed by the clerical friend was most soothing to her indignant soul, as it consigned all unbelievers to an eternity of brimstone; and her sister communicants gladly hailed the advent of a rich proselyte, who rode in her own carriage, and unanimously awarded her a high place in their tea-and-scandal coteries.

The plastic son accompanied his lady mother to the conventicle, and insensibly succumbed to the direction of her spiritual director. He gave up the acquaintances of his youth, and abjured their amusements; boating, gunning, and fishing, were strictly *taboved;* and the doors of the theatre, like the gates of Hades, were not to be passed but by the utterly lost and condemned. But when the *Tartufe* was himself espied in the pit of the devil's house, in a most unseemly disguise, listening with evident delight to Forrest's exposition of the royal maniac, his sophistical defence scarcely satisfied the strict propriety of his flock—he had heard much, he said, of the elocutionary powers of the chief sinner among the devil's crew; and he had voluntarily entered the valley of death to see if it was in his power to copy the persuasive tones—to snatch a quill from Satan's wing, to be used as a weapon against the unholy one. "Very well," said the apprentice, who bore witness against him, "he wasn't improving his elocution when he encored the dancing girls."

Mrs. Boggs, whilst ladies' maid in "dear sent Jeemeses," contracted a knack of using the finest language that could be pressed into the service, marvellously studded with the vernacularisms of lockaigne. Her son, the gentle Bolingbroke, imbibed the practice, with his mother's milk, and lisped his infantine nothings in round high sounding words. His college study, of course, removed the vulgarisms wherewith his mamma was wont to interlard her phrases, this grandiloquence, on ordinary occasions, passed off pretty smoothly, for he seldom ventured on long speeches; but when excited to attempt a lengthy phrase in the highest flights of his peculiar eloquence, he generally contrived to stop in the middle of the most expressive sentence, and after some ineffectual stammering, make a sad inglorious end.

Bolingbroke fell in love with a certain Miss Phipps, a pretty tittering girl of eighteen. She was too lively in her disposition to entertain much affection for the saturnine Boggs, but he was good looking, wealthy, and obedient, and served as an effective walking-stick when other beaux were not to be obtained. One fine evening he was strolling with her in the garden attached to her parent's domicil, the lady looked lovely, and the gentleman felt the influence of her beauty, rather more powerful than usual, aided perhaps by the after dinner *bienveillance*, and the balmy nature of the air. He determined to seize the golden opportunity to declare his love, and pop the precious question. The setting sun gave him an idea, and bringing the lady to a sudden stop in the centre of a side-walk, he placed himself before her, and taking her hand, thus began, after a tender iniatory squeeze.

"Amelia Phipps, the glorious declination of the empyrean's chiefest luminary, now irradiates the heavenly west; at his amaranthine departure, the whole universe will be bathed in one sheet of celestial darkness. So it is with your devoted slave. When you retire for the

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night, my sun of glory, of heavenly beauty, has sunk behind a cloud. May I not then indulge in a beatific hope, that when you, like creation's lamp, get up in the morning, I may be allowed—I mean—that the melliflu-ous splendor of your beams—that is—as I was saying, if you'll let me—for goodness sake do not refuse—if I dared to hope that you would permit me to—to—to—call again to-morrow?"

"Certainly, Mr. Boggs," tittered the young lady, as she returned into the house, "and as you must be fatigued after such an effort, allow me to offer you a glass of wine."

Boggs quietly followed like a beaten spaniel. He gulped down two glasses of Phipps' old particular, and muttering twenty excuses, bowed himself out of the room.

Covered with confusion, with the fair creature's laugh yet ringing in his ears, he dashed down the street. In a few minutes he felt himself seized roughly by the arm. "Why, Boley Boggs, old fellow, where have you been these three years?"

The inquiry was made by his schoolmate, Robert Finnerty, the son of a man of some importance in the monied circles of Philadelphia. Report said that the elder Finnerty landed from Ireland as redemption servant—that he worked as a day laborer—served as a common sailor in a privateer schooner during the war, and knew something of Mitchell and the isles of Barrataria in the after years. He certainly made his reappearance in Philadelphia, with a gun-shot wound in his groin, and a large variety of gold pieces in his chest. For many years he appeared to be connected with the shipping interest, though no one could exactly define his position. He assumed the title of captain, lived freely, and went into the best society. His boy was the pride of his life; he procured an appointment as midshipman in a crack frigate in the U. S. Navy, and supplied him liberally with cash.

"Why, what ails you, Boley?" said the young officer. "You look mighty dismal. Been quarrelling with the old folks? No! Had a row with your girl? ah, I thought so. Here, hook on to my starboard fin; I'll introduce you to a crew of good fellows, who would rout a whole fleet of blue devils." Bolingbroke yielded to the persuasions of the midshipman. and joined a merry party at the United States Hotel. Already under considerable excitement, and unused to strong potations, he fell a ready victim to the assaults of the wine god. Midnight found him madly drunk, while the rest of the party were merely jovial. Boggs became the butt of the room; his health was proposed with mock honors; he attempted a speech in return. His high flown language excited uproarious mirth, in which Finnerty was compelled to join. Boggs took umbrage at the laughter, and threw a bottle at the head of the chairman; a fight ensued, and Boggs was dragged down stairs, turned out of doors, and finally taken to the watch-house with his left eye "very considerably in mourning."

Finnerty interfered to save his friend, but was unable to curb the general feeling that Boggs deserved his fate. He resolved to procure bail for his poor Boley, as he persevered in denominating his old chum; but it was suggested that an hour's rest would somewhat sober Boggs, and, in fact, was necessary, to make him understand the merits of the case. Supper was ordered, punch introduced, and poor Boley was totally forgotten.

When Boggs was roused by the watchman in the morning, it required several hearty shakes, and a bucket of cold water, to bring him to a perception of his position. He was introduced to the mayor, professionally; his Honor gazed upon the repentant face of poor Boley, and, pitying his closed eye, dismissed him with a reprimand.

He wended his way home, with a taste of red hot copper in his mouth, and a feeling in his head as if the bumps of constructiveness, were changed into the bumps of combativeness, and were thumping away right and left at their vicinal brother bumps. His black eye created considerable confusion, amid the development of form, size, and language; in fact, he felt as if his caput had been handled by some ignorant pretender to the science of phreno-mesmerism, who, in attempting to play upon his organs, had produced nothing but discord.

As Boggs junior had never before absented himself from the paternal roof for an entire night, some excitement necessarily existed among the household. He was met in the hall by his mother, who first shrieked at the sight of his bloody shirt and black eye, then, muttering something about her "hoffspring's gore," went comfortably into a first-rate fit at the foot of the stairs. Old Boggs regarded all this as a matter of course; he shook hands with his son, asked if he was seriously hurt—said it was well it was no worse—advised breakfast, and a "lay down for an hour"—hoped it was a pleasant party, and waddled off, thinking of his bachelor days, his bottled porter and his pipe, and looking, as the nigger servant said, "jess as if he'd a liked to a bin along o' young massa all a-night when de fun was bin a doonin."

It was impossible to keep this matter a secret from the clerical friend of the family, and Bolingbroke felt that he deserved the long winded reproaches which were heaped upon him. He offered to sign the tee-total pledge, but his adviser held serious thoughts against the propriety of binding man, a free agent, in temporal bonds; and, in his opinion, a compulsory oath was most decidedly against the constitution. He knew that if he advised the pledge, he must also observe its precepts; and he had too much respect for old Boggs' Burgundy, to make such a ridiculous sacrifice.

Rumors of the result of the symposium rapidly spread, and poor Boley blushed when, with a green shade over his black eye, he encountered the vivacious Miss Phipps—the lady tittered again, but absolutely treated her admirer with more attention than she had ever done before. She spoke in favor of men of spirit, actually praised convivial people, and threw Boggs into an exstacy, by granting him permission to escort her to New-York the ensuing day, on a visit to an aunt, rather than suffer disappointment from the prior engagements of her papa.

Boggs was grandly magniloquous when he handed

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the pretty Miss Phipps into his mamma's carriage, on their way to the wharf; he flung about the four and five syllablers with a recklessness ruinous even to dictionary makers. The lady tittered, and seemed prodigiously pleased, either with herself or her swain. The gentleman felt sure that the lady loved him; and as they stepped aboard the ferry-boat, by an association of ideas, he resolved to venture a steam voyage to Europe, for the purpose of passing the molasses-moon in merry England.

"Ah, Boley, how d'ye do? Going to York?—glad of it.—Feared I should have to sail alone.—Glorious company for any body else, but a horrid bore to myself. Is this the lady you were mentioning the other night? introduce me."

"Sir! Mr. Finnerty! superinduced as your familiar volubility may be by our primogenial consociation, no susceptible gentleman will contumaciously sanctuarize an impertinent endeavor—that is—I do not mean impertinent."

"Of course you do not—so, introduce me."

"Boggs stared, and Miss Phipps tittered. She looked as if she expected the introduction, and Finnerty had already taken off his hat, and was making his best bow, so the gentle Boggs complied with his friend's demand. In less than a minute, Miss P. was leaning on Mr. F's arm, essaying a pass to the ladies' cabin at the other end of the boat, and poor Boley was desired by the unblushing Bob, to hasten ashore and get *three* tickets, for the boat was about to start.

In the cars, the handsome midshipman sat beside the young lady, and monopolized her attention so successfully, that she seemed to forget the entity of Mr. Boggs, who squatted most melancholily on the seat by the door, all others being occupied, and watched the doings of his substitute with "a green and yellow eye," with his back at the end of the car; he looked into the faces of the fifty passengers that filled the vehicle, and wondered if any of them were as wretched as Boggs. For a moment, he determined to insult Finnerty, and publicly demand his right, but when he considered that his friend was a fighting man by profession, and saw that the lady seemed content, he confessed the folly of the thought. Should he punish that seeming content, by getting out of the cars at the first stopping-place, and returning to Philadelphia without notice to the guilty pair? No! That would leave Finnerty the game, with an acknowledgment of victory. He felt so bad, that he resolved to throw himself under the wheels of the locomotive, and suffer the whole train, tender, baggage-cars, and all, to crush his body, as she had crushed his heart. At length, after mature deliberation, he determined to swallow innumerable cobblers, and endless toddies at the various taverns on the way, to drown his sorrows for the present, and give him courage to confront the daring Finnerty on their arrival at New-York.

A pretty, nay, a lovely face, with large lustrous eyes, and most expressive mouth, smiled on him from the centre of a bevy of girls, in the middle of the car. Was that smile the recognition of an acquaintance? He knew not the lady. Was it an acknowledgment of his good looks?—for Bolingbroke was tolerably good looking, and he knew it. If the smile was repeated, he would bow; and, if possible, get into conversation with the strange charmer, and devote his utmost gallantry to her service. He would then be even with Miss Phipps, and convince her that he could attract the notice of one of the loveliest of her sex. With patient observation, he watched the motions of the new Venus; the smile was repeated; he bowed with infinite grace, the lady started with a polite surprize, bowed coldly in return, and instantly averted her head, and kept it averted during the rest of the transit in the cars.

Poor Boley! again his hopes were defeated! the cars rolled on; Miss Phipps gazed admiringly on Finnerty's bronzed and handsome countenance, as, with pleasant vivacity, he detailed the events of his last cruise. Boggs turned from the painful sight, to watch his fair unknown. She was sitting in the midst of a party of sisters, ladies of various ages, conveyed by an elderly couple. The sisters and their parents were in mourning; but Boley's charmer wore a light travelling-dress, with a white hat and feathers. She was therefore merely an acquaintance—an intimate acquaintance, for she dispersed her pearls of conversation with a liberal grace on every side, to the evident delight of the party.

The cars arrived at Amboy; a smart shower of rain annoyed the ladies in their passage from the car-house to the steamboat. Finnerty succeeded in borrowing one of the few umbrellas to be found among the passengers, and escorted Miss Phipps to the ladies' cabin. The father of the group of sisters hurried his party aboard, and Bolingbroke observed that his charmer, the unknown lady in the hat and feathers, was left alone on the verge of the shelter afforded by the car-house, dreading the devastating effects of the rain, and looking round most beseechingly for some gallant with an umbrella. Finnerty was searching for the gentleman from whom he had borrowed his *paraphric*, when he observed the forlorn damsel in her predicament.

"Here, Boley," said he, thrusting the umbrella into his friend's hand, "is a chance for you; convoy yonder pleasure yacht into port." The gratified Boggs sprung up the platform with alacrity, offered his arm to the lady with a high flown apology for his rudeness, spread the umbrella over the hat and feathers, and safely landed her on deck. The lady was grateful, and the gentleman was gratified. His compliments were so graciously received—her manners were so lady-like, so touchingly respectful—that Boggs, over-leaping Mahonich, jumped an octave of heavens, and fancied his charmer superior to the angel of the Asiatic.

Sublime was the strut of the benignant Boggs, as he passed the faithless Phipps, and the false friend Finnerty, with the lustrous unknown hanging on his arm. Boley's spirits efferesced; he let off his big words with a boldness that attracted general attention. The promenade continued 'till the colored stewardess whispered "Dinner." Boley persuaded his lady to descend, although she knew "her pa and ma would wait." The rival couples faced each other, and the bevy of

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sisterly friends "brought up the line of battle on the starboard tack," as the midshipman remarked to Miss Phipps.

"May I be presumptuous enough to deposit a portion of this esculent on your crockery?" The lady stared.

"Hang it, Boley, your friend don't understand you. Why not say, 'take a 'tatoe, Miss,' in plain English?"

"Dare I interrogate respecting your bibulous predilections during refection?"

"Goodness, sir, what can you mean?" said the hat and feathers.

"He asks, what do you generally drink at dinner?" said Finnerty; "a very unnecessary question, when you have *two* ladies under your care, and you know what I drink. Here, waiter, bring this gentleman two bottles of champaign."

The victim paid, not only for the wine, but for the dinner tickets of the party. Miss Phipps sipped about half a glass of the Mousseux, the strange lady was persuaded to taste her third glass; Boley went his death on the balance of the bottle, leaving the other moiety of the order to be discussed by the imperturble Bob. "Now, Boley," said he, "when the ladies had retired to their penetralia, "order a few of the best Havannas, and let us go 'forered' and blow a cloud."

"Pardon me, I am consecrated to the behest of my divine *incognito*. I am momentarily expectant of her advent to irradiate the promenade with her resplendency, and I should contaminate the atmosphere of her person, if my habiliments were redolent of the perfume of—I mean, of my respirations, savored of the noisome—that is—I should obloquiously circumvolve my propriety if her olfactories were perceptious—I mean—that is, if she discovered, that—that——"

"That you smell of 'backer, eh?" said the sailor, coming to his relief. "Oh, hang a girl that don't like a segar!" Boggs smiled disapprovingly, and turned away; Finnerty went forward and enjoyed his pipe, whilst the other sat down in full view of the cabin door, in eager anticipation of his dulcina's appearance, but time hastened on and she came not. "Doubtless, she is participating in the unconsciousness of a siesta," said Boggs to himself; and then he dwelt with much delight upon the perfection of her beauty; wondered who she could be; regretted that he had not introduced himself to the elderly convoy of the sisters who seemed to be intimate with the charmer; resolved to inquire her name when she came forth; and determined to make her an offer of his hand and heart, if she proved worthy of his love.

Boggs blushed at the impiety of the doubt which the last determination engendered. He felt angry with himself, and indignantly dismissed the embryo slander from his mind. Miss Phipps appeared at the cabin door, evidently distressed at Finnerty's absence, and telegraphed Boggs with infinite ardor and perseverance. The gentleman remembered her inattention in the morning, and resolved on retaliation; he admired the fishing villages on the banks of the Kills; he gazed on the gliding vessels as they passed, he devoted himself to the amusement of a red-headed, dirty-nosed child that insisted upon frightening the deck-sitters by climbing up the moveable bulwark. In fact, he had an eye for every thing but Miss Phipps' nods and becks;—he resolved not to look towards the cabin door, unless the beauty in the hat and feathers appeared in that vicinity.

But the lady in question, happened to be busily employed in a livelier and more befitting scene. A shriek ascended from the depths of the ladies' saloon; another, and another followed, rousing the male passengers from their quietude on deck, and drawing them *en masse* to the scene of confusion. The mysterious unknown in the hat and feathers had found the wine at dinner so agreeable, that she had privately despatched the stewardess to the bar for three several glasses of brandy and water. The liquor did its work; but she prudently threw herself upon a couch, and wished to doze away its effects. The wife of a southern planter had observed the imbibition, and made some loud and pointed remarks to a staid and bilious-looking old lady, who declared in return that "she never," and invoked her goodness gracious. It was not in the nature of the hat and feathers to put up with such calumny in silence. She rose from the settee, and with the wrongs of an insulted female agitating her delicate bosom, delivered a specimen of eloquence that shamed the *poissardes* of '93. The southern lady ventured to insinuate something about "telling the captain," when the owner of the hat and feathers demolished at one fell swoop the head-dress of her antagonist,—hit the bilious-looking friend what the pugilists call a "nasty one on the nose," and scientifically floored the stewardess who hastened to the rescue.

When the men rushed into the cabin, the Amazon "with robes dishevelled and her hair unkempt," stood victoriously in the centre, brandishing the love-locks of the southern lady, with her fallen foes picturesquely strewed around. A dozen voices answered the inquiring gazers—an oath and a drunken hiccough confirmed the report—and the indignant husbands, fathers, brothers, and lovers, demanded of the unconscious captain the reason of the offender's presence.

"I know her," said the captain's clerk, "she is a notorious Boston impure; her name is Mary R. If the gentleman who brought her had not given her wine at dinner, she would have behaved herself; but, now, sir," said he, turning to the petrified Boggs, "you see the mischief you have done."

In vain did the innocent Boggs protest and affirm; his attentions at dinner time, and on the deck in promenade, had been too pointed to escape general notice. One universal burst of indignation overwhelmed the unhappy scape-goat, as he sneaked up the cabin stairs. The husbands of the injured ladies demanded his card, threatened personal violence, exposure in the public prints,—and an eternal round of unceasing persecution.

Boley waited until the marital wrath had consumed itself, when he insisted upon being heard. His high-flown and far-fetched verbiage at first puzzled his hearers, when a down-easter remarked that, "he guessed as how the feller was jest poking his fun at

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'em," an observation in which others joined, and suggested the idea of a little lynching, to teach the stranger better manners. Finnerty stepped in to the rescuse; he forced Boggs into the room fronting the engine, placed him under the care of the engineer, and silenced the main body of the passengers, by declaring that his friend Boggs was not exactly *compos mentis*. But the southerner was not so easily quieted, he demanded and obtained Finnerty's name and hotel, gave him his own card in return, and declared that nothing short of a shot at Boggs could give him reasonable satisfaction.

Boley Boggs was smuggled ashore by the assistance of a stout gentlemanly man, covered with gold chains, diamond rings, and pins, who appeared intimate with Finnerty, and at his request undertook to keep poor Boley safe for the rest of the evening. Boley sighed as he saw his friend Bob hand the graceful Miss Phipps into a hack, and jump in after her, at her evident request; he turned his head aside, and beheld the blood-shot eyes and vacant stare of the blue unknown in the white hat and feathers.

The stout gentlemanly man stuck to Boggs with promised pertinacity. A late dinner, and some good wine, and a quiet game of cards, passed away the night. Boggs at first refused to play, for he had been taught to look upon cards as the Devil's playthings; but the gentlemanly man had been so kind, and smiled in such an unbelieving way when Boggs declared he never played, that he felt compelled to oblige the gentlemanly man. At first, Boggs won every game, although he scarcely knew how to play the cards. About midnight, Finnerty joined them, and exhibited a challenge from the hot-headed Southerner, which Boggs peremptorily refused to accept. "His mother would not let him fight."

Finnerty sat down with them at the card table. At day-break, Boggs had lost all his cash, and had given the stout gentlemanly man his I. O. U. for two hundred dollars.

As Boggs refused to fight, he had no alternative but to run. He returned to Philadelphia by the six o'clock line, and the stout gentlemanly man agreed to accompany him. Finnerty lent his friend a five dollar bill, and saw him to the boat, with many protestations of esteem.

Miss Phipps wrote a letter to her mamma, detailing the adventure in the steam boat in terms any thing but complimentary to Boley. The whole affair was speedily promulgated, and the hero suffered a martyrdom. The stout gentlemanly man presented his demand; another link was added to Boley's chain of guilt, and he was denounced by Mrs. Boggs and her spiritual friend, as "far gone in the crooked paths of vice and sin." Nor did his coblar papa dare to interfere in his behalf. One of the young Phipps' threatened to cowskin Boley, for associating his sister with the lady in the hat and feathers, but the stout gentlemanly man interfered, and Boley stood a champaign supper to the party.

Finnerty returned in time for "the spread." Boggs resolved that this supper should be a quiet, orderly affair, and positively the final act of his folly,—that he would repent his misdeeds in sack cloth and ashes, and win back the esteem of his Godly mamma, and her saint-like circle of friends.

At four o'clock, in the morning, Boley was seen, with his back to a tree-box, courageously repelling the assaults of watchmen, and defying them to capture him.

The stout gentlemanly man had invited the party to dine with him; a little quiet Faro occupied the afternoon; Phipps and Boley were but moderately touched, scarcely a hundred each; the supper passed off pleasantly; but when the gentlemanly stout man brewed a large bowl of green-tea punch, the youngsters quickly felt its influence, and resolved to have "a lark." Cabs were ordered for the party; it was a wet night. The forlorn darkey, who volunteered to find the vehicles, sorely earned his quarter. The well-soaked drivers, were invited by the gentlemen, to have a warm and a drink; but when their attention was occupied by the liquor, the Messrs. Finnerty, Phipps, and Boley, severally seized the reins of the three amphibious animals attached to the three cabs, jumped into the drivers' seats, and with Indian yells, dashed up the street.

The gentlemanly man, who, by the way, was never intoxicated, smiled good naturedly at the effervescence of the youths, assuring the gaping cabmen that it was "all right," walked to the bar, and desired that the wine at dinner should be included in Mr. Boggs' bill. He then ordered his candle, and a sober glass of brandy and water. He complacently pencilled up the amount of his gains by the night's operation, and went to bed to enjoy a balmy night's sleep, the consequence of a good day's work.

The charioteers urged their jaded steeds to the utmost of their speed. Phipps was speedily unseated, but the dashing Bob, and his friend Boley, maintained a neck and neck race for many squares. At last, the midshipman endeavored to get the weather gage of Boley, but missing his luff, he ran foul of the craft and smashed his starboard wheel. Bob mounted beside his friend, leaving the wreck to its fate. They went in search of young Phipps, who was found uninjured. Various calls were then made, at public houses—liquor imbibed—more fun—more madness! At length, the two were given in charge of the watchmen, for breaking the windows of a tavern, where they had been refused admittance.

"Asy, now, come out of that, and lave off carruping us wid the whip," said the watchmen. "You're took up, so be quiet."

"Tuck up? Not in an eternity," said the valorous Boggs; "attempt no desecration detrimental to my corpuscular agglomeration, or I will disembogue thee into atomical particles."

"If its a furriner ye are, say so, and the mayor will give you the benefit o'clargy; but come on."

"Ah, would you experience the ponderosity of my resentment? Beware of revolving in a nearer propinquity."

"Beware, is it? A revolving pro-pin—what? Oh, Moses. Its one of them murthering run-round pistols he's got."

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Another watchman had his dignity hurt by being called a mercenary; another had his feelings hurt by a severe blow on the side of his head, from Bob's cab whip. After a lively concert of rattles, and the mustering of many ancient Dogberry's, the party were surrounded and carried off.

In the early grey of the morning, before the effects of the nights' debauch could be effaced, they were paraded before the mayor, with a long tail of bar keepers, watchmen, penny-a-liners, cab drivers, and other loafers. The young men were held to bail, on three separate charges, to answer the assaults that were sworn against them, and were detained in the cells of the police office 'till the requisite security could be procured.

In a short time, the bolts were withdrawn, and each prisoner jumped up expecting immediate liberation. A long-legged, slab-sided specimen of humanity entered the cell, and announced himself as a reporter to a penny paper published in the city. He told them, that he had a full account of their evil doings, with their names in full, for publication in the next morning's paper, but considering the circumstances, they would perhaps like to purchase the manuscript, and prevent its being printed.

"Ah, I see," said Finnerty, "a little mail, eh?"

"No, sir, we scorns such a circumstance in our office, but my pardener have such odd notions, that if things was not put right—you see, the other papers has not been able to get the news what is exclusive in our paper only, considering its extensive circulation."

"Oh, publish what you please," said Finnerty.

The disappointed penny-a-liner evaporated, and cooked up as foul a dish as his dirty mind could concoct. The compositor corrected the syntax, and in next day's paper, the young men saw themselves described as habitual gamblers, drunkards, and night brawlers. The steam-boat matter was given with much coloring; and the writer concluded, by stating that a large sum of money had been offered him to suppress the particulars, but his duty to the public compelled him to give a simple narration of the facts.

Finnerty laughed and cared not. Young Phipps went to sea; and Boley, not caring to face the sacred circle, joined a party of coon hunters, and went to Texas. The last United States paper that he looked at before he crossed the Sabine, gave him the information that his friend Robert Finnerty had married his quondam sweet-heart, Miss Phipps—and that the stout gentlemanly man had cowskinned the long-legged penny-a-liner for aspersing his character in the columns of the paper.

By permitting the political laws to take cognizance of marriage vows, the sexes gain an additional security on each other; inasmuch as their mutual pledges are placed under the safeguard of society, which, by its laws and customs, will inflict a severe punishment for any intentional breach of them, not so much in order to identify any injured individual, as to preserve its own good order and tranquillity.—*Letters on the Character of Mary Wollstonecraft.*

Original.

PICTURE OF ——

BY JOHN C. M'CABE, M. D.

I.

He stood beneath a lofty dome, amid the proud and great,
And noble men, and ladies fair are gathered there in state;
The varied lights their richness throw on picture and on guest,
And all but him, the lonely bard, seem happy and are blest.
The flowers fling their sweet perfume upon the wandering breeze.
That murmurs as it steals along among the nodding trees;
And voices gay ring merrily in wild and happy glee,
Yet seems this not a fitting scene for thee, lone bard for thee?

II.

Ah! no, the bard alone can tell how desolate the heart,
That from its lofty loneliness can never stoop to part;
To barter that unconquered pride,—to mingle with the herd—
Ah! no, his thoughts are soaring now like morning's fleetest bird
The scene, the crowd are all forgot in that one soaring thought,
That seeks the sunlight blaze of mind, 'till every ray is caught;
Then revelling in its bright dreams, it gives to wild song birth,
And strikes from Poesy's thrilling lyre those lays too rich for earth.

III.

Oh, blame him not, if when amid the worldly-minded crowd,
His step should all too stately seem, his look too withering prove;
His ear drinks in the thunder's voice, the lightnings as they wave,
Are fiery banners to his eye, the tempest as it raves
Is inspiration to his soul;—the very stars seem dim
To his strained gaze,—and the cold world—what is the world to him?
The Eagle and the Albatross, the ocean and the sky,
The deep ravine, the mountain top in grandeur towering high;
The gleaming stars, the pale cold moon, the sunlight and the wind,
Are his! his loved, his worshipped ones, the idols of his mind!

IV.

Then blame him not if to the earth he does not often turn,
Nor walk its paths, nor seek its ways, nor its cold language learn;
For his the mountain spirit is, its empire is the soul,
That fain would bow the winds, the waves, the world to its control.
And yet he hath his memories of holier, gentler hours,
When earth seemed one bright garden spot, its pathway strewn with flowers;
When his young heart leaped with gladness, like a free and gushing stream,
'Till the cold world's dark realities dissolved its boyhood's dream.

V.

And then his spirit wounded, crushed, retired within his breast,
Like the bird that mateless seeks at eve its lonely mountain nest;
And if he walks the glittering hall, amid the gay and proud,
'Tis but to feel alone—ALONE surrounded by the crowd!
And yet the wild and wizzard tones that leaping from his lyre,
Have kindled on the mount of song their beautiful shrine—fire,
Shall bid a wondering world admire Paens loud and long,
And all time keep thy memory, thou lonely son of song.

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Original.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF LOT WYMAN.

BY SEBA SMITH.

CHAPTER VIII.

The departure of Parson Brown, preceded by Lot.

AFTER the matter of Parson Brown's settlement over the new parish had been fully arranged between himself and old Mr. Green, the meeting broke up, and the company returned home. Parson Brown, during the remainder of the evening, was in exceeding good spirits; not hilarious, but happy. Not happy, like those who are strangers to the severe discipline of adversity, whose happiness is buoyant, noisy and selfish; but like those who have known and felt deeply the ills of life, who have tasted the cup of bitterness, and struggled, as it were, in "the slough of despond." He seemed to feel as though he were suddenly lifted out of a dark and dismal swamp, where he had wandered a long and pathless way, with no landmarks to guide him, and almost shut out from the light of heaven, and were now placed upon a gentle eminence, where a pleasant and well-defined road lay before him, leading through delightful fields, as far as the eye could reach. His heart was full of gentle and tender emotions, native kindness beamed in every glance of his eye, and his high brow seemed the throne of benevolence itself.

He was animated in his conversation; entered with cheerfulness into every topic that was broached, and patted Lot on the head every time he came within his reach. He talked over many little plans that suggested themselves, which he intended to carry into operation when he should arrive at his new home, and among other things, insisted with great earnestness that he should be permitted to assist in giving Lot an education. After the evening devotions, in which the parson led with unusual fervency and pathos, the family retired to bed. Parson Brown's emotions were too active to allow his sleep to be very profound. He was awake before daylight, and as soon as he could see about his room distinctly, he arose and dressed himself, and went out and walked down the road. He could not help feeling, in some measure, that he was walking through his own parish, and among his own neighbors. In that house dwelt his valued parishioner, Mr. Jacob Sumner; and in that, his respected neighbor, Mr. Peter Wyman; and in that, his beloved friend and parishioner, old Mr. Green. Musing on in this way, he went down the road some three quarters of a mile, until he stood opposite the little cottage on the corner of old Mr. Green's farm, which was to be his future residence. Here he stood for the space of fifteen minutes, absorbed in contemplation. He could not help looking over and over again, at the little garden, and the little potatoe-patch, and the little cow-pasture; and when he had cast his eyes up and down the road, and at the houses, and perceived no one stirring, he got over the fence, and went to the little barn, and peeped in, to see if it was suitably arranged both for a horse and a cow. And perceiving convenient stalls for both, the measure of his joy and his ambition was full. He went back into the road, and returned homeward.

When he reached the house, although it wanted some minutes to sunrise, he found Mr. Wyman up, and weeding in the garden. Mr. Wyman started from his work to accompany the parson into the house, but the latter waved him back with his hand, and went into the garden and sat down also to pulling weeds.

"You are out early, this morning," said Mr. Wyman. "I hope you are not unwell."

"Never farther from it in my life," said Parson Brown; "I am quite well, and have had a most delightful walk. I have been down as far as old Mr. Green's, and upon my word, I think this is the most pleasant neighborhood that I ever saw; the more I see of it, the better I like it. I feel impatient to get settled among you."

"How soon do you think you will be able to come?" inquired Mr. Wyman.

"Well, I think, in the course of a week," said the parson. "I have but little to do to settle up my affairs in Brownville, and get away. And I have been thinking it would be a great help to me, as I have no boy, if you could spare Lot to go with me, and help about packing up things, and going of errands; and then he could follow the team and drive the cow; I have an excellent cow, that I must bring by all means.

"Certainly," said Mr. Wyman. "I can spare Lot well enough for a week, or two weeks, if you want him so long, and he shall go with you."

Presently Mrs. Wymen called them to breakfast; and when the meal was over, Parson Brown said, if Lot could be ready in a few minutes, he would start on his journey. So Lot went and gave his face an extra washing, put on some clean clothes, and came in with his eyes as bright as new buttons, highly delighted at the idea of going a journey of twenty miles, which was three times as far as he had ever been from home before.

"Now, Lot," said Mr. Wyman, "you must take the bridle and go to the upper pasture, above Mr. Sumner's, and bring Mr. Brown's horse to the house. Where did you leave the saddle when you turned him out?"

"I left that in Mr. Sumner's barn," said Lot.

"Well, then you've nothing to do but to go and put on the bridle and saddle, and ride him home, and then we must fix on some little blanket for you to ride behind."

Off Lot went with a nimble step to the upper pasture. He caught the horse without difficulty, and led him to the barn, and was putting on the saddle, when out came little Sally Sumner, who was nearly of Lot's own age, and one of his most favorite play-mates.

"You can't guess where I'm agoing," said Lot, "with this horse."

"Why, where be you?" said Sally; "you're going to ride down to the house, I suppose; you aint going no where else with him, I know."

"I be though," said Lot; "I'm going to ride twenty miles on him, with Parson Brown, and I'm

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going clear home with him, to help him about moving here."

"Oh, I wish I could ride so fur," said Sally. "What a pretty horse that is. Let me get on behind, and ride a little ways, wont you?"

"Yes," said Lot, who was now ready to mount, and leading the horse into the road, he got up on a stump, and from thence jumped on to the saddle. Sally then ascended the stump and jumped on behind him. The horse was high-spirited, and a little vicious withal, especially when two mounted him at once. He had, moreover, a trick, when not altogether pleased with his rider, of seizing the bits firmly between his teeth, and running at his own free will in spite of the reins as fast and as far as his humor chose to carry him. As soon as Lot turned his head homeward, and invited him by the touch of a small stick to go forward, he threw his heels into the air with sudden and tremendous force. Sally screamed, but held on, and Lot, being something of a resolute boy, gave the horse a more hearty cut over the head. With that, he reared and plunged, and threw his heels up again with so much violence, that Sally fell to the ground. The horse then caught the bits in his teeth, and started into a run. Lot tried to hold him in with the reins, but had no power over him. By this time, Mr. and Mrs. Sumner, who had heard the screams of Sally, rushed out of the house, and into the road before the horse to try to stop him. But the attempt only added to his speed; for, although Mr. Sumner stood in the middle of the road, and spread his arms, and shook his hat 'till he perceived the horse was going to leap directly upon him, he then had to jump aside for his life, and the horse shot by like an arrow down the road. Lot leaned back and pulled upon the reins with all his might, but without the least effect. Jonathan Riggs was coming down the lane from his house to the main road at this critical moment, and seeing at a glance, the situation of affairs, he seized a long club that lay before him, and spurring forward into the road just in time to brandish it stoutly within about a foot of the horse's head as he flew by on the wings of the wind.

Lot, who was now nearly opposite his home, cast a wild and beseeching look in that direction for aid; but it was in vain; for though his father and mother and Parson Brown, all came running from the house with their utmost speed, they were still a rod from the road when the horse passed them. Mr. Wyman called loudly to Lot, not to be afraid, but to cling to the mane; not a word of which, however, could Lot understand. Parson Brown cried whoa, whoa, to the horse half-a-dozen times over in his sharpest and loudest tone, while at the same time Mrs. Wyman's shrill voice was heard with the others, screaming, Lotte-e, oh, Lotte-e. These mingled tones, added quite a spur to the animal as he passed, and sent him down the road with accelerated motion.

As he approached Mr. Peter Wyman's, that gentleman was going to his barn with a long hay-fork in his hand. He was a resolute man, and determined at once to stop the horse. So springing forward, he planted himself firmly in the middle of the road, and brandished his fork as though he were about to charge a regiment. But the horse seemed to snuff the battle afar off, grew fiercer as he came near, and instead of turning to the right or the left, he plunged directly towards him, and Mr. Wyman had but a narrow escape from being run over.

On went the horse with renewed speed. And now the only chance that remained for his course to be interrupted, before passing over a little hill that would carry him out of sight, was at old Mr. Green's. Unfortunately the boys were away, and the old gentleman was in the garden back of the house, where he saw nothing of the race. But the old lady was at the front door, and beholding the approach of the horse, and the perilous condition of little Lot, who by this time had instinctively dropped the reins, and clenched both hands into the horse's mane, she hobbled hastily to the road side, and shook her apron briskly at the horse as he came up, and by the time she could utter "hold on, Lotty," they had passed by and were ascending the little hill beyond the house.

"How far is it possible that horse will run?" said Mr. Wyman, trembling with agitation.

"Well, I'm afraid he may run 'till he gets home," said Parson Brown, "if he doesn't fall first. I see he has got his bits between his teeth; I ought to have thought of that and told Lot how to prevent it, and it's strange I didn't. I shall never forgive myself in the world if the boy meets with any accident."

"It's too late to help it now," said Mr. Wyman, "but we must go after him as fast as possible."

So saying, he sent Jonathan Riggs after Peter Wyman's horse, for Parson Brown to ride, and ran to the barn himself and brought his own horse, and in less than ten minutes, he and Parson Brown were both mounted and driving at a rapid trot down the road. Parson Brown nodded to the people as he passed, but did not check his horse to bid any one good by. As they passed old Mr. Green's, however, the old lady, who was still standing by the road side, beckoned them so earnestly to stop, that they reined up a little to see what she had to say.

"I want to tell you," said the old lady, "not to feel too anxious; for the boy won't be killed. I know what I say, and I want you to believe me and depend upon it. It's only one of his ups and downs in life, and he'll escape without being much hurt."

The earnestness and confidence with which she made these declarations, strange as they seemed, did afford some small relief to the anxious hearts of Mr. Wyman and Parson Brown, who again put their horses into a quick trot, passed over the hill, and were out of sight.

END OF VOL. I.

Note.—The rest of the acts of Lot Wyman, with other "distressful strokes that his youth suffered," and how he grew up to be a remarkable stout boy, and how he went six months to the blacksmithing business, and then returned again to the farm, and how he got the upperhand of the schoolmaster, and what success he met with in his courtships, and how he got married and went to house-keeping, and how he went into trade and failed, and what followed afterwards, behold, are they not written in the second volume of this history? But whether they will first appear to the reader in the pages of this magazine, or in a volume fresh from the hands of the book-binder, is a question which cannot yet with certainty be decided.

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Original.

THE LUTIN.—A FAIRY LEGEND.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Old Margaret's withered features
Gleam in the red fire-light,
"Now stay with me, my grandsons three,
Why wend ye forth to-night?"
The minstrel's mighty wing
Hark! how it shakes the roof—
This eve the fairy Sabbath is,
And souls should keep aloof.
The Lutins are abroad
In thousand forms of might,
To mock the feeble faith of man—
Ye shall not forth to-night.
Out spake the eldest, proudly,
And shook his raven curls,
I go to meet my Jacqueline,
My blue-eyed girl of girls!"
Out spake the second gaily—
"Nor Lutin—elf—or fay
Shall keep me from the beach to-night,
Where forms the flashing spray."
"And thou, my fair-haired darling!
My beautiful and bright!
Of stories fine great store have I—
Thou wilt not forth to-night!"
"Nay! grandame, lisped the loved one,
With playful, pleading look
Thy legends keep 'till I come back
With blossoms from the brook!
They're gone!" old Margaret murmured,
And fierce the minstrel blew,
And spirit voices echoed round
"Gone!—gone!"—the long night through.
"She talked of wind and tempest!"
The careless wanderers cried,
"Nor never walked the moon in heaven
With more resplendent pride!"
"Ha! there's old Caspard's horse,
His mane like midnight flows;
Mount! mount! away, my little steed!
How gallantly he goes!
He'll bear us to the fountain
We'll have a glorious ride!"
"Oh! brothers dear! I fear—I fear!"
The youthful Adolphe cried.
"He goes not to the fountain
I hear the sea-waves roar
And hark! the tempest raves above,
And see! the rain doth pour!"
Oh! turn him—turn him homeward!
How wild—how fast he flies!
It is—it is a Lutin-steed!
And he who rides him—dies!"
They strove in vain to turn him,
They strove to check his speed,
The lightning glares—the thunder howls
Around the demon-steed!
The ocean heaves before him—
He neighs with fiendish joy—
His flaming hoofs have touched the beach!
Heaven save that shrieking boy!
The cold waves hiss their white lips,
And deeper yet they go,
The cold waves close above their heads
And drown that scream of woe!—
* * * * *
The maiden at her lattice—
The grandame at her door—
And morning on the misty hills!
But *they* come never more!

Original.

PHILIP DAVIS, THE FOOT-BALL OF FORTUNE.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY A. D. PATERSON.

"Oh, world! Thy slippery turns."—*Shakspeare.*

Never did any mortal wight turn upwards towards the heavens a more undeviatingly cheerful aspect, never did voice give utterance more constantly to happy expression and joyous tones, than were constantly those of poor Phil. Davis. From his very birth, he was the Foot-ball of Fortune, yet the oft-occurring vicissitudes of his life, seemed but to add to the elasticity of his spirit. His favorite song was the old ditty of "Why should we quarrel for riches," and his unhesitating practice was to show his good fortune when he had it, and partake without scruple in the kindness of others, whenever it happened to be offered to him. The flexibility of his temper rendered him as the yielding willow, which escaped the storm by bending to the blast; whilst the vigor of his person, and the strong moral courage of his soul, caused him to be the oak in resistance against oppression and insult. Poor fellow! He was a foot-ball that sustained many a kick from the foot of the blind goddess, yet could she not kick him out of the field, nor take away his quality of "rising in the rebound," with form undistorted, and with elasticity undiminished.

Phil. Davis first saw the light in an obscure cottage, small in dimensions, miserably furnished, and still worse supplied with the necessaries of life. So greatly distressed in circumstances were his parents, at the time of his birth, that they had not wherewithal to hire a nurse for so interesting and critical an occasion as this "pleasing punishment which women bear," and which was to present them with an heir to all their privations and miseries. Yet, gentle reader, do not conclude too hastily that Phil. Davis was sprung from the *Canaille.* His father, though not of an ancient lineage, was a gentleman; that is, he was of respectable connexions, had received a liberal education, and was, at present, a half pay naval officer, on a miserable pittance, and with no other support. His mother was the daughter of an English merchant, resident in Lisbon, when Lieutenant Davis, then a fine young fellow bearing his first commission, met her at a select ball given to the officers of the ship in which he served. The warm-hearted sailor fell at once deeply in love, and was not long in making his passion known to his inamorata. But alas! "the course of true love never did run smooth." The gentle Mary Pierce knew too well her father's love of money, and his desire of elevation for his daughter; and, rather than submit her lover to the danger of a refusal from her father's mouth, or give him the power to break off the attachment by scheme or by violence, she was prevailed upon to run away with her lover. Accordingly, when the ship returned to England, he got superseded, returned to Lisbon, bore away the girl of his heart,

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married her, and applied for pardon and a blessing from Mr. Pierce, who, in return, sent him her clothes and his fervent *malediction*.

For a while, the young couple saw all things "couleur de rose;" they were happy in each other, and were in hopes that Mr. Pierce's anger, though furious, would burn out, and that he would relent. Again and again they addressed him, until at length their letters were returned unopened, and now indeed they believed that the malediction had weight. Having applied to be superseded, Lieutenant Davis found that he could not easily get on full pay again, and five shillings a day was but a poor sum for a subsistence, particularly to supply comforts to one whom the honest but unthinking sailor loved with the most devoted affection, and who had been used to all the comforts and luxuries of affluence. The young wife, however, who possessed in full measure that female virtue which consists of fortitude in endurance, and willing determination to take full share in the diffiulties which encompassed the husband of her choice, besought and prevailed upon him to seek out a cheap habitation in a cheap part of the country, and there commence to shape their course according to circumstances. This was done, and we now behold them at their humble cottage near Exeter.

Still intent on getting an appointment, Davis occasionally addressed the powers at the Admiralty, and on the morning of our hero's birth, he had walked down to Exeter to inquire for letters at the Post-office there. A kind-hearted and decent widow, who lived near had, for some days, given much of her time to friendly attentions toward Mrs. Davis, and he had left the pair together when he quitted home. To the Post-office he went. There was a letter—a large one; not "On His Majesty's service," and stamped with the Admiralty seal, but fastened with black wax, and bearing the impression of J. S. & Co.; moreover it was—fortunately for him—post paid. Now, one would suppose that under such circumstances, nothing could be easier than to open the letter and peruse the contents. That was not the case, however, with the worthy lieutenant; he turned it over and over, looked at the superscription, then at the seal, and seemed to be utterly confounded.

"Now who in heaven's name are J. S. and Co.," at length exclaimed he, "and what can they have to say to me. Not lawyers, thank God; for, poor as I am, I do not yet owe any man a farthing. Good Heavens, I hope it is not any thing amiss about my hard-hearted father-in-law! In my poor Mary's condition, a shock might be dangerous to her." Again he looked at the letter, and at length he hastily broke the wax. "Pooh!" said he, "let me know the worst; I am not going to exchange looks with a sheet of paper." The contents were as follows:—

SIR:—As the Solicitors in England, to Henry Roberts, Esq. of Calcutta, Executor of the last will and testament of your late relation, Henry Davis, so long resident in that city, we are instructed to inform you that your said relation, lately deceased, has bequeathed you a legacy of six thousand pounds, which we are empowered to pay you on demand. Having learned your address from your Agent in Arundel Street, we learned, also, concerning your somewhat straitened means at this time, and have therefore taken the liberty to enclose a draft on Messrs. Stockton's bank at Exeter, for two hundred pounds; the remainder we shall have pleasure in handing over after the customary legal forms are complied with.

We are, etc. etc.

Johnson, Scott & Co.,
3. Pump Court, Inner Temple, London."

For a moment, Davis was bewildered, and it was not until he had gathered up his scattered recollection that he bethought him of a distant relation of his father's, whom he himself had never seen, but whom he had heard of as an enterprizing young man, then somewhere in India, but holding little communication with his friends at home. This must be the person, but how *he* could have found an interest in the heart of the distant stranger, or how he could have been known to have existence, Davis could not surmise. "However," said the delighted tar, "here is the draft, sure enough! Let's see if it be genuine and good, and then," added he, with an expression of joy in his countenance, yet with a tear in his manly eyes—"then, my Mary, thy present comforts shall first be attended to, and afterwards they shall be made permanent."

The poor, but upright Davis was respected in the midst of his poverty: he was also known to many of the leading people in Exeter, although his means would not permit him to mingle with them. Among others the senior partner of the bank to which he was now hastening with elastic tread was greatly inclined, but knew not how, to serve him. When therefore he presented his draft, and showed Mr. Stockton the letter, it was immediately cashed without discount, and Davis received the old gentleman's *sincere* congratulations. From thence it was little more than the work of a moment to fly through Exeter, to engage a good nurse and an active female servant, to purchase a hamper of wine and other creature comforts, hire a postchaise into which he stuffed all his perquitions living and dead, put himself along with them, and drove home with the eager haste of a pursued fugitive. Arrived, he sprang from the vehicle with sparkling eyes and with joyous tones he exclaimed, "Where are you, Mary, my dear Ma——," when he was stopped by the good old widow, who intimated to him to be quiet, and not startle his wife, who had but one hour ago made him—a father! The tears sprang to his eyes; he remained mute and fixed for a moment as if in inward devotion, and then recovering himself he said in reply, "But I have news for her, Mrs. Norton; such news! It will strengthen her dear heart more than all your possets and stews."

"You must not tell her them now, Captain, Mrs. Davis is too weak to bear any news, good or bad; keep them 'till you see a proper opportunity and then deliver them cautiously."

"You are right, my dear old lady, you are right, but look here; I've brought a nurse and a handy lass, and a lot of knick-knacks which nurse says is good for my Mary;—go to work all of you; bless her, get all she wants, and—how is she? May I see her? Shall I run up stairs?"

"Wait," cried the widow. I'll go and tell her you've returned; and, mind,—when you do go up stairs that you must be very quiet."

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In due time he was admitted, kissed his wife and his boy, got his tale told, and put the house and its dear inhabitants into a comfortable state. Thus was Phil. born in the extreme of poverty and affliction, and cradled in the lap of ease and plenty, if not of affluence.

And now Lieutenant Davis proceeded to London, to settle the affair of his legacy, intending also, whilst in that city, to renew his application at the Admiralty for employment. For Davis was not an indolent man who could sit down in contented obscurity, ignobly eating the bread of idleness, and sinking ultimately into his grave a useless member of society. He had *chosen* the navy as a profession, and he was desirous to rise in it, to distinguish himself therein; and he was now further solicitous on that head, that he might transmit an honorable name to this first pledge of his affection. Chance —if it be not a profanity to use the word—chance, according to the ordinary occupation of the term, enabled him to succeed in his application at this time. The attornies were, what lawyers are much more frequently than they obtain credit for—honest men, with kind intentions; they informed him that his legacy was invested in the hands of merchants in the East Indies, of high character and of extensive commercial relations, who from the nature of Indian commerce were enabled to allow much higher rates of interest upon loans than could be obtained in Europe; that it was a very customary thing there for officers and such others as had accumulated small fortunes in that quarter of the world to make investments with the most distinguished merchants in India, who were considered perfectly safe and who paid their several interests with the most scrupulous punctuality; that his legacy was at present producing him ten per cent., but that he was at perfect liberty to withdraw it immediately, and the agent in London would give him a check for the amount if he should desire it.

Was it cupidity in the heart of Davis, which inclined him to let his newly acquired property remain in that distant but profitable investment? No, the young sailor had no such sordid feeling about him. He was generous, liberal, open, and free; but in imagination he saw so many additions to the comfort of his beloved wife, so much wider a field of speculation for the advantage of their offspring, that the temptation was strong; and he scarcely waited for the assurances of the lawyers that such investments are commonly considered quite safe ones, ere he determined to let the money remain. He proceeded to the Agent's in Coleman street, drew a year's dividend, now due, settled with the worthy Johnson's & Co., and, a comparatively wealthy man, he next proceeded to Charing Cross—a path beaten by the foot of many an anxious officer, for it led to both the Admiralty and the Horse Guards.

He was loitering about in the waiting room, until his turn should arrive, when a door opened, and from the inner apartment came his former commander, Captain Sibley. Salutations were exchanged, and Captain Sibley coming up to him said, somewhat coldly, but not ungraciously, "So, Mr. Davis, I little expected to see you *here*. I thought you had given up all intention of pursuing a naval career."

"You have a right to think so, sir," replied Davis, "I am but too well aware that the step I took when I had the honor to serve under your command, was but too well calculated to shut the doors of this house against me; and therefore it is that I patiently endure the many rebuffs I have met with from their Lordships, in the hope that by a persevering continuance they may be induced to relent at last."

"Ah, Davis," returned Capt. Sibley, kindly, "it was a mad trick for a lad who had but just donned his epaulettes, to cast them down at the feet of 'My Lords,' and run a wild goose chase after a girl. Nay, excuse me," added he, seeing Davis look serious, "I mean nothing offensive. Well, you married an old friend's daughter, as I understood; did the old gentleman relent, did he come down handsomely?"

"That is a sore point, Capt. Sibley, I regret to say that we remain under the inflexible displeasure of Mr. Pierce; and have had to bear up against much difficulty. That however is now removed, as I have just come into possession of a large legacy, which, in worldly matters, has removed from us all anxieties; and I am now additionally incited to prove to their Lordships my ardent zeal for our profession, by asking for employment when I can well remain at home without it. My dear Mary wishes it also, for she has a noble soul, and values her husband's honor, and I have an infant boy, Capt. Sibley, who may one day be useful to his country, in his turn."

"My dear Davis," replied the other with friendly warmth, "I rejoice to hear this. Leave the matter to me; I believe I may flatter myself with some interest here, and I'll go and try it immediately. Do not go away 'till I come back; and if your turn arrive for an interview, pass it by to the next in turn." Saying which, Capt. Sibley went back by the way he had just come, and in a quarter of an hour they met again.

"Well, Davis, I have done it for you. But you have not got upon a bed of roses I can tell you. It is a probationary course you are to have, as second lieutenant in a sloop of war on the Northern station. A horrid life, God knows, but it will be a purgation of past offences; and who knows but I get you with me again;—that is, unless you achieve promotion,—no easy task now-a-days. —Well, what say you, will it do? Will you grin and bear it?"

"I will indeed, Capt. Sibley," said Davis, laughing heartily; "and I thank you cordially and sincerely for your kind interposition in the matter. But although I would take up my appointment if it were sent to-morrow, I should not be sorry if it were delayed a few weeks, for my Mary is still weak and my boy is but six weeks old."

They then separated with mutual expressions of regard; and the elated Davis returned to his family, rich in the goods of fortune, happy in seeing his wife and child gaining health and strength, and proud in the prospect of once more being engaged in the service of his country,—an employment which had been the subject

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of many a youthful dream, and in which he continued to indulge anticipations of honor and distinction. In about two months from this time he received an appointment as junior lieutenant of the Rattlesnake, sloop of war, to which, after a tender leave-taking of his wife and infant, he immediately attended.

Little Phil was a sprightly child, and the joy of his mother's heart. His disposition was early developed, and it proved like his father's, a joyous, hilarious one. He was bold and venturesome also, fond of rambling, climbing trees, mounting the donkies in the bye roads, and was continually putting his mother into twitters of maternal fear, which, as in mothers generally, only endeared him the more to her heart. Seven years passed on; Lieutenant Davis had shown himself a brave and skilful officer, and at length having the command of a perilous cutting-out party, he effected his object after a tremendous resistance, captured a large vessel, but was most desperately wounded near the close of the expedition. He was brought on board senseless, and so dreadfully was he injured that it became necessary to supersede him; but the government acknowledged his services by promoting him to the rank of Commander. In the course of those years Davis had been a few times home on short leave, and great were the rejoicings of Phil and his brother, great also, of course, was the delight of his affectionate Mary; but now, sadly was the heart chastened of its delight, as the carriage was slowly drawn up to the door, containing the bruised and wounded father and husband. Mrs. Davis strove to keep down the appearance of her anguish, in bustling about to place him at ease, but Phil could not repress his emotions, and unconsciously disturbed his father by the utterance of his sorrow. Soon however he was schooled by his mother, who made him sensible of the distress he inflicted by boisterous grief, and the boy quickly became an excellent nurse as well as pleasing companion to his doating father.

But Mrs. Davis had another invalid in the house; her younger son had never been a healthy child, he had also suffered greatly from an attack of the scarlet fever, from which he had never fully recovered. He was now fast declining, and the grieved heart of poor Mary was but too well convinced that her youngest born would shortly be taken from her. She was a pious woman, and except in that instance of rebellion in which she escaped from her father's house with the man of her heart, she had ever been all that her parents could wish. Her meek spirit which forbade reproachful reflections on her father's harshness, and enabled her to bear without repining the bitterness of poverty into which her marriage had immediately plunged her, sustained her still as she administered to the comforts of her wounded husband and her dying child. She considered all she suffered as the chastenings of Providence, which bruises without breaking, and which tempers and purifies even in the fire of affliction. And she was not without the consolation and satisfaction which such a heart can minister to itself. Conscious of her noble husband's firm affection, blest every hour with the sight of her boy, who was the image of his father in person, and his likeness in mind and temper, she poured out her soul in private, in fervent prayer and praise,—and found comfort.

It was well said by Sterne that "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." The observation was well exemplified in the person of Mrs. Davis. Her younger boy continued to droop and at length was taken from her; and while she yet grieved for him she began to perceive that her gallant husband's days were numbered. It was not a sudden and overwhelming shock that she experienced, but a gradual conviction that overpowered her hopes; it led her, in the midst of her prayers for his recovery, to humble herself at the throne of mercy, and to utter with the publican of the Divine parable, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner." Yet she adding thereto the words of Job, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good," and the still more touching words of the Saviour himself, "Father, not my will but thine be done."

Mary was right; her husband's days *were* numbered. He languished, grew worse and worse, and finally became sensible that his career was drawing to its close. Henceforth he became assiduous to impress upon the infant mind of his boy that it would be his duty in every emergency to protect his mother, to regard his religious duties as paramount to all others, but, next to them, his honor, and to revere the counsels of the parent who had from his birth been his guide and protector. His next cares were to administer strength and consolation to his wife, who happily had a soul capable of receiving it, without diminution of her love for the object who thus endeavored to speak peace to her heart. Finally he arranged his worldly affairs according to the best of his judgment, for the welfare and security of the loved ones whom he was about to leave, and died like a man and a Christian with forgiveness at his heart and a blessing on his lips.

Sore smitten was the gentle uncomplaining Mary! Of husband and of one child bereft;—among strangers who, although many might and did sympathize with her, yet few could enter into the depth of her feelings, and all or nearly all sought occasion to shun the house of mourning. Her father too, far from her and in anger; to whom then should she turn and find comfort? To her God she turned with a contrite spirit; in the spirit which dictated the exclamation, "Father I have sinned against Heaven and before thee." To her God, in the first place, and next to the remaining child of her affection, even to poor sunny-faced Phil. But even as she caressed him, and viewed his speaking features, so like those of her lost husband, her heart gradually filled, the tears sprung into her eyes, and her utterance became choked.

Phil, on such occasions would endeavor to comfort her. "Dear mamma," the sensible boy would exclaim, "you tell me God has taken dear papa to himself, to be happy for ever; why then, mamma, why should you cry? If papa and Robert are so happy, we need not continue to cry for them.—And, dear mamma, I suppose I am not yet good enough to be taken to them; but I will be very good, and try to do all you would wish me, and will always be obedient, and mother I will not be disobedient; so don't cry any more, dear mamma."

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Little did the boy know the sting that was contained in these infantine protestations. Alas! was not her present distress the just reward of her own disobedience, and ought she not to prostrate herself at the feet of her parent, imploring his forgiveness? To be convinced and to act were with her matters of quick succession; she wrote to her father, though fearing that he would return her letter as he had previously done with some others; she described her bereaved state and the disadvantages under which her child labored in being cast off from his kindred, although providentially provided for as regarded the goods of fortune.

This time she was more fortunate in her application than heretofore. Mr. Pierce had read, in the English papers, the account of his son-in-law's gallant conduct; it softened him and caused proud emotions to rise within him; he next perceived his promotion, which still flattered the old man's pride; and then came the report of his sufferings and death, and all the father returned to his bosom, so long and so abundantly filled with angry sensations. He had nearly wrought himself up to a determination to address his widowed daughter when her letter reached him. His pride was saved, he had but to accord the forgiveness she had asked, and to reinstate her in her former position as the mistress of his house.

It has been well, though tritely said, that "man provides, but God decides." It so turned out in this instance, and the widow and her son were destined to another blow before the parental embrace could be received by them. In the interval between the despatch of her letter and the receipt of its reply, there arrived one from the London agent of the house in India in which all the property was invested, stating that the firm had stopped payment, the affairs were in the greatest confusion, and, whilst it would be an indefinitely long period before matters could be wound up, it was likewise a very doubtful case whether there would be a single shilling in the pound of dividend, from the assets. Here was a blow! From a competency allowing all the conveniences of life, and something to spare for charity, she was in a moment bereft of all, save her pension as a commander's widow; and her boy, her pride and comfort, would be turned adrift upon the world with scarcely a friend in it but his almost helpless mother. Happily a judicious economy had always reigned in her household, and moderation prevailed both in enjoyments and desires. She had a small modicum of money at her hand when this new affliction fell upon them, and she was not driven to immediate want. A removal was quickly made into a cheaper abode, and all expensive furniture was sold. She took Phil's education chiefly into her own hands, and now awaited patiently, though with sad forebodings, the result of her application to her father.

The answer arrived, and the very sight of it was a balm to her spirits. How often and how fervently she kissed it, how closely she pressed it against her aching bosom as though a portion of her father's spirit were infused into the insensible paper, how she blessed the hand that penned the welcome characters which there she read, and how at length with hurried steps she buried herself in the privacy of her chamber, and on her knees poured forth her grateful heart to the merciful Disposer of events! These were the exstacies of the first hour; but when calmer thoughts returned, she considered with dismay that her confined circumstances precluded her from obeying on the instant the welcome command of her father. Delay, still delay, must ensue; and oh! what other disasters might yet befal, before the happy consummation of her wishes. She instantly wrote again, describing her vicissitudes and present difficulties, and begging his instructions how to act. But the old gentleman's anxiety to fold his daughter again to his bosom now quite equalled the eagerness of that daughter, and he replied that he should retire from business and return to England; he instructed her to prepare a neat and retired abode and said that he hoped soon to be with her. Mary esteemed the acquaintance among whom she had lived so long, she loved her late cottage, and besides, she disliked to seek out new connexions. She therefore obtained her old homestead, which she fitted up with special regard to her father's comforts, and at length in a short time she rejoiced once more in that father's smiles.

And how goes on the young "foot-ball of fortune" all this while?" He is but eleven years old, yet his vicissitudes in a worldly point of view have been many and of weighty importance. Born in the depths of indigence, cradled in affluence, in early years become fatherless, shortly afterwards destitute of the fickle fortune's goods; and once more in brief space destined to be the joy of his grandsire's declining age, and dear to him as the very "apple of his eye." This moral foot-ball is a rough game, and surely on the part of Phil. Davis it is drawing near to end;—he has been remorselessly kicked, in the play-ground of the world, yet he is not affected by the blows. No, good readers, the game is not quite ended yet; but the foot-ball will keep its elasticity and form to the end; and our friend Phil. will conquer, even by sheer endurance and unshrinking equanimity.

The most dangerous juncture in Phil. Davis' whole life, was now at hand—that, namely, of being a grandfather's pet. In a short time the old gentleman became so fond of him, that he could scarcely bear the boy to be out of his sight. Wheresoever he went, Phil. must go with him, wheresoever he sat, Phil. must sit next him, whatsoever he planned, Phil. must be in the council. To go to school was utterly out of the question; masters of all sorts must come to him; in short, every body found it necessary, if they wanted to gain a point or a favor from old Mr. Pierce, their most direct mode of application was through young Master Philip. Alas! How many a fine intellect and promising disposition has made shipwreck through such undiscriminating fondness as that to which Phil. Davis was at that period exposed. But, in truth, he was a noble boy, and his mother had ably discharged her duty towards him; she was well aware of the danger in which he was placed, and took every means to guard him against the consequences which were to be appre-

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h ended, consistently with the reverence and affection with which she regarded her father. But vicissitudes and agitations had sorely shaken this admirable mother, and she began to perceive that she was not long for this world. Calm, resigned, and resolute, she immediately addressed herself to all the additional cares necessary to strengthen the mind and principles of her son; she knew his mental strength even at that early age, and she tested it. She told him that she was hastening to join his father and his brother, encouraged him in the path of honor, rectitude, and self-independence, and instructed him how to contribute to his grandfather's comfort. She next endeavored to prepare the old gentleman on the same subject, but he was so greatly affected thereby, that she dared not repeat the attempt. She was, however, right in her anticipations, and gradually sank to rest, expiring on the thirteenth anniversary of her beloved boy's natal day.

The first burst of grief on the part of Mr. Pierce for the loss of his daughter, was violent and excessive; he refused to be comforted, and it required all the exertions of his grandson, who had "that within which passeth show," to alleviate his distress. But the fierceness of the blaze soon reduces the fire to embers, and so it was with Mr. Pierce. In a little time the remembrance of commercial matters came across his thoughts, and he now resolved that Phil. should become an eminent merchant. But our hero had no vocation that way; from his earliest years, he had formed the notion of following in the steps of his father, and to any other calling or profession, he could not for an instant call his mind. Moreover, the youngster inherited the firmness—perhaps obstinacy—of his progenitor, and, in the affair of his future destination in life, his mind was made up. In a little time, certain small *tifts* took place between the senior and the junior, each appearing to be as determined as the other; 'till at length the grandfather could bear it no longer. The arbitrary spirit which, in former years, his deceased daughter had dreaded to encounter, broke out again; and one day after a fiery invective against the perversity of headstrong youth, to which Philip made the oft-repeated observation, that he should never be able to succeed in any profession except that of his voluntary choice, the old man sternly exclaimed—

"Hark ye, sir; I shall trouble myself no farther to convince you. You have shown me that you possess the self-will of one of your parents, and the rebellious spirit of the other. Do not interrupt me, sir"—for the boy was about to reply indignantly to the uncalled-for censure on the memory of his father and mother—"hear my decision, and obey it. Since you will go to sea, go! But as my honor will not allow me to let a member of my own family, however unworthy, be placed in an unbecoming position, I shall procure you a station on the quarter deck; I shall also settle on you an allowance of £60 a year for your life, and thenceforth you take your leave of me, and your prospects of inheritance."

He waited a moment, looking in the face of the youth as if hoping a reply; none was forthcoming, however, and he stalked angrily away.

A reply! He had effectually closed the mouth of his grandson against that contingency. Grief and indignation were swelling in his bosom so as almost to overpower him. What? His gallant father, whose memory was respected by his country, and whose parental kindness had hallowed him in the heart of his son! His sainted mother, to whom he owed every generous impulse of his soul, and who had been meekness itself! Himself, too, considered by his grandfather capable of foregoing what he thought right, for the sake of inheritence! The thought was humiliating.

He persevered; he would not wound his grandfather's proud feelings by refusing his allowance, but he held to his resolution to go into the navy. A ship was found, he joined her, and for ten years the relatives saw not each other again. In the meanwhile, the wheel of fortune proceeded in its endless roll, and her "foot-ball" continued his erratic movements according to the impetus which the blind goddess gave it. He was earnest in his profession, for he loved it; and many a one in the service could recognize, in young Davis, the father renewed. He rose in rank with all the rapidity which his services deserved, and the rules of the navy would admit of; and when, upon the winding up of his East Indian affairs, he found that nearly three thousand pounds were saved to him from the wreck, he wrote to his grandfather stating the circumstance, and declining, with thanks, to avail himself any farther of his bounty. The old gentleman was touched by the mildness and apparent docility of the young man, apparent in this letter, no less than by the dignity of demeanor and independence of spirit which it evinced. Old emotions of love again returned, he made overtures of reconciliation, which were respectfully accepted, and Mr. Pierce, after living to see his grandson a post captain, at length expired in his arms, at a good old age, bequeathing to the gallant sailor all his property.

As for Phil., as a "foot-ball," dame fortune at length gave him her final kick, and quitted the charge of him. It rolled him into a soft spot, where he lies very much at his ease; namely, into a happy marriage with an amiable girl, who has subsequently presented him with half a dozen—"olive branches, round about his table."

THE desire of change betrays itself on our very entrance into life, and continually operates in us 'till we die. We desire change of posture, of action, of food, change of all objects affecting the senses, for the eye cannot long remain fixed upon one object, and the mind still less upon one idea. Nature seems to have implanted this desire in us, amongst many other wise purposes, in order timely to arrest us in the midst both of our labors and pleasures, lest we continue either of them to our prejudice; and happy is he, who early acquires the habit of most commonly obeying her gentle admonitions, without waiting 'till she upbraid him more or less loudly, for unreasonable and repeated procrastinations. By doing so, he escapes numerous evils, nor only temporary, but permanent, for seasonable changes are indispensable to the steady well being both of the mind and the body.

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LITERARY REVIEW.

FOREST DAYS: by *G. P. R. James; Harper & Brothers.* We consider this novel worthy of the high reputation of James, and if we are not greatly mistaken, it is but a corrected and remodelled production of some early effort, put forward under the protection of his name. The characters are destitute of the life-like interest which generally invest his personages, and a common place, nay, a careless style runs throughout its pages. The scene is laid in the time of Robin Hood, who is made to figure conspicuously in the progress of the story with his brother outlaws, in the merry forest of Sherwood. Hugh de Monthermer, Richard de Ashby, Alured Ralph Harland, Kate Greenly and Lucy, are all of them pleasing, if not effective characters, and if not what we might expect from the genius of James, yet they will find favor in the eyes of those who read but for amusement. This issue makes the fourteenth number of this excellent series—complete without omission or abridgement.

ADAM BROWN: by *the Author of Brambletye House; Harper & Brothers. No.* 15 *of Library of Select Novels.*—A novel that is naturally drawn in all its characters, and one whose scene is laid in modern times. The character of Adam Brown is well preserved, and is a faithful picture of a certain race of the human species, who do much good to society at the expense of their own feelings and purse. The beautiful female creation, Isola, is pourtrayed with great delicacy and truth, while the noble-hearted and enthusiastic Adam is a picture often to be met with among those whose intellectual desires outstrip their pecuniary means. All the other personages, and they are many, are judiciously and naturally interwoven in the plot, and the interest is preserved without abatement to the denouement, which ends to the satisfaction of the reader.

ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE.—We have received numbers four and five of this great work, which is devoted to the internal transactions of Europe, in the years '97 and '98, so fraught with interest in every instance. It embraces fully, the movements of France in that eventful period, so deeply interesting, and which becomes doubly so, from the eloquent and picturesque description of this writer. Of the excellence of the work, we need no other proof than that it has been already translated into the French, Italian, German, and Arabic languages. In England it has passed through three editions, and the enterprizing Harpers cannot speedily enough supply the American market with their beautiful reprint.

TALES AND SKETCHES: by *Nathaniel Greene; Little & Brown, Boston.*—Mr. Greene has given to the world a volume of light stories, excellently translated from the German, French, and Italian languages. Mr. Greene, unlike the generality of translators, pursues not "*the literal line*"—the cabined and confined method of giving word for word, and thought for thought. He appears to us, before commencing upon his task, to become thoroughly imbued with the style and tone of his prototype, and then, in his own pleasing manner, presents us with a spirited and graphic copy. Translations are only interesting and valuable when so made, and in this he eminently excels. The volume is neatly executed in its mechanical department, and the contents will amply repay perusal.

CHAPIN'S LECTURES: *C. L. Stickney.*—The philosophy of reform, is the subject of these lectures, and discoveries which the author infers exists only in Christianity, not born of human wisdom nor drawing its life from human organizations. In his own language, "In Christianity are enshrined our faith in human progress—our confidence in reform. It is indissolubly connected with all that is hopeful, spiritual, capable in man." The compositions will be found to contain much valuable matter imbued with a highly religious, moral, and benevolent feeling: and especially condemning the intolerant spirit which would oppose all systems for the furtherance of the gospel and the moral condition of man but their own.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GEOGRAPHY: by *Hugh Murray; Lea & Blanchard.*—This valuable publication takes precedence of all works of a kindred character. It is not only a Geography, but in fact a work of universal information; not an object either relating to the natural or moral laws of creation, but what is minutely investigated and clearly expounded. The governments of the various nations, their commerce, political and civil institutions, have all received the most careful consideration, while the different wood engravings are all or nearly original, and finished in the highest style of the art. The American edition has been carefully revised and corrected throughout, and brought down to the period of its publication, by such modifications of the original text as the nature of the changes made seemed to require. The portion of the work relating to the United States, has been written anew, and fills over two hundred pages; a new and large map of this country has also been given, and wood cuts have been added to the chapter devoted to its description. Some idea may be formed of the value and character of the work, when it is known it will cost the publishers over thirteen thousand dollars.

THEATRICALS.

THE past month has been one exhibiting a total dearth in theatricals. The *Park* has certainly opened, but not under favorable auspices. A new comedy, entitled "Mothers and Daughters," was presented on the opening night, but, as the piece proved heavy and drawling in its language, it failed to make the least impression upon the audience. We must say, however, that the management deserve the utmost credit for the splendor and correctness with which the comedy was produced. It is absolutely melancholy to be compelled to record the fact, that the *supposed "first theatre in the union"* is playing nightly to empty benches. Is the taste of the public depreciated? or is it the scarcity of money that causes the desertion of the drama? These questions are hourly asked, but never answered. Our unbiassed opinion is, that the managers of theatres generally, have brought this ruin upon themselves. They have succumbed so long to the exorbitant demands of *self-styled stars*, that the public have been so pampered that they will not attend the theatre unless there is some *fourth or fifth rate* actor, announced as a *great genius* (!!!) and who is, nine times in ten, received with favor and trumpeted forth as a being hitherto unknown in *this* or any other world. This, we conceive, to be the true cause of the decline of the drama. Let managers secure good stock companies, composed of persons of *education, intellect*, and *mind*,—excluding all those who have adopted the profession to save themselves from the *workhouse*, and who would be far better employed *sawing wood* or *sweeping the streets*, which occupation would be more *congenial* to their limited faculties. The *Bowery* has not been as well attended as during the previous month. We presume the inclement state of the weather, and the consequent suspension of business, have operated, materially against all of the theatres. The successful dramas of "Rienzi," "Norman Leslie," and "Rookwood," have been the important features—the former ones did but little,—while the latter nightly filled the theatre. We perceive that *Mrs. Booth* (so extensively known and appreciated as *Miss De Barr*,) has been added to the company. Mr. John R. Scott, Mr. James Wallack, Mr. Clarke, Mr. Gates, and Mrs. Preston continue attached to this establishment. *The Olympic*, pursues, as heretofore, its quiet way, regardless of the existence of other places of amusement. Several new pieces have been performed during the month—the most prominent of which we may instance "The White Cat." Not having seen it ourselves we cannot speak from "ocular demonstration." We hear, however, it is well worth witnessing. Mr. Mitchell has produced a variety of novelty this season for the gratification of the frequenters of his neat little theatre, and we hope his enterprize will be richly rewarded.

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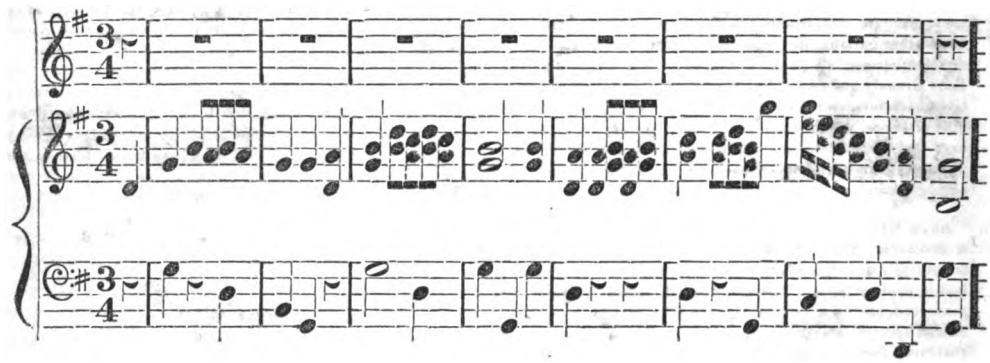
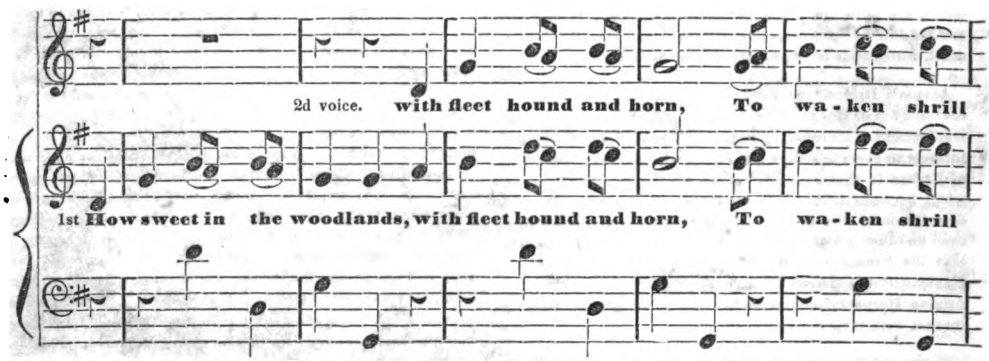
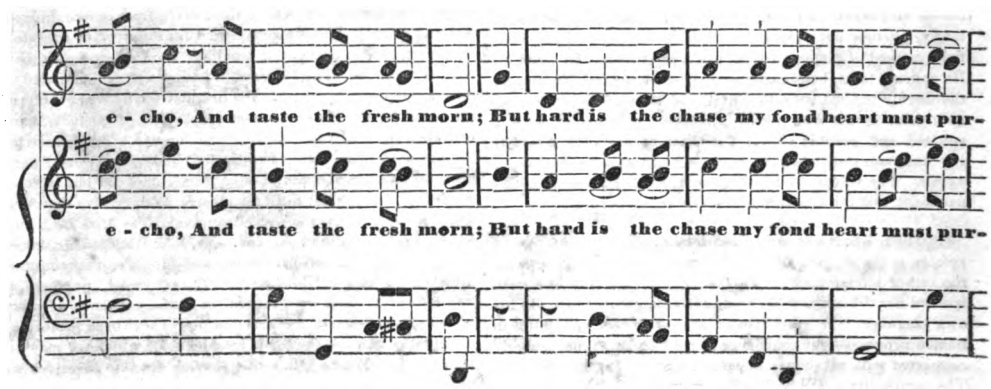
THE WOODLANDS.

A FAVORITE DUETT—COMPOSED BY HARRINGTON.







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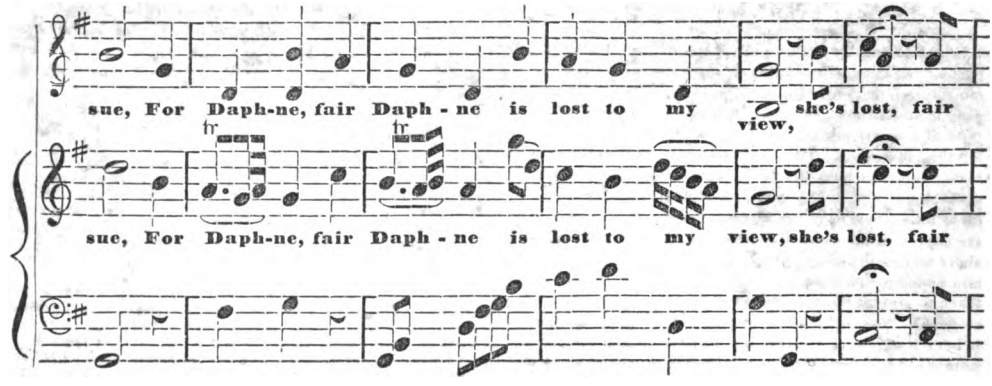

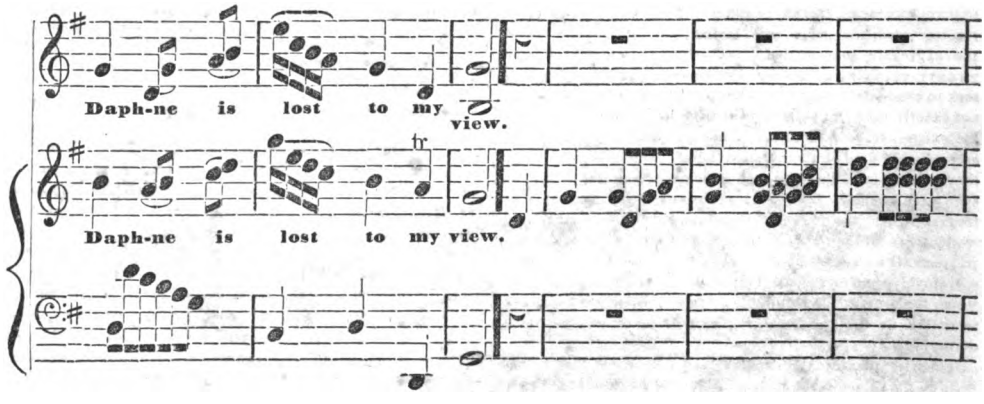

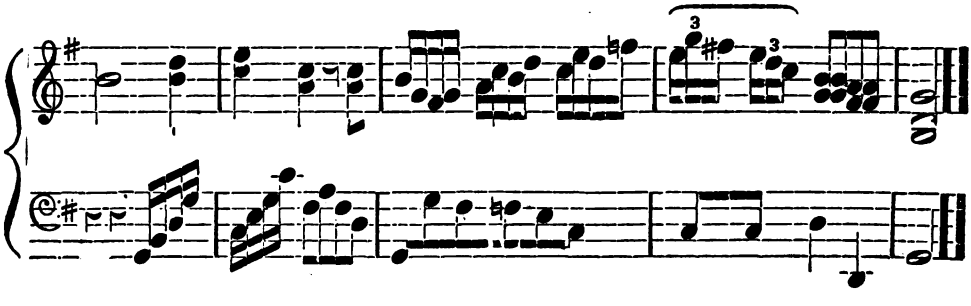

SECOND VERSE.

Assist me, chaste Dian, the nymph to regain,
More wild than the roebuck, and wing'd with disdain,
In pity o'ertake her, who wounds as she flies:
Tho' Daphne's pursued, 'tis Myrtillo that dies.

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EDITORS' TABLE.

In concluding the eighteenth volume of the "Ladies' Companion," we deem it necessary to say a few words respecting our future intentions. On the first of May, the work will appear in an entirely new garb. A new and beautiful fount of type of *a larger and clearer face*, having been cast expressly for the publication. The embellishments will also present a higher order in both design and execution, with occasional *extra* engravings, by the best artists of our country. Beautiful as this department has hitherto been acknowledged to be the improvements we shall hereafter make in it, will elevate it above all contemporary publications. The fashion plates will also undergo considerable alteration, the greatest care being taken to present the most recent and correct style of Parisian costumes. New and popular writers of the highest distinction in both Europe and America, will be added to our already numerous list of contributors, and neither pains nor expense will be spared to render this favorite magazine in all its departments, as perfect as experience, capital, and talent can accomplish. With these valuable improvements, we shall commence our nineteenth volume, to which we respectfully call the attention of the public—and also beg to remind our NUMEROUS DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS of their arrears. It will hardly receive credence when we state that, at this moment the aggregate sum of back subscriptions amount to over TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS. We know there are many who seek to evade defraying their dues on the plea that they know not exactly the amount of their arrears, but such is no honorable excuse, as by referring to their receipts they can at once ascertain the date of their last payment. We hope, therefore, they will act upon this hint, and promptly remit the whole, or even part of their arrears. It annoys us to be compelled so frequently to appeal to such *delinquents*, but in the present case we trust we will not appeal in vain, especially as the great improvements we are about to effect in the "Ladies' Companion" will involve us in several thousands of additional expense. which the prompt and honorable attention of our subscribers in remitting us their respective dues will materially assist in defraying.

It is with pleasure the undersigned announces that he has secured the valuable aid of two of the most prominent ladies in the literary world, to superintend the *Editorial department* of the "Ladies' Companion." The names of MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY, and MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY, are too well known and widely appreciated to require a recapitulation of their literary qualifications at this late day. Their charming productions have added lustre to our national literature, and their reputation is identified with the progression of this country, to that position in the "world of letters," to which they have been signally instrumental in advancing it. By their writings, they have endeavored to establish the claim of woman to the possession of the loftiest intellect, in its more refined and delicate characteristics, and have assisted in rearing an enduring monument to the virtues and elevation of their sex. The new arrangement commences with the May number. The "*Ladies' Companion*" will be the only magazine edited solely by ladies; and consequently the undersigned appeals with confidence to the *fairer portion of the community* for a continuance of that support, which has, for nine years, been so liberally extended to his magazine. WM. W. SNOWDEN.

PROGRESS OF TEMPERANCE.—It must, certainly, be gratifying to every lover of good order and social intercourse, to perceive the rapid strides which the cause of temperance is making throughout our country. On the *birth-day* of *Washington*, the numerous "Temperance Societies" of New-York celebrated the anniversary at the Tabernacle, in a manner worthy of that great occasion. Appropriate addresses were delivered by the Rev. Dr. C. C. Pise, Rev. Dr. Brownlee, Rev. Mr. Wm. Power, Hon. Theodore Freelinghuysen, William Wallace, Esq., and James R. Whiting, Esq. The remarks of the latter gentleman were made on presenting a stand of colors to the first company of the "*Washington Temperance Guards*." We are so pleased with the sentiments they express, and the beauty of the language they are couched in, that we copy the address for the gratification of our readers:—

"In all ages banners were tokens of peace or war. They have been raised upon the mountain, and floated in the valley. They who take upon them to carry the banner in war, pledge themselves to abandon it only with life—to live after it would be to live without their honor—and to fall beneath it was to fall covered with glory. To those who were soldiers, who had armed themselves in the cause of their country, it gave him unbounded pleasure to present such colors. (Here the whole company presented arms.) They had also enlisted in another cause of no less importance, because the happiness of their country depended much upon it. It was not a cause of war, but a cause of peace—not a cause of strife, but a cause of love—one that bound up the wounds of many a broken heart, and shed a halo of peace around the land. May the flag of Temperance triumphantly spread its folds over "the land of the free, and the home of the brave." May God strengthen the hands that bear it onward; may every day add fresh numbers to its ranks, and bring fresh laurels to crown their victories, until its ample folds shall cover the whole human family.

"Every heart bounds with joy, and every eye glistens with gladness, at the coming of that day which gave the world a Washington, and doubly glad may these hearts be, and doubly bright may these eyes gleam, when they know that his name is now the guiding star of the great cause of Temperance; for on that day it was proper to declare themselves in favor of the great moral reform of Temperance. May those who now take this standard forsake it only with their lives, and may they hand it down to posterity unsullied and unstained by one act of intemperance."

THE NEW WORLD—*Magazine Literature*.—We noticed a flimsy tirade in the "New World" of the 11th of March, upon ourselves and the magazine literature generally. Lest the potent "L." prefixed to the article, should impress the public that the writer is a person of more literary influence than *even Mr. Park Benjamin*, we beg to inform them that it emanated from the sapient and erudite mind of Mr. Charles Lanman, formerly, if not at present, an under clerk in a jobbing house of this city. We will merely state that we have been so repeatedly annoyed with the trash emanating from this young man's pen, that we have, of late, concluded to pass his communications by unnoticed. This will satisfy any interested individual as to the source whence sprang this ebullition of waspish vituperation—it being solely attributable to our neglect of his repeated applications to publish his "prose-*run-mad* farragos." Well may the exalted pursuit of letters become a reproach and disgrace to all men of solid attainments, when a senseless churl like this deserts the calling assigned him by nature, to usurp a place in that realm where thought and genius sway the mind's imperishable empire.

NEW MIRROR.—Our old and esteemed friend, General Morris, will issue the first number of his "New Mirror," on Saturday, the 8th of April. The General has "troops of friends," and they should, in this instance, extend to him the hand of friendship. Many of the features of his new undertaking are extremely novel, and we hope he may never have cause to repent his present enterprize.

THE FASHIONS.—The alteration in the costume of ladies is so trifling this month, that we deem it unnecessary to give any description of the plate which accompanies this number. The material used will be chosen in almost every instance to suit the complexion of the wearer.

NOTICE.—It is requisite that it should be distinctly understood that the *year* of the Ladies' Companion commences in *May* or *November*. All subscriptions *expire*, either with the *April* or *October* number. Persons receiving the *first* number of a *new volume*, are considered as subscribers for the whole year, and payment will be insisted upon. It is the duty of every subscriber to give notice at the office, *personally, or by letter post-paid*, if he desires the work stopped, and not to permit it to be forwarded to his address for several months after the year has expired. No subscription can be transferred without the consent of the office, otherwise the person first subscribing, is held responsible.

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